THE STORY OF NAPOLEON

MABELL S. C. SMITH

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THE STORY OF NAPOLEON

BY

MABELL S. C. SMITH, A.B., A.M.

Author of "Twenty Centuries of Paris," "The Spirit of French Letters," "The Maid of Orleans," etc.

WITH FOREWORD

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

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FOREWORD

A thorough study of the times and the career of Napoleon Bonaparte is essential to an understanding of the present world. He came to leadership in the course of his country's struggle to break the grip of its privileged classes, to lift killing burdens from the masses and to extend social, political and material opportunity to larger numbers of men and women than had ever before enjoyed them.

Our own Revolution of 1776 was a product of the same political thinking and aspiration that produced the French Revolution; that our revolution more quickly achieved its ends was due to the vast difference of circumstances, the chief of which was our isolation, preventing strong and continued counter-revolutions.

France was hemmed in by countries interested in preventing the success of her doctrines. These countries were alive with those she had exiled, urging action. The revolution was always in danger from outside attack. The fear of losing what had been gained kept violence alive. Revolutions must be saved even if it is by slaughter.

We had the same temper to violence, and we justified the comparatively small amount that we employed by the same arguments as the French, but we were not subject to the same incitements. The revolutionary excesses within French borders and the continued threat

of attack by foreign armies made a powerful military leader essential if the new nation was to live. She found her military leader in Napoleon Bonaparte.

No story in the world's history throws more light on the ways of peoples in revolution than his. It shows the cost of these upheavals, their dangers and their almost inevitable end in a dictatorship to save them from themselves as well as from their enemies. It illuminates, too, the immense difficulties in re-establishing a stable government which will secure even a small percentage of the reforms sought.

As a study of genius, its element of charlatanism as well as of superb power, Napoleon's career is both fascinating and significant. If in the end he destroyed himself he left behind achievements which have contributed to the working out of orderly popular government wherever it has been tried. To France he left the code of laws, the Concordat of Church and State. Moreover, he left behind in many countries which he overran seeds of liberty which, in spite of his erratic and despotic cultivation have borne fruit.

The story of Napoleon needs to be retold for each successive generation. It becomes more significant as the years go on and the experiences of people with self-government accumulate, enabling them to judge more intelligently both its possibilities and its weaknesses. Particularly does it demonstrate the limitations of even the most highly endowed leaders, the delusions in the glory of war, the immense superiority of reforms secured through the sure, if slow, operation of orderly, moral forces to those secured by arms.

Mabell Smith's story of Napoleon is told for the

present generation. With a keen consciousness of its relation to our times, our world, she has handled the vast store-house of material with a fine sense of proportion. Her emphasis is well-placed. She is not deluded by the brilliancy of Napoleon's career so that she accepts all his acts without weighing their moral quality. And, most important, her story is vividly as well as clearly told.

IDA M. TARBELL

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THE STORY OF NAPOLEON

CHAPTER I

THE COMING OF THE CONQUEROR

(1769)

WHEN Napoleon Bonaparte had grown to be a famous man his enemies used to say that he himself had declared that August 15th was his birthday, his reason being that it was the Feast of the Assumption and he was always sure of having festivals and parades on that day. His enemies were mistaken in believing that he had made that choice. The Feast of the Assumption was truly his birthday. The child who was to become one of the foremost generals in the entire history of the world was born in the island of Corsica in the town of Ajaccio on the 15th of August in 1769.

This is the way that Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld, an English woman who lived at the same time as Napoleon, described Corsica:

> Hail to thy winding bays, thy sheltering ports,
> And ample harbours which, inviting, stretch
> Their hospitable arms to every sail;

Thy numerous streams that, bursting from the cliffs,
Down the steep-channelled rock impetuous pour
With grateful murmur: on the fearful edge
Of the rude precipice, thy hamlets brown
And straw-roof'd cots, which from the level vale
Scarce seen, amongst the craggy, hanging cliffs
Seem like an eagle's nest aerial built.

Ajaccio is a town on the west coast of the island. It faces the blue Mediterranean and behind it rise beautiful mountain peaks capped with snow almost throughout the year. Along the slopes of the mountains are trees, and gardens climb up from the heather land below. The town is not very large even today and, of course, it was smaller at the time when the Bonaparte family made their home there. It lies along the shore of a lovely bay not unlike the Bay of Naples, but without its towering volcano. The house in which the Bonapartes lived still stands—a plain, barren, four-story dwelling facing on a tiny park.

On the 15th of August in 1769 the streets of Ajaccio were indeed alive and gay with the people celebrating the Feast of the Assumption. Garlands were strung across the streets and the Cathedral was beautifully decorated with flowers. People in their gayest clothes, boys and girls, young men and young women, fathers and mothers, all went to church on this, one of the most important church festivals of the entire year. The sunshine was brilliant, flowers were blossoming, all was gay to receive the new-comer. He was named Napoleon—a name which, he himself says, had been for many generations given to the second son in the Bonaparte family. There had been three babies born to

Charles and Letitia Bonaparte,—the fourth was Napoleon. But only one of the older children was living; his name was Joseph.

The family consisted of Charles and Letitia, their son Joseph and their uncle, Lucien, a canon of the church. Uncle Lucien was an important member of the family. Charles Bonaparte was a man who spent his money carelessly. It is said that at the time he took his law degree he spent the income of two years in celebrating the event. Of course that meant that he had to live upon his wife's income and upon the money which his uncle, the canon, was kind enough to give him for the support of his family. As there were many children following upon the birth of Napoleon, the expenses of maintaining them were considerable.

People who study the character of a great man in order to try to find out the reason for his greatness, who are trying to see whether it comes from qualities that he has inherited from his ancestors or from qualities that have been impressed on him by the people around him or by the place in which he was brought up, always come to the final conclusion that his particular greatness lies in a something which is peculiar to himself, a something which cannot be accounted for, a something which cannot always be described in words. Other sculptors carved beautiful figures, but Phidias, because of some quality entirely his own, has been acclaimed the greatest sculptor of all time. There have been many composers of beautiful music, but Wagner stands pre-eminent as the creator of dramatic musical compositions. To some inborn ability to represent figures of majestic beauty Michael Angelo owed his rep-

utation as the foremost painter in all the history of painting. Who can tell why Shakespeare brought to his dramatic work the countless characteristics which have placed him where he stands in the world of literature?

Yet in spite of the final belief that the great man was great because of something we cannot explain, it is always a fascination to hunt into the past for the story of the background of his life and to look upon the picture of his early surroundings with its details of conditions and of friends. We feel that those must make the foundation of the building on which the great superstructure rises.

So, in the case of Napoleon, it was the combination of qualities that sum up as "character" that made him "great"; yet we want to look into the past and see something about the people who gave their blood to him. We want to see if there was anything in his ancestry or in his early surroundings that would make him the great general that he was.

Napoleon used to like to say boastingly that he, himself, was the founder of the House of Bonaparte. As a matter of fact, it is known that a family of that name went to Corsica from Northern Italy. There are reasons to believe that in the homeland it was a noble family. This fact was a convenience when Charles Bonaparte wanted to take his children to France and enter them in schools established under royal patronage. It was a fact discounted by the Corsican branch of the family when the heads of the French nobility were rolling into the baskets under the knife of the guillotine during the Revolution. It was some-

thing to remember again when Napoleon wanted to marry Marie Louise, the daughter of the Emperor of Austria. The fact that the Emperor declared, "If I were not convinced that his family is as old and as good as my own, I would not give him my daughter," is enough to establish the position of the Bonaparte family.

They emigrated from Italy to Corsica in the sixteenth century during the stirring days when Europe was thinking and reading as she never had before; when the uses and abuses of the Church were being argued and discussed; when new political arrangements and rearrangements were being made; when France pushed down into Italy and stirred thought as well as the reprisals of war. During the more than two centuries between the time of the migration of the family to the Island and the birth of Napoleon, there were nine generations of Bonapartes. These appear to have been men of considerable consequence, since they intermarried with the best families on the Island and held positions of official responsibility.

Napoleon's mother, Letitia Ramolino, was the daughter of an official of some importance in Genoa. Her mother was the daughter of a member of the lower nobility who had married a peasant wife. When the family went to Corsica they lived as peasants and became thoroughly Corsican—hardy, strong, courageous and filled with common sense.

On both sides of the house, then, Napoleon was of Italian descent. His father seemed less like the Corsicans than did his mother; yet it must have been through the Bonaparte family's long dwelling in Corsica that

the Corsican characteristics were so thoroughly developed that they never were rooted out of Napoleon's character. Charles Bonaparte was a man of the world, well educated, of easy manners, intelligent. Yet it was Letitia, the more recently-arrived in the Island, who showed the qualities that were strikingly Corsican. Perhaps the fact that Charles paid very little attention to the rearing of his children while Letitia held them with a firm hand up to her standards of character and behavior stamped on them the local characteristics.

The geography of the Island of Corsica has had much to do with developing the qualities of its people. It is not large; its area is about that of Delaware and Rhode Island, the two smallest states in the Union, combined. It is long and narrow from North to South and a ridge of mountains runs through it in the same direction. This makes rough country for traveling and divides the east from the west coast effectively. As those on the east could reach Italy more easily they retained their Italian characteristics for a longer time than the people on the west coast and were more peaceful. The capital of Corsica, Ajaccio, the town in which Napoleon was born, is on the west coast. The difference between the two sections of the island was marked even in Bonaparte's day, but love of the soil bound the halves together. They had been attacked by many peoples and they had been under the rule of many peoples before that period. They were mostly agricultural folk, raising olives and some sheep along the mountains. United against the various enemies who had attacked and exploited them they developed

a strong national spirit. Distant from law courts and ruled from other lands, it had come about that feuds and revenge were prevalent in local quarrels.

A conection with Italy was kept up largely through the education of the Corsican professional men. Boys who wanted to be lawyers or doctors were sent to the mainland to study. The fact that some of the people like the Bonapartes and like Letitia's family, the Ramolinos, were of noble descent, was forgotten in the general simplicity of life. The people were self-respecting and upstanding and except as some lived in the country and some lived in towns there was very little difference in their daily habits. All dressed in homespun; there was a large percentage of beauty both in men and women and the sober and reliable qualities of the men made them desirable soldiers for all who would hire them. They were well known in every army in Europe and always, wherever they went, they made special pleadings for their country so that its condition was known everywhere throughout Europe.

The latest owner of Corsica was Genoa and Genoa acted toward it with real unfaith. The Island was permitted one representative in the Genoese Senate but the State paid little attention to the Island except by encouraging any turbulence that arose there that might be considered an excuse for harsh treatment.

In the early part of the eighteenth century Corsica was torn by dissension. Italy, France, England, Germany all entered in one way or another into the quarrels between Corsica and her tyrannical foe, Genoa. The result of this fighting was to consolidate

national feeling in Corsica which grew more and more strong with each outburst of trouble.

As is often the case in a democracy, the people could not for a long time unite on any one course of conduct, but in 1755 a young man named Pascal Paoli was determined upon as Governor of the Island. He used remarkable intelligence and diplomacy in bringing about economic and social conditions which were of great advantage to the country. The people began to work industriously, schools and a university were established, the Genoese were practically driven from the Island and a feeling of coöperation was brought about important to any land wanting to establish its independence.

In spite of the internal dissensions and in spite of the fact that Genoa still had some power, the little country developed a sense of importance that made it believe that it might form an alliance with France by which it could be protected by France and yet be considered as a friend rather than a tributary. France, however, was not in the mood to consider this suggestion. France, in North America, had been fighting against the British and the American colonies, the Indians being on her side. This French and Indian War had left France stripped of Canada. Naturally she was feeling aggrieved over the loss of this enormous territory and she looked upon Corsica as being something she might easily lay her hands on as compensation, although it was but a tiny piece of land compared with what she had been forced to turn over to her enemy, England. Her way of going about it was to make a pact with Genoa by which Genoa was to give up all her power

in the Island in return for the aid of France in preventing a plan for its independence that had been worked out by Paoli. By some of the less straightforward arts of diplomacy Paoli was deceived as to what was actually happening. France sent over first a few officials, then a few soldiers, finally more and more soldiers. It was not long before the entire Island of Corsica was in revolt against the new-comers. It became evident that they wanted to hold the Island because it was on the ocean high-road to India. But the Corsicans desired their little country for themselves. They fought for it with determination and with persistence.

The part taken by Charles Bonaparte, and shared by his wife, was one of vigorous participation. Letitia herself went into the field with her husband. It was told of her that not long before the birth of Napoleon she was forced to ride over the mountains and to ford streams. Her mule at one time lost his footing in crossing a river whose water was very high, and the animal with Letitia carrying her son, Joseph, in her arms, was swept down with the current. With the utmost courage Letitia guided her mount to land. It was not many weeks after that that Napoleon came into the world. Surely no soldier could have had a more valiant mother from whom to inherit a daring spirit.

When it became evident that the great army that France poured into the country could not be withstood by the Corsicans, Charles Bonaparte decided to side with the French. He accepted an official position from them and, while he still kept up his friendship with and his admiration for Paoli, his life was made more

comfortable because he had at last joined with the conquerors instead of with those who were rebelling against them. So it happened that Napoleon Bonaparte was born a Frenchman although his whole spirit was Corsican. He said in later life, "I was born while my country was dying. Thirty thousand French were vomited on our shores, drowning the throne of liberty in waves of blood. Such was the horrid sight which first met my view. The cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, tears of despair surrounded my cradle at my birth."

It has been said of the famous general that he was always a Corsican at heart even though he called France his "country" and his "dearly beloved France." True it is that for a long time he could not speak French very well and, until he was well grown, his love, his sympathies, his affections were all with the country of his father and mother, the country that had given him birth. He was a young man before he changed the spelling of his name from the Italian form which was also the Corsican form to the manner in which it was spelled by the French.

CHAPTER II

"A PERFECT IMP OF A CHILD"

(1769–1778)

THE title of this chapter is the comment made by Napoleon's mother upon her second son at a time when his naughtinesses drove her to speak very frankly about him. He began to be impish at a very early age. It is told of him that his baptism was postponed for about two years until the little sister who came after him was to be baptized. This new baby was very delicate so that permission was obtained through Uncle Lucien to have the baptismal ceremony performed at the house. The two children, Napoleon and the week-old baby, were baptized at the same time and Napoleon distinguished himself by shrieking all through the ceremony. There are admirers of his who think that this showed a warlike spirit. If the truth were known, the shrieks were probably due to indigestion. This prosaic trouble distressed Napoleon all through his life and to this simple cause must be attributed many of the things which he did in moments of intense irritation. Sometimes the trouble manifested itself in attacks of the hives. At such times the attendants of the great general were known to have, at his command, rubbed and scratched him as if they were "currying a mule," according to his instruc-

tions. On the day of his coronation in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, he cast off his superb robes as soon as he could get away from the church and professed himself to be most wretchedly and hideously uncomfortable from their weight and heat.

As a child Napoleon showed nothing of the beauty that he was to develop later on. With a handsome father and a very beautiful mother it would have been extraordinary if he had not been a handsome man. He was always too short, but he had hair of a good color, a delicate skin, beautiful eyes, gleaming white teeth, small hands and feet that made it difficult to believe that he had extraordinary muscular strength. But as a child Napoleon was far from good looking. He was short and thin, his complexion was sallow, his hair was stiff and stringy and he took but little care of it. He did not stand erect and he raced about the streets of Ajaccio with his stockings tumbling down over his shoes. His eyes seemed sunken in his head and showed only anger instead of the superb expression of command that made them notable later on. In his infrequent moods of amiability his smile was charming but those moods were so seldom seen that the people who remembered his childhood, in speaking about him afterward, described him as being almost all the time irritable, angry, a snarling little animal. With his brothers and sisters he was as cross and domineering as possible all the time, especially with his older brother Joseph.

"My brother Joseph," he himself says, "was the one with whom I was oftenest in trouble; he was beaten, bitten, abused. I went to complain before he had time

to recover from his confusion. I had need to be on the alert; our mother would have repressed my warlike humor, she would not have put up with my caprices. Her tenderness was allied with severity: she punished, rewarded all alike; the good, the bad, nothing escaped her.

"My father, a man of sense, but too fond of pleasure to pay much attention to our infancy, sometimes attempted to excuse our faults. 'Let them alone,' she replied; 'it is not your business, it is I who must look after them.' "

She did indeed instruct the children in the qualities that are essential to a good character, but with a houseful of children she could not attend to the niceties of social customs. She was thoughtful for the peculiarities of Napoleon, however. He liked to be alone and she had a small wooden house built for him near the large house where he could go and be by himself and she did not interfere when he drove away the rest of the children from this place that was peculiarly his own. Furthermore, she made herself a decided force in his discipline. He once told a story of going into the garden and eating all the figs that he wanted to from the fig trees. His mother had forbidden him to do this, so that when he was caught filling his pockets by the gardener he was terrified lest the man should betray him. He promised to keep away from the figs but the man nevertheless told Madame Bonaparte all about it and she gave her erring boy a sound thrashing. Indeed, she did not hesitate to do this much later on. Some years afterward, when he was wearing the French uniform and was at home on a visit, he got into mis-

chief in company with his sister Pauline. They made fun of their grandmother and their mother was so enraged that she gave Pauline a good whipping and caught Napoleon in his room and gave him a similar punishment. He admitted that the job was thoroughly well done.

All through his life Napoleon's chief talent, next to his military genius, lay in mathematics, so it is not extraordinary that he should have shown some ability when he was a child. He used to make figures and do sums with a pencil on the nursery wall-paper and he also drew companies and armies of soldiers. His mother always said that the toys he liked best were tin soldiers and a drum and fife. That is not a peculiarity of great generals, however, for many a boy has played with tin soldiers and a drum and fife who never got farther than the ranks, if ever he got into the army at all.

Napoleon's wish to be alone showed itself not only in his desire for the little house in the yard that his mother had built for him, but in the possession of a cave that overlooked the water. With the aid of his uncle, only a few years older than himself, Joseph Fesch, his mother's half-brother, he found this cave and cleared out all the rocks. There he used to go when he wanted to be alone and think over what he was going to do in the future. It is told of him that when he was only seven years old he was overheard talking about his desire to have power and fame and to be under no one's control.

The education of this wild little creature was something which he himself called pitiable. His mother and

Joseph Fesch taught him his lessons and his uncle, the canon, taught him his catechism and some Bible history.

In order to counterbalance his habits of roaming about the streets, his mother sent him to a girls' school. It is easily understood that he would not be popular in a girls' school. There was nothing attractive about him. He seems to have made a good friend, however, in a little girl named Giacominetta. Hand in hand, they walked to school together and were often seen talking seriously about the affairs of childhood. The other children used to laugh at them and make fun of them and sing a rhyme that spoke of Napoleon as being in love with Giacominetta although his stockings were tumbling down. When he heard this song he was furious and dashed into the children, throwing sticks and stones and driving them off as well as he could. Probably if he had not been quite so furious there would not have been quite so much fun in teasing him.

After he left the girls' school he went to one in which his brother, Joseph, was also a student. The boys were ranged about the room under different flags. Joseph, as it happened, was under the Roman flag and Napoleon was placed under the flag of Carthage. He was angry because he did not wish to sit under the banner of a conquered country and persisted in forcing Joseph to change places with him.

There seem to be no stories of his exceptional skill and talent for anything except mathematics and not many of those. Once upon a time he rode a pony to a windmill just out of town and asked the miller how much grain he could grind in an hour. With that in-

formation he made calculations about the amount that could be ground in seven days, in a month, in a year. This not very difficult application of his mathematical knowledge seems to have been remembered, not because it was unusual, but because his mother was greatly disturbed at his riding, on that occasion, a somewhat wild pony. Of his interest in soldiers it is told that he used to exchange his breakfast slice of bread for the coarse bread of a soldier in the town so that he might become accustomed to the military fare. Like thousands of other children, he used to race along beside any marching soldiers he saw, and he often begged his father to buy him a toy cannon.

With an array of bad qualities marked up against him it is somewhat comforting to know that Napoleon as a child had certain excellent qualities. One was that he was no tell-tale. It is told of him that one day he was standing before the sideboard in the dining room looking at a beautiful basket of fruit when his uncle appeared and noted that some of the fruit was missing from what should have been a piled-up container. Napoleon had seen a petticoat whisk out of the door just as he entered the room, but he said nothing about that and, although he maintained steadily that he was innocent of having taken the fruit, he made no accusation against his sister, although he was very sure of the person who had been in the room before him. All the members of his family believed that he was guilty and he had to submit to being whipped. For three days he lived on bread and water and it was not until his mother returned from a visit and a neighbor's child who had been with his sister Eliza when she took the

fruit told the story of the taking, that his story of his innocence was believed. The injustice of his punishment was never forgotten by Napoleon, who insisted that his word should have been accepted;—as indeed it should, for he was not a liar.

He was courageous too. The story of his battles with shepherd boys on the hills back of the town is one that had its root during the time when Napoleon was on bread and water because of his supposed pilfering of the fruit from the sideboard. During that time he went out on the hills and there met some shepherd boys. He was carrying with him a piece of wheat bread which was his allowance for the day. He was very tired of it by that time. The shepherd boys had a dark colored bread made of brown chestnuts and it looked very good to the hungry Napoleon. He offered to exchange his bread with the shepherd boys. The boys complained that Napoleon's wheat bread was stale and that they did not want to make the exchange. He had procured from them slices of cheese and bunches of grapes and it was clear that he had gotten the best of the bargain. He did not wish to continue eating their chestnut bread, however, and so he magnificently tossed his bread to them and told them to keep it in addition to eating their own.

After this experience of course the shepherd boys and Napoleon were poorer friends than ever. When he took his lonely walks upon the hillside he frequently met them and often they attacked him with sticks or threw stones at him. Besides this there was a standing quarrel between the boys of the town and these shepherd lads. Napoleon determined that something should

be done about it. He gathered the town boys together and they went out on the hills and attacked the country boys. They were driven back into the town for the country boys were heavier and had a better supply of sticks. It was humiliating for the town boys. Napoleon accused the leading boy of being no general. The town boys were scattered when they should have been massed, he said, and he knew some other tactics that would be advantageous. They accepted him as their leader and his first act was to send two challengers to the shepherd boys. He chose as one of them his young uncle, Joseph Fesch. He did this because Joseph had a very loud voice. The other boy was a tall, big boy. They went out and told the shepherd boys that they were to be attacked on a certain day. The shepherd boys were delighted to hear it.

At the appointed time the town boys marched out and at a certain spot Napoleon sent forward Joseph Fesch and the other challenger to issue their challenge again. While they were gone Napoleon directed his forces to drop on the ground all the stones with which their pockets were filled. Then he set up a stick to mark that spot. When the big boys returned the town boys rushed up the hill to the attack. They were met, as Napoleon had thought they would be, by the rush of the shepherd boys who were heavy and well supplied with sticks and who also uttered terrifying shouts. The town boys retreated but when they came to the spot where the stones were piled they stopped at once in their rush for they knew what their leader had planned. Picking up the stones they whirled about and threw such a shower of them against the shepherd boys that

they were brought to a sudden standstill. Filled with surprise and battered and bruised the country lads turned about and ran away up the hills again. Napoleon obliged them to admit that they were defeated and to agree not to disturb and annoy the town boys any more.

Up to the time when he was nine years old and went to France to school, Napoleon gained very little physically in appearance. At nine years he was still small, stoop-shouldered, thin, nervous, irritable, paying little attention to his clothes or his hair. But he was stronger than he looked for he had lived in the open air both at Ajaccio and at some country places which belonged to his family. Up in the mountains he could breathe the stimulating air of the highlands and gain energy from it. His strength was needed for he was to go away far from his mother's care. He took with him a vivid memory of the things she had given him of honor and strength of character, and he also carried in his heart a Corsican quality that he was never to lose—his love for his family.

CHAPTER III

AT SCHOOL IN FRANCE

(1778–1784)

CHARLES BONAPARTE, Napoleon's father, had been a true patriot. He had fought for Corsica with all his strength. Her independence was his heart's desire, but when at last she was overcome by France he saw no reason why he should be sent into obscurity merely because he belonged to the defeated people. He became friendly with the French, was appointed to office, and even came to feel that because he was of the Corsican nobility and was friendly to France he should receive special favor. He entered into a friendship with the French general, Marbeuf, which was to be especially valuable to him. His difficulties increased as time went on because he had a large and growing family of children whom he must educate and his income did not grow as the children did. None of his business ventures seemed especially profitable and there appeared to be no chance of his family estate, which had been the subject of a law suit, being returned to him. It was at the suggestion of General Marbeuf that Charles decided to take at least three of his children to France where opportunities probably would open to them for education in the royal schools.

There were twelve royal schools in France. These were supported by the King for the benefit of the children of impoverished members of the nobility. Napoleon was booked to go to one of these, that established at Brienne. Joseph, who was to become a priest, was to go to the College of Autun, which was also supported by the King, and Eliza, the sister next younger than Napoleon, had an appointment at the Convent of St. Cyr, a school for girls. In order to obtain these scholarships it was necessary for Charles Bonaparte to declare that he was without sufficient income to educate his children and also to prove that his family had belonged to the nobility for four generations. Probably the party that left Corsica for Italy —Charles Bonaparte, accompanied by his children but not by his wife, Letitia, who smiled through her tears at the parting with her beloved sons—had no idea of the difficulties that would meet them in France, of the red tape of proving what was necessary to secure the entrance of the children to the schools. The annoyances lasted for a considerable number of weeks, but at last the children were established in their separate locations.

At first Napoleon went to Autun with Joseph. This did not mean that his father had changed his mind about his becoming a soldier. It merely meant that everybody thought it wise that the little boy who did not know a word of French should be able to speak French when he went to the school where he was to stay for some time. It would have made his life at Brienne even more difficult than it was if he could not have made himself understood at all in the language

of the country in which he was to live. As it was, though he learned enough French between December and May to enable him to talk fairly fluently, yet his grammar was bad and his accent atrocious and the boys at the school made him a laughing stock. He needed all his happy memories of Corsica with its lovely climate and beautiful views, to counterbalance the gloominess of the rough and cold part of France in which he found himself and he needed the memories of the city of Florence, his first sight of anything outside of his native country, to make him forget the hardships of his lonely and homesick life in this new school.

The contrast between Joseph, gentle and yielding, affectionate to the other boys, always trying to help the smaller boys and those in trouble, and Napoleon, silent, morose, ambitious, was very marked when they were together.

Never having known a town larger than Ajaccio, the brothers must have found Autun of tremendous interest. It is one of the oldest towns in France. History says that the Romans had a school there for their sons and that even before their time the Druids had a school there. In Napoleon's day there was a cathedral, a library, a museum and many picturesque ruins which told of the brilliant centuries that had passed. They even had a friend in the Bishop of Autun, who was related to a friend of their father and so had an interest in looking after these strange little boys.

One of the teachers wrote an account, many years afterwards, of the boys while they were at Autun. Napoleon, he said, was thoughtful and gloomy. He did not play with the other boys, but walked about by him-

self. He learned very quickly, listening attentively and was annoyed if anything were repeated to him twice. He did not pick up French nearly as quickly or as well as did Joseph. Joseph was lazy about studying, but apparently had a gift for languages for he learned to speak rather good French much more rapidly than Napoleon did. He was amiable and without any ambition.

It was during this time at Autun that Napoleon's comrades once asserted that the Corsicans were a set of cowards. Napoleon was in a fury at once. "If the Corsicans had been outnumbered only four to one," he said, "Corsica would have fought on forever, but in reality they were outnumbered ten to one." The teacher, in order to take the thing out of discussion, said, "At any rate you have a good general, Paoli." Napoleon retorted, "Yes, Sir, and I should like very much to be like him." This answer seemed to show that during his silent, thoughtful walks he had been setting a definite model for his ambition.

As usual, Napoleon's irritable temper made him tormented by the other boys. He was not an agreeable looking figure, thin as ever, sallow, careless about his dress and his hair, he had nothing special to recommend him. He could not speak French well enough to become really friendly with the other boys and he made no effort to do so as Joseph did. They tormented him about his being a rough Corsican, belonging to a country of savages. They even teased him about his name. When he had just reached Autun, they asked him his name. He pronounced Napoleon in the Italian fashion which sounded something like the French word for

Straw Nose, so "Straw Nose" became his nickname during the time that he was at Autun.

All through his life Napoleon showed a deep affection for the other members of his family even when they seemed not to return his love. It is probable that it was a terrific wrench for him to part from Joseph when he left the Autun school and went to Brienne. Silent as he was, he probably felt deeply this parting from the brother who was his only connection with his far-off home. It is told of them that when they said "Good-bye" Joseph burst into a flood of tears, but Napoleon shed but a single tear and tried to conceal that. One of the teachers remarked to Joseph, "There was more grief in Napoleon's single tear than in all of yours."

The school at Brienne was built near the castle of the Count of Brienne. It was a barren and forlorn building, softened somewhat by the trees and gardens that lay about it. Each one of the boys was supposed to work in the gardens, so they were kept in good order, but the inside of the building was forlorn enough. The dormitory consisted of a long corridor on which opened tiny sleeping rooms only six feet square. In each was a folding bed, a pitcher and a basin. The boys were locked into these rooms at night. If one of them was ill or it was necessary for him to communicate with the outside he had a bell with which to wake a guard who spent the night in the hall. The recitation room and study were one and the same. There was a mess hall in which were served four meals but this apparent generosity in food is discounted when you know that for breakfast and luncheon there was nothing but bread and water with fruit; for dinner the meat was the soup

meat and the rest of the menu consisted of one other dish and dessert. Supper seems to have been the most generous meal of the day for it consisted of a roast with a salad and dessert.

The boys' uniforms were blue, the coat faced and trimmed with red. There was a waistcoat of blue with white revers and the breeches were sometimes blue and sometimes black. The overcoat matched the uniform and was lined with white.

The list of studies was rather imposing. It included Latin, mathematics, the English, German and French languages and literatures, geography, fencing, drawing and music and dancing. When one realizes, however, that the training of teachers at this time was extremely poor and that there probably were not enough excellent teachers of any one subject to supply the royal military schools, it is easy to see that this curriculum may have become extremely dull and stupid. The teachers were monks of the order of St. Benedict. Part of the students were received without pay, like Napoleon; others were on a paying basis. Those who were free had a small amount of pocket money but apparently all of them, both the free scholars and the pay scholars, had more than the boys from Corsica, whose father had so many children to educate and who had to scrimp and economize to bring them to France. This difficulty was one which Napoleon had in common with Joseph and with his sister Eliza in her school. None of them had enough pocket money and that was a terrible trial to this proud lad. There was not much opportunity for spending money but to have practically nothing when the other boys were making some little show of spend-

ing was fearfully galling. Occasionally some friend of the family visited the children and left a liberal tip behind. That tided over matters for a little while, but only for a little while. At last General Marbeuf, who was Napoleon's chief sponsor at the French school, found out his distress and somewhat increased his pocket money.

After that matters were a little easier for a time, but only for a time. Napoleon offered too many angles of attack to his fellow classmates: his appearance, his language, his sullenness, possibly his superiority to them in mathematics, though he seems not to have been a remarkable student in any other line, all laid him open to the wordy onslaughts that boys of that age can make so cruel. He was a Corsican and hence untutored; his Island had been conquered so he was a dependent on France; he was a free scholar so his poverty was laughed at.

The boy at last became so unhappy that he begged his father to take him away from the school.

My father, if you or my protectors cannot give me the means of sustaining myself more honorably in the house where I am, please let me return home as soon as possible. I am tired of poverty and of the jeers of insolent scholars who are superior to me only in their fortune, for there is not one among them who feels one hundredth part of the noble sentiment which animates me. Must your son, sir, continually be the butt of these boobies, who, vain of the luxuries which they enjoy, insult me by their laughter at the privations which I am forced to endure? No, father, no! If fortune refuses to smile upon me, take me from Brienne, and make me, if you will, a mechanic. From these words you may judge of my

despair. This letter, sir, please believe, is not dictated by a vain desire to enjoy extravagant amusements. I have no such wish. I feel simply that it is necessary to show my companions that I can procure them as well as they, if I wish to do so.

Your respectful and affectionate son,

Bonaparte

Life was not all unhappiness for Napoleon at Brienne. The boys each had a small garden plot. As there were more boys than the school was supposed to have, these plots were very small. The ones on each side of Napoleon's little patch of ground were uncared for. There was no definite rule about the lads working them and they did it if they liked to and otherwise let it go. Seeing the neglected state of the neighboring pieces of ground, Napoleon cut down the hedges between his land and theirs, strengthened and improved the outside hedges surrounding the three and made a neat little summer-house with a seat in which he might sit at leisure and study or think as he had done in the little house and his cave in Corsica. Of course when the other boys found that he had made a pleasant retreat on their land they claimed it, but he fought them tooth and nail and drove them away whenever they approached. To them the winning of this spot was not worth the trouble of fighting him so they finally left him alone to his enjoyment of what he had earned. He said of himself afterward, "I was educated at a military school; I kept aloof from my schoolfellows; I had chosen a little corner in the school grounds where I would sit and dream at my ease, for I have always liked revery. When my companions tried to usurp possession of this corner I defended it with all my might.

I already knew by instinct that my will was to override that of others, that what pleased me was to belong to me. I was not liked at school; it takes time to make one's-self liked and even when I had nothing to do I always felt vaguely that I had no time to lose."

This feeling of pressure seems to have been a part of the early development of Napoleon's character. As a very young man he was to accomplish what few older men have accomplished. When still a youth he was to attain to high honors. When merely approaching middle age he was to begin to feel the loss of those powers of decision which had made him undefeatable in his early days. The entire round of life was with him compressed into only a fraction of that of most men.

The boy's difficulties with the other boys, aroused by their joking with him about Corsica, were incessant because he was always ready to turn on them and they found it a joy to torment him. He was ever ready to stand up for Paoli and a word against him was enough to rouse his anger. He even went so far as to say that he would never forgive his father for not having stood by Paoli to the bitter end. The lads called him "the Corsican" and he retaliated by calling them "French cowards." It is told of him that one day he came upon a picture of Choiseul, the minister of King Louis XV, who had advised the capture of Corsica. The boy happened at the moment to be furious over some of the customary insults. He could not contain his wrath when his eye fell on the picture. He spat upon it and of course was severely punished for this piece of insolence,

Sometimes he grew quite desperate over the difficulties of his life and desired to run away to sea as lots of other boys have wished to do. He did not make many friends, of course, but those boys who were his friends he never forgot in after life. One of them was de Bourrienne. He frequently said to him, "I will do all I can to hurt these French when I grow up, but you do not ridicule me—you like me." Of course, with few friends to talk to, Napoleon was thrown back on himself. He did not mingle with the other boys in play time, but spent hours in the library where he read translations of classical authors—Plutarch, especially—and struggled through some of them in the original. He pored over Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" and he spent much time over his atlas. Knowledge of geography was to serve him well at a later date.

But taking it all in all the homesick little boy was really wretched at Brienne. He made up his mind that though he wanted to go to sea he could not go to sea, but he believed that his only happiness lay in leaving Brienne. He wrote to General Marbeuf, through whose recommendation he had become a scholar at Brienne, and asked that he might be withdrawn from the school. This letter dates from a time when he had been punished by imprisonment for fighting the boys who insulted his father:

Now, Monsieur le Comte, if I am guilty, if my liberty has been taken from me justly, have the goodness to add to the kindness which you have shown me, one thing more—take me from Brienne and withdraw your protection; it would be

robbery on my part to keep it any longer from one who deserves it more than I do. I shall never, sir, be worthier of it than I am now. I shall never cure myself of an impetuosity which is all the more dangerous because I believe its motive is sacred. Whatever idea of self-interest influences me, I shall never have control enough to see my father, an honorable man, dragged in the mud. I shall always, Monsieur le Comte, feel too deeply in these circumstances to limit myself to complaining to my superior. I shall always feel that a good son ought not to allow another to avenge such an outrage. As for the benefits which you have rained upon me, they will never be forgotten. I shall say I had gained an honorable protection, but Heaven denied me the virtues which were necessary in order to profit by it.

His various troubles did not tend to put him in good physical condition. He was so thin and so wretched looking that, when his father and mother came to see him after he had been at the school for three years and a half, his mother did not recognize him and really thought that some other lad was taking his name.

Yet in spite of all his troubles with his companions certain qualities in Napoleon's character obliged them to respect him. Some of these traits he showed in his friendship with an English boy named Lawley. Their acquaintance grew out of one of Napoleon's frequent fights. He was marshalling stones as soldiers in his garden one day when a boy named Bouquet, looking over the hedge, made fun of them. Napoleon in a fit of rage picked up a stone and threw it at him with such force that he knocked him unconscious. Of course he was sent to the guard house for that offense and Lawley was one of the boys who stood guard over him.

At that time they fell into conversation and struck up a very hearty friendship. He went so far as to give the English boy a letter which he had written to the British Ambassador asking him to place Napoleon in the British Navy. It is told of Lawley that he was doing sentinel duty one day near Napoleon who was lying on the grass studying. They fell into conversation as they should not have done under those circumstances. Lawley complained of the difficulties of mathematics and Napoleon offered him explanations. They were caught talking and Napoleon took the blame upon his shoulders, telling the teacher who had come upon them that he had called Lawley over to show him his "possessions" which he had written down in a blank book. These "possessions" were some of them the real and some the imaginary possessions of the Bonaparte family. Almost as though the lad had looked into the future he ended his list with "St. Helena, a small island in the Atlantic." A small island indeed, but one destined to be known in history because of his connection with it!

The bad writing of this list added to the teacher's annoyance at Napoleon's talking to the sentry which was entirely contrary to orders. Again he was sent to the guard house. His behavior seems to have been better than that of Lawley who allowed him to bear this punishment and did not take the burden on his own shoulders as he should. The English boy, however, told the other boys about the Corsican's willingness to tell no tales and to take the blame, so that this happening made him quite popular among the boys.

Perhaps it was on that account and perhaps it was

because they saw in him a natural leader that when he suggested stopping their monotonous exercise inside the buildings during a snowy period in the winter of 1783, and going out to build a snow fort, they were willing to follow him and to accept him as their general. They built a fortification such as boys in any snowy country love to build. They were divided into two armies and attacks and retreats and new attacks were planned by Napoleon. Their military studies made them know how to dig trenches and raise parapets and all the theoretical operations of a siege were put into practical use. The snow lasted for a fortnight and, indeed, the fort could have been attacked and defended longer, but it was found that some of the boys were putting gravel into their snow balls and so many of them were injured that it was necessary to stop these military games.

Bonaparte's old enemy, Bouquet, was one of the chief offenders. Napoleon caught him in the act of packing a snow ball and sent him to the rear at the hands of the English boy, Lawley. Bouquet was furious, insulted Napoleon, insulted his father and the two boys fought furiously until they were separated. Napoleon's rage did not cool over night. In the morning he sent his friend de Bourrienne with a challenge demanding that Bouquet should meet "Monsieur Bonaparte" to fight with swords. Bouquet had no particular desire to fight with swords, however, so he told the teacher all about it and once more Napoleon went to the guard house. After a day there he was called before the teacher who had invented a punishment of exceptional humiliation for him. "You are to put on today," he

said, "the penitent's woolen gown. You are to kneel during dinner time at the door of the dining room where all may see your disgrace and take warning from it. You are to eat your dinner on your knees. Thereafter, in the presence of your schoolmates, assembled in the dining room, you are to apologize to Monsieur Bouquet and ask pardon from me as representing the school, for breaking the laws and acting as a bully and a murderer. Go to your room and assume the penitent's gown."

The cruelty of this sentence was one that did not seem possible for the high-spirited Corsican boy to endure. He went to his room, flung himself on the bed and gave way to an agony of bitter tears. A voice asking what was the matter roused him. It was the voice of General Marbeuf. Into his kindly ears Napoleon poured the whole story. The General could not help laughing at the notion of a fourteen-year-old boy seriously issuing a challenge, but he looked upon Bouquet as a sneak and considered the punishment altogether too humiliating. He made things right with the principal of the school and the teachers and Napoleon was released.

It was then that in talking with the boy the General discovered that much of his trouble came from his having so little pocket money. It kept him in a state of irritation all the time. He could not hold his own in the little social give and take that calls for an occasional small expenditure. The soldier understood what that meant. Probably he had had similar experiences himself. He gave him a certain amount of pocket money and introduced him to Madame de Brienne who lived

near by and who was ever after well disposed toward the youngster, often having him at her house and occasionally giving him presents which made his school life more easy. She is the person to whom he is said to have made the cold-blooded remark in reply to her complaint of the unnecessary burning of a district by a great soldier: "Why not, Madame, if it was necessary to his plans?"

Another example of the grown-up tone in which Napoleon could approach different subjects is shown by a letter which he wrote to his Uncle Lucien in Corsica about his brother Lucien who had been brought to school at Autun and afterwards at Brienne, and about Joseph. Napoleon discusses both his brothers in a detached sort of way and in a very grown-up tone. He begins:

My dear Uncle: I am writing to you to tell you of the passage of my dear father by Brienne for Paris to take Marianna to Saint Cyr and to try and restore his health. He arrived here on the 21st with Luciano and the two young ladies whom you have seen. He left here the latter youth, who is nine years old and his height is 3 feet 6 inches and 6 lines. He is in the sixth class in Latin and is going through the whole course. He shows plenty of ability and willingness,— let us hope he will turn out well. His health is good; he is big, quick and lively and so far he is approved. He knows French very well and has forgotten Italian entirely.

To Joseph's desire to change his career from the Church to the Army Napoleon brings objections:—

First: As father says, he has not the courage to face the perils of battle; his health is feeble, and will not allow him

to support the fatigues of a campaign and my brother looks on the military profession only from a garrison point of view. He would make a good garrison officer. He is well-made, light-minded, knows how to pay compliments, and with these talents he will always get on well in society. But in battle?

Second: He has received an eccelesiastical education, and it is very late to undo that. Monseigneur the Bishop of Autun would have given him a fat living and he would have been sure to become a bishop. What an advantage for the family! Should he persist in wishing to be a soldier, I should praise him, provided he had a decided taste for the profession.

Third: He wishes to be a military man. Very well; but in what corps? Is it the marine? First: he knows nothing of mathematics; it would take him two years to learn. Second: his health is not fitted for the sea. Is it the engineers? He would require four or five years to learn what is necessary, and at the end of that time he would only be a cadet. Besides, working all day long would not suit him. The same reasons which apply to the engineers apply to the artillery, with this exception; that he would have to work eighteen months to become a cadet, and eighteen months more to become an officer. . . . No doubt he wishes to join the infantry. . . . And what is the infantry subaltern? Three fourths of the time a scapegrace. . . . A last effort will be made to persuade him to enter the Church, in default of which, father will take him to Corsica, where he will be under his eye.

When Napoleon was fifteen his father, with Joseph, went back to Corsica for the last time. He was broken in health, and physicians were unable any longer to give him relief. Napoleon sent him a letter of understanding as to why his father did not stop at Brienne on his way. He agreed that Joseph should come to Brienne and study to be an officer. He asked that a

history of Corsica be sent to him, promising to return the book without fail, even though it should be six years from that time. This shows that he always bore in mind the belief that he was to live in Corsica and that his life work lay there.

Life went on with him at the school without much variation. He still continued to quarrel with the other boys, challenging a fellow student to a duel because he blew a horn in his own room and annoyed Napoleon. He tried to learn to waltz and broke several chairs when he used them as a partner. He never spelled well; he was ungrammatical; he cared nothing about rhetoric; he could have, at that time, only a book knowledge of military science and only by feeling his way among his comrades did he learn the art of politics which at that time was nowhere taught. He was not a brilliant scholar at all; other boys selected to go to the military college in Paris were considerably younger than he.

When one of the school inspectors, Chevalier de Kéralio, visited the school, he took a fancy to Napoleon and recommended him for entrance to the military school at Paris. He reported on him as follows:

Monsieur de Bonaparte; height four feet, ten inches and ten lines; he has passed his fourth examination; good constitution, excellent health; submissive character, frank, grateful; regular in conduct; has distinguished himself by his application to mathematics; is passably well up in history and geography; is behindhand in his Latin. Will make an excellent sailor. Deserves to be sent to the school in Paris.

In order that Lucien might take his place at Brienne, for it was not permitted for two brothers to be at the school at the same time, Napoleon went to Paris somewhat before his term was out at Brienne.

With the move to Paris there began a new chapter in his life.

CHAPTER IV

PARIS—AND BEYOND

(1784–1785)

EXCEPT for a short visit in Florence, when he first came to France to go to school, six years before, Napoleon had never seen a large city. Imagine then his surprise when he found himself in Paris with its splendid streets and buildings. The structures that rise most impressively in Paris today had almost all of them already been built at this date (October 23, 1784) when Napoleon and his comrades, under the care of one of the priests from Brienne, reached the city.

They were soon established in one of these splendid buildings, the Military School across the Champ de Mars from the spot where the Eiffel Tower rises now. The school was intended for the sons of nobles and the king built it and equipped it on a grand scale so that his young officers might be introduced to social as well as military life in a fitting manner. Nothing in young Napoleon's experience had prepared him for the elegance of his present surroundings. The food was more abundant and more deliciously cooked than anything he had ever tasted in the simple home in Corsica or in the barren convent at Autun or at Brienne. There was a large staff of servants. The young men's uniforms and other clothing were of the finest quality. Officers

of social note as well as military distinction were at the head of the school. The faculty was large; there were twenty-one instructors in geography, mathematics, history and the languages and seven in the arts of fencing, dancing and riding.

In nothing except mathematics did Napoleon do especially well. It was a misfortune for him later on that he knew no languages except Italian and French. His knowledge of German and English was limited to a few stammering words. His experiences with his schoolmates were a repetition of those at the lower schools. Some of these boys were free scholars as Napoleon was and others had their tuition paid by their parents. The latter looked down upon the former. Class distinctions were finely drawn at that time. The nobility was very carefully graded and boys coming from families of the higher nobility regarded with scorn those who came from the lesser stock. Napoleon had none of the charm of personality which would win him friends if he had no money to join in the boys' amusements. The result was that he made himself more than ever unpopular by being always morose and sullen. He made but one real friendship during all his school years. His friend shared his room. His name was Alexander Des Mazis. He was a boy of fine family and good breeding. Although he was a student teacher he seems not to have been very clever since, when he and Napoleon took their examinations for the artillery just before leaving the Military School, he passed fifty-sixth in his class and Napoleon forty-second although Napoleon was not considered a brilliant scholar.

The old trouble of lack of pocket money made the boy's life, at this time, extraordinarily galling. Many of the boys had rich parents and all of them were accustomed to an atmosphere of wealth even if they did not possess much money themselves. Eliza, at St. Cyr, went through the same uncomfortable experiences.

The luxury with which the Military School was conducted was extremely repellent to Napoleon either from sour grapes or because he really believed in a plain life for boys who were about to enter a severe and trying profession. He wrote to the Minister of War a letter which was never delivered, but which expressed his ideas of what would be a suitable manner of living for these pupils. His belief in simplicity he carried out later on in his own life when he was a leader and also when he was an exile. Napoleon's letter speaks especially of the boys who come from less well-to-do families, but what he says he means also to apply to all those who are studying to be officers. Here is a part of the letter and it may easily be seen that it would not have been received pleasantly by the Minister of War, if ever it had reached him:

The King's scholars could only learn in this school, in place of qualities of the heart, feelings of vanity and satisfaction to such an extent that, on returning to their own homes, they would be far from sharing gladly in the simple comfort of their families and would perhaps blush for their father and mother and despise their modest country surroundings. Instead of maintaining a large staff of servants for these pupils and giving them every day meals of several courses and keeping up an expensive stable full of horses and grooms, would it not be better, Mr. Minister—of course without interrupt-

ing their studies—to compel them to look after their own wants themselves? That is to say, without really compelling them to do their own cooking, would it not be wise to have them eat soldier's bread or something no better, to accustom them to beat and brush their own clothes, to clean their own boots and shoes and do other things equally useful and self-helpful? If they were thus accustomed to a sober life and to be particular about their appearance they would become healthier and stronger; they could support with courage the hardships of war and inspire with respect and blind devotion the soldiers who would have to serve under their orders.

When Napoleon was an officer in the field, himself, he did not go quite to such lengths as he recommended here, but he always wore a simple uniform when he was able to dictate what that should be and he shared in all the difficulties and discomforts of his men so that he was adored by them even while they were suffering intolerably because of what he made them do.

The students were not allowed full freedom to roam about the city but nevertheless there were opportunities for the boys to go out and see the sights. As Napoleon was one day at the Palais Royal gazing at the buildings and the gardens which surround it, he was addressed by a boy of about his own age. It proved to be Demetrius Permon. Demetrius's mother was a Corsican and a friend of Napoleon's mother. The family now lived at Montpellier, in the south of France, but they came to Paris occasionally and stayed for months at a time. Meeting with Demetrius opened a house to Napoleon where he was able to meet people and to hear conversation. With his keen powers of observation he could not help seeing the restlessness that

showed itself in all the people of Paris at that time, nor could he help hearing in Madame Permon's drawing-room talk of the new politics and the new social ideals that were everywhere being discussed.

Napoleon's love of history made him know also what had been going on in the world since he was born. His reading was not entirely confined to Plutarch. Transportation was slow and difficult at that time and when a piece of news reached you it was apt to be old news, yet the tremendous change in America was known in France in every detail. The French knew all that had led up to the American Revolution and they themselves had helped the colonies against England during that contest.

The causes of war may roughly be classified as three: the disputing countries may quarrel about trade or they may quarrel about some political situation that seems unjust to one of them or about some person whose behavior is unjust or distasteful. All three of these causes preceded the entrance into hostilities of England with her American colonies. At the time of Napoleon's birth the colonies were resenting bitterly the English tax on glass and tea and paper. When he was but a tiny child he may have heard of the Boston Tea Party showing the resentment of the people toward the importation of undesired tea. The little Corsican was not quite seven years old on the Fourth of July, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was read to the people in Philadelphia.

On the political side, the Americans were continually asking themselves whether they were willing to be ruled by a Parliament in which they had no representa-

tion. It was Parliament that levied the taxes; it was Parliament that closed the Port of Boston in 1774.

The third cause of the war was the personality of George III of England, self-willed and obstinate. He was in a difficult situation but his attitude toward the American colonies was unyielding and he had no vision of what would happen if he could not force them to obey the decision of Parliament.

The American Colonists, not always agreeing among themselves, and with untrained armies, had a hard time in the war until the Battle of Saratoga. That victory for the Americans made it possible for the French to recognize them as justified in fighting and not merely as a group of rebel colonists quarrelling with their master. The friendly attitude of France toward America was brought about, increased and confirmed by the activities of Benjamin Franklin. He was plain in appearance and manner and therefore extremely disarming to the courtiers and diplomats of the brilliant court of Louis XVI. All over Europe he became known for his scientific contributions to the learning of the world, for his philosophy and for his genial common sense. His shrewdness passed unnoticed in the accumulation of these other virtues. It was his influence more than anything else which induced France to send soldiers under de Rochambeau and to advance money and to promote the despatching of military materials through neutral channels. St. Eustatius, the little Dutch Island in the West Indies, was a storehouse for immense amounts of powder and shot. Lafayette, bringing over his enthusiasm, gave courage to the colonies. Admiral de Grasse sailed north from

the West Indies to the Virginia coast. Rochambeau's armies learned his presence off the coast and the American armies, cooperating with both, brought about the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown—the final defeat of the Revolution. This was in the autumn of 1781, when Napoleon was twelve years old and at school at Brienne. Quietly as the boys lived in that atmosphere, they were sure to have known about the American Revolution and to have talked about it. By the time of Napoleon's arrival in Paris the treaty of 1783, which closed the American Revolution, had been negotiated.

All over Europe the success of the American colonies in the American Revolution was hailed by the people as a splendid victory of the many, the people, over the few, the aristocrats; and was regarded by the governments of kings and emperors as something setting a horrible example to their subjects. In the school where Napoleon was studying one may be very sure that the phrase in the Declaration of Independence, "all men are created equal," was laughed at heartily and we may be just as sure that it was talked about and discussed. In his wanderings in the streets, and in the Permon drawing-room, the thoughtful Corsican boy must have heard discussions of this sort over and over again. Nobody quite knew what was going to happen, but everybody felt that something was in the air.

The young student of history knew also what was happening in Europe. Poland was torn by the agonies of civil war and finally fought with Prussia, with Austria, with Russia, the result being a division of the

country among those three enemies. This happened when Napoleon was only four years old and the country was left in a state that made it practically of no consequence in Europe. Sweden was looked upon with envious eyes by Frederick of Prussia and Catherine of Russia and held its own chiefly through the wise ruling of Gustavus III. Turkey was harassed by Russia for almost twenty years. The Kingdoms of Portugal, of Spain, of Naples, all showed a stirring of the people which the people themselves did not understand, but which the ministers and kings saw as threatening their governments. More people were reading than ever before. In France, books by Voltaire, Montesquieu and Rousseau were in the hands of everybody. The feeling of liberty was in the air even while the finances of the kingdom were becoming more and more involved and the privileges of the nobility continued while the poor and wretched bore all the burdens of the country. More pressing than the war and dissensions of every country in Europe was the undercurrent of demand for the reform of a social condition that favored the least deserving.

It was while Napoleon was at the Military School in Paris thinking, reading, listening, about four months after his arrival there, that his father, Charles Bonaparte, died. He had been in Corsica with his oldest son, Joseph, and was returning to France because his health was somewhat better and he wanted again to approach the king with his request for help. He was taken very ill on the ship that was bearing him to France. He went to Madame Permon's home at Montpellier and there died.

In many ways Charles's life had been a failure; he had not succeeded in regaining the family estate in Corsica though he had spent his entire life in lawsuits; he had abandoned his country and had become French in appearance, always seeking favors in France and using his position as a representative from Corsica to the Assembly to secure grants for himself as much as for his country. Yet his children were devoted to him and indeed his death left them absolutely without means of support except for the small income of Letitia, which he had not succeeded in spending, and for the help which his uncle, Canon Lucien, continued to give to the family. Joseph gave up his plans for the future and returned to Corsica in order to give his mother what help he could for he was now the head of the family though only nineteen. Napoleon stayed on at school for his aim was to become an officer in the army at the earliest possible moment and appointments were made earlier in those days than now. Here is the letter that he wrote to his mother at the time of his father's death:

My dear Mother: Now that time has begun to soften the first transports of my sorrow I hasten to express to you the gratitude I feel for all the kindness you have always displayed toward us. Console yourself, dear mother; circumstances require that you should. We will redouble our care and our gratitude, happy if by our obedience we can make up to you in the smallest degree for the inestimable loss of a cherished husband. I finish, dear mother—my grief compels it—by praying you to calm your sorrow. My health is perfect and my daily prayer is that Heaven may grant you the same. Convey my

respects to my Aunt Gertrude, to Nurse Saveria and to my Aunt Fesch.

Your very humble and affectionate son,
Napoleon

To our modern ears this is a very stiff and formal letter, but everything is in it that would show the boy's good feeling. He assures his mother of the love of her children and of their desire to console her. He gives her news of himself and sends messages to those dear to him in Corsica. To Canon Lucien he also wrote expressing great affection for his father:

It would be useless to tell you how deeply I have felt the blow that has just fallen upon us. We have lost a father and God alone knows what a father and what were his attachment and devotion to us. Alas! everything taught us to look to him as the support of our youth. But the will of God is unalterable. He alone can console us.

With the death of his father, pocket money became scarcer than ever with Napoleon. He received nothing now from his old friend, General Marbeuf, who had given him a small allowance, and the boy's only resource was to bury himself in his books and to study as hard as he could. He was rewarded by being permitted to take his final examinations before he had been quite a year at the Military School. He passed —not very well, but still with sufficient rank to secure his nomination to an artillery regiment (September 1, 1785). His friend, Alexander Des Mazis, also secured a lieutenancy in the same regiment. It was called

La Fére, meaning "The Sword" and was stationed at Valence in the southeastern part of France. Bonaparte's certificate from the military school read as follows:

> Reserved and studious, he prefers study to any amusement, and enjoys reading the best authors; applies himself earnestly to the abstract sciences; cares little for anything else. He is silent and loves solitude. He is capricious, haughty, and excessively egotistical; talks little, but is quick and energetic in his replies, prompt and severe in his repartees; has great pride and ambition, aspiring to anything. The young man is worthy of patronage.

This had been a memorable year for the boy; he had nearly been drowned in the Seine; he had been confirmed in the Church; he had lost his father; he had gained his commission. Now he was about to start forth into the world.

CHAPTER V

AT VALENCE

(1785–1787)

LIKE most boys of sixteen, Napoleon was much pleased with his new uniform and put it on at once to show it to the Permons. He found Madame Permon and her two young daughters, Cecilia and Laura, at home. They congratulated him on his commission, but the little girls could not help laughing at the appearance he made in his uniform. He was short and had not yet learned to hold himself upright. His head still seemed too large for his shoulders. He had not yet succeeded in keeping his hair from looking stringy and his face was still sallow. What amused the girls most, however, was that his boots seemed tremendously large and his legs were lost in them, correspondingly thin. They laughed at him and called him Lieutenant Puss-in-Boots. The Lieutenant had not yet managed to secure much control of his temper and he became very angry.

"You are nothing but a little boarding-school girl," he said contemptuously to Cecilia.

She was angry in her turn and told him that since he wore a sword he was old enough to be polite with ladies and should be glad when they joked with him.

Napoleon saw that he was putting himself in a bad light by showing his annoyance, so as a souvenir of the

occasion he got a toy, a cat in boots dressed like a footman and running before the carriage of the Marquis de Carabas, as in the story of Puss-in-Boots. This toy he gave to Laura and at the same time a copy of the story of Puss-in-Boots to Cecilia.

Even these small expenses must have been somewhat of a strain on his money. Between the time of his receiving his certificate (September 1, 1785) and the time of his appointment to his regiment about two months elapsed. During that period he had only the stipend that was given to all the students, for his pay at Valence did not begin until he was actually on duty there.

He left with Des Mazis who had a brother in La Fère regiment. When they reached Lyons they could not resist entertaining themselves somewhat and spent more of their slender funds than they could afford to. This meant that they had to finish the rest of their trip, the entire distance from Lyons to Valence, on foot. Fortunately, Alexander's brother received them promptly and took them in charge so that as soon as they reached their destination they were no longer suffering from short rations and weary feet.

It was on the fifth of November, 1785, that the two young men became members of the garrison at Valence. There was a three months' training to go through before they could take their place as officers. It was necessary to pass through the different grades so that a man might say that he knew every part of the service. Napoleon had to serve in the ranks, to serve as corporal and as sergeant, mounting guard three times in each of these non-commissioned grades. This training

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occupied three months and it was not until the 10th of January in 1786 that he became a full-fledged Second Lieutenant. Even then, he had much to learn, for in addition to the ordinary technical studies there were classes in mathematics, chemistry, physics, fortification, drawing, etc., and he had to learn how to build batteries and to conduct drill and firing exercises. He was fortunate in his connection with the regiment of La Fère because it was one that stood especially high. The officers were interested in the subalterns and the discipline was good at a time when the French army was in a degraded condition.

Through an introduction given Napoleon by General Marbeuf he was invited to the best houses and dined and danced in good society. For the first time he showed some interest in young girls. A Mademoiselle Mion-Desplaces from Corsica was one to whom he was attentive; another was a Mademoiselle de Laubérie. A few miles out of town lived Mademoiselle Caroline du Colombier with her mother. With her he took long walks in the fields and roamed the garden. One of his happiest remembrances was a meeting with her at dawn.

"It will scarcely be believed," he said, "that all our happiness consisted in eating cherries together."

It was probably to please Caroline du Colombier that the young man wrote the fable of

The Rabbit, The Dog and The Hunter[1]

Caesar, a pointer of renown,
Clever indeed, but quite too vain,

[1] Translated by Dr. George Sigerson of Dublin.

Had stopped upon the grassy plain
A poor, half-lifeless rabbit, crouching down.
"Surrender!" cried he in a voice of thunder
That made the far-off forest creatures moan.
"Caesar am I whose great deeds are known
And whose name fills a mighty world with wonder!"
At that name Bunny sighs,
Commends to God his penitent soul and cries:
"Most potent, most serene One, say,
If I surrender, what's my destiny?"
"Thou'lt die!" "Die!" said the victim, in dismay.
"And if I flee?" "'Tis certain death!"
"What!" he exclaims with panting breath;
"On both sides doomed to loss of life am I—
May't please your gracious Majesty
T'excuse me. since I must die,
If now I seek to fly!"—
He said, and swift the warren-hero fled.
Cato had blamed him, but not I.
For as the quick flight caught the hunter's eye,
He aims, he fires—the dog falls dead!
O! this what had our good La Fontaine said?
"God helps those who help themselves."
I much approve that wise old saw.

To this time belongs the first portrait of Napoleon that has been preserved. It was drawn by a young Corsican artist friend who lived near Valence. The only previous drawing was a caricature done by one of his fellow students at the Military School. It showed him with his feet traveling in both directions, forward and backward. The caption beneath read, "Bonaparte

runs—flies to the help of Paoli to take him out of the hands of his enemies."

For some reason or other, nobody seems to know exactly why, Napoleon very soon gave up his social life. It may have been because he did not have money enough to carry it on with any pleasure to himself. His pay amounted to only about $250.00 a year. He was forced to lodge at the house of an old man and his middle-aged daughter, the Bou family, who ran a billiard room. He probably paid about 2 francs a week for the rent of his room. Two cents covered the price of his breakfast of rolls and water; his dinner he ate at the Tavern of the Three Pigeons, meeting there the other Lieutenants of the Regiment. Modest as these expenses were they used up about all his money and he had very little to spend on flowers for the ladies and fresh uniforms. The monotony of garrison life bored him intolerably. The amusements of his fellow-officers, rackets and skittles and games, bored him also. There was a certain freedom and leisure in being away from the scornful young fellows who had teased him at Brienne and at the Military School, but he found his greatest comfort in reading and once more he plunged into the world of books.

He said of himself that now he began to read novels and to let his imagination play and to allow himself to dream in an ideal world. It was a delight to him to analyze characters in fiction and then to apply their experiences to himself and to ponder what he would have felt and done under the same circumstances. This was applying to present-day life what he had always

been doing since he read Plutarch as a boy. He read history now and imagined himself in the critical situations that the pages depicted, just as he had imagined himself living the lives of Plutarch's heroes. He read with tremendous thoroughness, pencil in hand, and copied long extracts from every book. His note books are still in existence and show that he was interested in a wide range of subjects. Looking out of the window he could see only the dull street of a dismal and drab town with nothing of beauty to recommend it. Turning back to his book he was at once in Persia, in Greece, in China, Arabia, India. Military science as employed everywhere was of vital interest to him and other sciences, astronomy, biology, meteorology, all won his attention. The wars of Frederick the Great, the constitution of the Spartan states, the manners and customs of the Turks and Tartars, the history of Egypt and Carthage and India, the constitution of Switzerland and of the state of the Incas—everything absorbed him.

Believing that he might make his living as an author he also tried to write. He started a novel of Corsican life, some short stories and essays on various subjects, including meditations on suicide, and began a history of Corsica. He wrote to a librarian in Geneva for books and probably cut down his already slender rations in order to squeeze out money to pay for his reading.

Most interesting of all to him were the writers of his day who were discussing questions of social life and of government and politics. He brought to the study of these subjects the bitterness born of his own experi-

ences. He continued a patriotic Corsican and even now when in the service of France he expressed himself with considerable freedom as to the disaster he should like to bring upon that country. He had at one time expressed his hatred of the King and when rebuked by his friend, Monsieur Permon, he had said, "It is not the King who educates me, it is the State," meaning that it was the money given by the people in taxation that really supported the school. He had been sneered at and laughed at and patronized and teased by boys of higher birth and plumper pocketbooks and he was filled with hatred for them and all that they represented. He saw very clearly that, while in the olden days of feudalism every noble lived in his own castle and defended it with his own little army, in the modern times with the King in control of the army there was a centralization of power that might be used for good or for ill according to the sort of man the monarch was. Louis XIV was selfish and arrogant: "I am the State!" he said. Louis XV was selfish and bad: "After me—the deluge!" Louis XVI was well meaning but weak. The old-time thought of the people as part of the State had been lost sight of in the belief that the monarchs were appointed by God and that the people had no rights as against the King. The lower classes paid all the taxes and the money in the public treasury might be seized by the King for any purposes of his own regardless of whether the country went bankrupt or not. No one's personal safety was secure. The private grudge of a noble might clap into jail for an indefinite time any person of lower rank whom he wished to dispose of. In the law courts the upper

classes were always favored. Punishment for criminals was bloody and brutal. Religious toleration was almost unknown. These and many other evils had grown up because of the callousness of those above toward those below. Napoleon saw very clearly that all these evils were existent because their authors were supported by the army. The man who had the army at his back was the master of the situation. He did not forget that. His own feelings as a Corsican, as a tormented boy, as a student of the rights of the people, were always for liberty.

In the summer after his establishment at Valence Bonaparte saw a little active duty at the time of what was called the "Two Cent Revolt"—a strike of the silk weavers in Lyons for two cents an ell more pay. His company was sent to quell the disturbance but the trouble was all over by the time that he got there. He put in a very agreeable few weeks (August 15–September 20, 1786) in the city, however, and wrote his uncle, Joseph Fesch, that he left the city with regret.

His regiment was then ordered to Douay, in Flanders. His stay in the North (probably October 17, 1786–February 1, 1787) was short but long enough for him to pick up an attack of malaria. He was allowed to go home on the first of February, 1787. He was needed there for the family affairs were in a tangle. Eliza, who was still at St. Cyr, was the only one of the children provided for. Lucien was at Brienne but he was a pay student and the cost of his tuition was a heavy drain upon the family. Uncle Joseph Fesch was studying to be a priest at Aix and on his way southward Napoleon saw both him and Lucien.

His brother Louis had been promised an appointment at a military school by General Marbeuf, but the General's death (at Basti, Corsica, September 20, 1786) had put an end to that hope. Letitia Bonaparte wrote Napoleon that his uncle, Canon Lucien, who was now an old man, was ill and becoming constantly more feeble. Since her husband's death she had been raising mulberry trees and receiving from the French government a sum for it because the French were trying to introduce the silk industry into Corsica. The last year's crop had been condemned and she was not receiving the money which she had hoped for. Its loss was a serious matter to her under the circumstances. Joseph, the oldest son, could find no employment at all in Corsica and was on the point of going to Italy to try his fortune there. Pauline and Caroline were still young girls and Jerome was hardly more than a baby. With the Canon becoming increasingly feeble and Joseph proving himself but a slender support, Letitia turned to her serious and thoughtful son for help and begged him to come to Corsica to give her his advice. He was then seventeen years old.

CHAPTER VI

CONVENIENT FURLOUGHS

(1787–1792)

THE story of the next six or seven years of Napoleon's life is painful to those who hold to loyalty and frankness and sincerity. Letitia, in a moment of stress, once insisted that she and her family recognized only the laws of duty and of honor. Napoleon's interpretation of duty and honor was his own and looks to any one else like shiftiness and unscrupulousness. He ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds. In France he was an officer in the army; in Corsica a rebel against France. He did not hesitate to do anything that promised to get him out of trouble no matter how duty and honor were sacrificed. His duty to his family always was foremost in his mind and seemed to excuse any misdeed.

On his first furlough after his eight years' absence he set himself at once to improve his mother's affairs, interviewing the authorities about the mulberry grant, disputing about the rents that had fallen due and setting in order some of his mother's estates that her many tasks had not allowed her to attend to. He entertained his great-uncle Lucien with his new and revolutionary ideas, expressed with much oratory. As the only Corsican who had gone into the French army

by way of the military schools, and as one of the two Corsicans in the Royal Artillery, he was pointed out on the streets of Ajaccio, which was agreeable to his self-esteem. He enjoyed thoroughly tramping over the fields and hills and he worked on the writing of his history of Corsica and of a novel or two.

On the plea of ill health—and that was true enough for the malaria still clung to him—he asked and obtained an extension of his furlough. He did not stay out all his time, however, but reached Paris two weeks before he was due there because he heard that his regiment was scheduled for special service. But he lost interest when he learned that it was ordered to Auxonne. In Paris he intimated to the Corsican representative whose aid he asked in pushing his mother's claim that he had shortened his leave because of his mother's need; he told the Minister of War that his mother's affairs urgently called for his presence in Corsica. This secured a further six months' furlough. He arranged for his brother Louis to continue at Brienne temporarily, though without the Marbeuf appointment, and for Lucien to stay at Aix because he was eager to enter the Seminary there, and then he set sail for home which he reached on the first of January in 1788. He found the family affairs worse than ever with Joseph away at Pisa studying law. He could do little to help beyond carrying on his writing, with the hope of making money by it.

On Joseph's return in early summer Napoleon rejoined his regiment, now stationed at Auxonne and stayed with it for a year and a half (May, 1788–September, 1789). As when he was with his regiment

before, he spent most of his time in reading and study. He worked hard on the science of artillery—so much so that eventually he made himself the foremost artillerist of his period. Later on he was appointed a member of a regimental commission and had sole charge of some important manœuvers held in honor of the Prince of Condé. He wrote to Joseph Fesch:

The general here thinks very well of me; so much so that he has ordered me to construct a polygon—works for which great calculations are necessary—and I am hard at work at the head of two hundred men. This unheard-of mark of favor has somewhat irritated the captains against me; they declare it is insulting to them that a lieutenant should be entrusted with so important a work and that when more than thirty men are employed one of them should have been sent out also. My comrades have also shown some jealousy, but it will pass. What troubles me is my health which does not seem to me very good.

Writing to his mother, he said:

I have no resources but work. I dress but once in eight days, for the Sunday parades. I sleep but little since my illness; it is incredible. I go to bed at ten o'clock and get up at four in the morning. I take but one meal a day, at three o'clock, but that is good for my health.

In spite of his interest in military science, he was not always careful when it came to the practical application. He was on duty doing some work on fortifications at Auxonne and was so careless about it that he was put under a short arrest. The detail work of sol-

diering interested Napoleon not at all. He was profoundly bored by it.

At Auxonne he stayed for not quite a year and a half and then secured another leave of absence of almost a year and a half more. The frequency with which he secured these furloughs seems almost beyond belief to us modern people who know of the difficulties of young men of today who are in the army in obtaining leave.

The Lieutenant was still at Auxonne with his regiment when he commanded a company that was sent to put down a riot in the town of Seurre. He found the trouble almost over by the time he arrived there, and he dispersed the crowd by shouting: "Let honest men go to their homes; I only fire upon the mob!" This was just before the famous meeting of the States General, which took place in early May, 1789. Since its last meeting in 1614, one hundred and seventy-five years before, the strength of the Third Estate had been enormously increased as the burghers far outnumbered the nobles and the clergy, who made the other two Estates. The King agreed that delegates representing them should be equal in number to the combined delegates of the clergy and the nobles.

Quarrels with the King began as soon as the meeting was opened and he forbade the use of the assembly hall. The Third Estate then met in the Tennis Court and took an oath, which has been known as "The Oath of the Tennis Court," not to disband until they had brought forward a written Constitution. The nobility and the clergy joined them and they called themselves "The National Constituent Assembly."

Their motives were good; not so those of the ignorant and unthinking crowd throughout the whole country who were stirred with hatred and moved toward the great cities, notably Paris, determined to force the King and the nobility to do something for their benefit. Napoleon, with his sympathies leaning toward revolution, must have been strangely stirred when messengers brought to Auxonne the news of the destruction of the Bastille on July 14, 1789. The prison contained only a handful of prisoners but it symbolized to the people a threatening oppression by the military. The day of the destruction of the Bastille, July 14, is the national holiday of France, a day of rejoicing over the fall of oppression.

In the hope of giving the members of the Assembly an armed force that would be of aid to them if the King chose to use the army against them and that would be a steady body if the army should revolt, as seemed possible, Lafayette, America's friend, established the National Guard. To show its friendliness to the King it included in its cockade, white, the royal color, with red and blue, the colors of Paris. The King, himself, accepted and wore one of these cockades. America's representative in France, succeeding Benjamin Franklin, who had gone home because of his great age, was Thomas Jefferson. Lafayette, who had known him in America, conferred with him over the difficult problems that were arising at this dangerous time, though such conferences with opponents of the government put the American in a delicate position. He was, however, urged by the Foreign Office to give constructive advice.

Not only in Paris was there trouble with constant fighting and rioting, but all through the country the nobles were being attacked by the people who lived near them. Villages surrounding the *châteaux* sent out men who fought their way into the great houses, destroying many valuable possessions, and even injuring their owners. A constant flow of emigrants went to England and in August the Assembly decreed the loss of the nobles' privileges and declared freedom of the press and freedom of religious opinion.

With everything blazing in France, Napoleon selected this time to go back to Corsica. Probably it was the easiest thing to do for had he stayed in France he might have been forced to live up to the duty implied by the wearing of the King's uniform or to come out frankly as a member of the opposition. Corsica, in those days of slow communication and transportation was far enough away so that he dared to take a chance of mixing in the local politics. This he did not hesitate to do. His excuse for leaving Auxonne was his health. He had had a sharp attack of illness during the summer and asked that a furlough might be given him, to begin in August, 1789. On his way home he picked up his brother Lucien at Aix. Louis had preceded them to Corsica. This left only Eliza in France. She was still at school at St. Cyr.

Napoleon was just twenty years old at this time when he returned to Corsica to attempt to take part in the political activities of his native country. A word picture of him described his forehead as wide and of medium height, his eyes large and steel blue under projecting brows, his nose straight, his mouth large, his

projecting chin strong and powerful. Probably due to his ill health his complexion was sallow. The frame of his body was small due to small bones. His hands and feet were small and shapely and he was too short to be impressive. His chest was deep and his neck unusually short and large around. His gait was strong.

Ever since the French had conquered Corsica the Bonaparte family, former admirers of Paoli, now in exile in England, had been their ardent supporters. Charles Bonaparte had represented the Corsican nobility in Paris, his children had been educated in the royal schools. Canon Lucien seems to have been the only member of the family who was not whole-hearted in his admiration. His outspoken enthusiasm for the patriotic Corsican side had brought him into some disfavor with the French authorities on the Island.

Apparently without a thought of how his action would be interpreted in France, Napoleon joined the group of younger patriots (among them Pozzo di Borgo, who became his life-long enemy) and proposed to form a local militia, probably having in mind the possibility of his heading the military body as he was the only technically-trained officer on the Island. When this stand was disapproved by the authorities he set about stirring up trouble in his home town of Ajaccio. An existing revolutionary club was organized as a Home Guard, but it received little support and the agitation died down.

An appeal to the National Assembly was prepared by Bonaparte. It begged for redress for the Corsican grievances and was probably presented to the Assembly in France with other similar documents from other

parts of Corsica. Guided by Mirabeau, the great statesman, the Assembly's answer to these appeals was the announcement that Corsica was to be a province of France. This declaration was received with the greatest enthusiasm in Corsica. Mirabeau became a popular hero and Buttafuoco, who had represented the Corsican nobility in France after Charles Bonaparte's death and who had been unpopular because he tried to keep on good terms with both the French and the Corsicans, was increasingly unpopular now.

Napoleon talked enthusiastically about France but his patriotic (Corsican) activities were unceasing. He was unable to serve as an officer in the Corsican Guard because he was an officer in the French army but he served as a Corsican private. He was incessantly busy also in getting up meetings and conferences of all sorts and in promoting the political desires of his older brother Joseph. When Paoli returned he took part in every celebration and movement which served to put the great and beloved man at the head of the Island once more. Buttafuoco became more and more unpopular and Napoleon wrote and read for his radical club in Ajaccio a letter addressed to Buttafuoco blasting him for selfishness and for lack of loyalty. This letter was received with tremendous enthusiasm and was ordered printed. It is not bad as a literary effort and was not as pretentious as the essay Napoleon attempted to write for a large prize offered by the Lyons Academy. The subject was "What Truths and Ideas Should be Inculcated in Order Best to Promote the Happiness of Mankind?" It is rambling and high-flown and it did not take the prize.

Napoleon's furlough, long as it was, had been overrun to the extent of more than three months when at last he decided to return to France. He took back with him his brother Louis, who was about twelve and a half years old. The two boys were in no especial hurry to reach Auxonne for Napoleon greatly doubted the warmth of his reception there. He had so long overstayed his leave that it would have been only his just punishment if he had been dismissed from the army. However, matters were in so critical a state in the French army and officers were deserting so rapidly that he was welcomed, actually welcomed back, and his arrears of pay were given him.

The two boys, on their way to Auxonne, wandered about the country seeing some old friends here and there, and also going into the houses of the peasants and talking with them about the condition of the people. Napoleon wrote to his uncle, Joseph Fesch, that as a whole the peasants were in favor of the change of government. The aristocracy wished to preserve the monarchy; the women, even of the peasant class, he thought were more inclined toward the monarchy than the men. "Liberty," he said "is a prettier woman than they and eclipses them."

Napoleon's rather flimsy excuse that he had not been able to return to France because bad weather had prevented the sailing of his boat from Corsica was accepted and he took on his old duties in the garrison. He had few friends, however, because his fellow-officers were tired of doing his work for him during his long absences and also because his financial state was now so serious that he was unable to take his share in

any social activities. He and Louis lived in the most meagre fashion in one room. It was shabbily furnished. Napoleon slept on a bed bare of the curtains which were the fashion at that time. Louis slept on a cot in an alcove. There was a table; there were two chairs. A packing case served the purpose of wardrobe and bureau. The future great general and Emperor cooked their meals himself, making soup over the scanty fire. With a piece of dry bread, this was often the boys' entire meal. They were often hungry and their clothes were shabby because they had to take care of them themselves and hardly knew how to do so.

In after years Napoleon once said that at that time he had known only too well what poverty meant, but that he had locked his door on his poverty;—meaning that he had said nothing about it to any one and had kept himself apart from other people. His time was fully occupied for he had not only his housekeeping duties to attend to, but he had to undertake Louis' education and he taught him carefully and well. The boys also did go about somewhat. Occasionally they dined at one of the town restaurants with some of the other young officers and either they really were received socially or else Napoleon wanted to write home cheerfully to his mother for in a letter home he says of his little brother, "Louis is industrious by inclination as well as vanity. He has acquired a little French tone, correct, light. He goes into society, bows with grace, asks the usual questions with the seriousness and dignity of a man of thirty. All the women hereabout are in love with him."

Transferred once more to Valence, Napoleon con-

tinued to devote himself to Louis and became prominent in politics. He seemed to feel free to show his sympathy with the Revolution in spite of his holding an official position in the army. He was made a secretary of a revolutionary club which was affiliated with the Jacobin Club in Paris which was violently opposed to the King. This one connection and his reading were his only pleasures.

Restless over the conditions which kept him in the King's employ while his whole feeling was with the King's opponents, and hearing of a political disturbance in Corsica which always revived in him his desire to become a second Paoli, at the head of the Island, Bonaparte used all his efforts to obtain another leave of absence. It must have required a good deal of audacity to put in his application and it was refused at first. It finally came to him in the regular course and he started at once for Corsica. There had been some question in France of raising several battalions of soldiers in Corsica for service in the French National Guard. Undoubtedly the young Corsican could have secured an office in this Guard and he probably meant to make application for one because he wrote a paper on the armament of the new battalion and sent it to the Minister of War. However, when his leave of absence came he forgot all that and went across to Ajaccio being quite ready to take a chance as a member of the Corsican National Guard. It might mean that he would be considered a deserter by France, but at least he wanted to try out this opportunity.

The moment he reached his native island he plunged at once into politics and into the enjoyment

of the fighting and feuds which he found in active operation. Plots were frequent and his brother Joseph and other relatives were in the thick of the trouble. He showed himself to be filled with his old ambition and selfish desire for advancement and he was more unscrupulous than ever before. He offered himself as a candidate for Second Lieutenant-Colonel of the Corsican National Guard and during the campaigns he employed strong-arm methods with his opponents. He even kidnapped and carried off to his own house one of the election commissioners and treated with violence a member of Pozzo di Borgo's family.

Napoleon was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. The announcement was followed by street fighting and riots because he was considered an upstart and his opponents were young men of position. He also took part in the brawls which followed upon troubles with the Church for the revolutionists were opposed to the established church.

Paoli, all this time, was at the head of the government in Corsica and was trying to bring about peace. His success naturally was greatly hindered by all this uproar largely caused by the young man who had always posed as his great admirer.

It is related of Napoleon and Louis that when they were at Auxonne, Louis waked up one morning saying that he had had a wonderful dream, that he had dreamed that he was the King. Napoleon laughed at him, glanced about their wretched room, and said, "And what was I then, an Emperor?" His position as Lieutenant-Colonel in Corsica was very far from being that of an Emperor, prophetic as Louis' dream and

Napoleon's reply seem to have been, but he must have felt within him the stirring of power when he was enabled to exercise such influence in Corsica that Paoli himself was disturbed by the result of his activities.

A serious fight on Easter Sunday during which the citadel was attacked by Napoleon and his men, though in vain, brought about his disgrace in the Corsican Guard. He thought it well to return to France, particularly as his leave had been several months overstayed. Back in January he had been reported at a review as absent without cause and his name on an official list had marked against it, "Has given up his profession and has been replaced on February 6, 1792." Since he did not reach France until the end of May it is probable that some negotiation was necessary in order to return him to his former position.

CHAPTER VII

THE REVOLUTION TEACHES ITS LESSONS

(1792–1793)

IN July, 1792, Bonaparte was reinstated in the French army. Between May and July he went to Paris and saw there some of the stirring scenes of the opening of the Revolution. He was desperately poor and it was fortunate for him that he met his old school friend Bourrienne. Neither of them had much money and they were obliged to eat in the cheapest sorts of restaurants while they walked the streets trying to think of some plan to make money until Napoleon's affairs should be straightened out and Bourrienne should know what he, also, could do. These very wanderings, however, gave them an opportunity to see many of the turbulent scenes of the city during this desperate period.

Austria, the native country of Queen Marie Antoinette, had declared war against France, coming to the aid of the Queen and her husband. With war at the frontier and war inside the country France was indeed in a broken state. On the very day after his arrival in Paris Napoleon wrote to his brother a letter which sums up the situation in the city with great clearness.

Paris is in the most serious convulsions. It is flooded with strangers and the discontented are very numerous. The Na-

tional Guard which remained at the Tuileries to guard the King has been doubled. The body-guard of the King will be dissolved as they say it is very badly composed. The news from the frontiers is always the same; it is probable that our troops will retire in order to carry on a defensive war. Desertion is very frequent amongst the officers. Our position is critical in every respect.

It became even more so when Prussia joined Austria against France, declaring war on the 17th of June, 1792. This new turn of events served to infuriate still further the mob opposed to the King. They poured in from the suburbs and the outskirts of the city and went to the palace of the Tuileries where they had forced the King and Queen and their children to take refuge.

Napoleon and Bourrienne took up their position on a terrace along the Seine and watched what happened. Here is the account that Napoleon himself wrote to his brother Joseph two days later:

The day before yesterday (June 20, 1792), seven or eight thousand men armed with pikes, axes, swords, muskets, fists and pointed sticks went to the Assembly to present a petition and after that they went to the King. The garden of the Tuileries was closed and was guarded by fifteen hundred National Guards. The mob threw down the gates, entered the palace, pointed cannon against the apartments of the King, broke open four doors, presented to the King two cockades—one white and the other tri-color—of which they gave him the choice. "Choose," they said, "to reign here or in Coblenz." The King behaved very well. He put on the red and the Queen and the Prince did the same. They gave the King something to

drink. They remained four hours in the palace. All this is unconstitutional and sets a very dangerous example. It is difficult to foresee what will become of the empire under these stormy circumstances.

Napoleon's sympathies were with the revolutionists, but not with people who proclaimed their revolutionary belief in this way. He had a feeling of extreme contempt for them as he did for the weakness of those higher in authority. As he watched the mob sweep down on the palace he said to Bourienne, "Why is it they let these blackguards get in here? They ought to turn a cannon on them and kill four or five hundred and then the rest would soon run away." The mob was not truly representative of democracy, and democracy, he saw, needed a strong and rational leader.

Early in July Napoleon received his notice of reinstatement in the army effective August 30, and even of promotion to a captaincy in the Fourth Regiment of Artillery and of settlement of his arrears of pay. This gave him financial independence once more and aroused him from his state of depression. In spite of all the excitement going on around him the young man did not fail to follow his usual bent and do some studying. He gave himself now to the study of astronomy which he found extraordinarily interesting and easy for him because he was a good mathematician.

Yet he followed what was going on in the city, such as the entrance of the delegation of five hundred arrived from Marseilles on August third to demand the overthrow of the monarchy. They marched through the streets singing the stirring song called from them

the *Marseillaise,* which has become the national song of France. It was written at Strasburg by an engineer officer, Rouget de Lisle. Here is the first stanza as translated by John Oxenford:

Come, children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world,
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
Their bloody standards have unfurled;
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde;
They threaten with the murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilize the land.

On August tenth came the attack upon the Tuileries by the mob and the massacre of the Swiss Guard, the special guard of the palace. The ringing of bells all over the city summoned all the rabble from the slums to the attack upon the palace. Hearing what was going to happen, Napoleon started for the Square of the Carrousel, close to the palace. On his way he, himself, says, "I was passed by a mob of horrible-looking fellows parading a head stuck on a pike. Thinking I looked too much of a gentleman they wanted me to shout—'Long Live the Nation!' which I promptly did, as may easily be imagined. The palace was being attacked by the vilest rabble. After the palace had been captured and the king had withdrawn to the Assembly I ventured cautiously into the garden. Never since that day—no, not on all my battlefields"—for this was told to his friend many, many years after-

ward when he was at St. Helena—"never have I had such an impression of the dead as the Swiss Guard then produced on me."

Indeed, the awful slaughter, the merciless massacre, the merciless putting to death on the following day of those who were left, and the madness of behavior of the people who mutilated the dead bodies lying on the ground made an unforgettable impression upon the young man. He, himself, saved one of the unfortunate body-guard. He saw a man from Marseilles who was about to kill this soldier. "I said to him," he reports, " 'Man of the South, let us save this unfortunate fellow.' 'Are you a Southerner?' 'Yes.' 'Very well, we will save him.' "

After viewing the scene in and around the palace he went into all the *cafés* in the neighborhood of the Assembly and saw there the disturbance and irritation of the people who looked at him angrily because they did not know him.

It is quite probable that it was at this time that Napoleon's despotic ideas began to develop. He had thought that he belonged on the side of the revolutionists and indeed he was willing to be on the winning side, whatever that might be, but he could not help despising these people who had shown no capability of organizing themselves.

The situation of the country became worse. Attacks were made on the religious houses and the churches and the monasteries. Napoleon felt that his sister, Eliza, who was at the school at St. Cyr, was not safe in the country. He was, as a matter of fact, eager to get back to Corsica and to try once more to put him-

self at the head of the government. He was unable to get a leave of absence but when he expressed his wish to take his sister home to his mother he was permitted to go.

What was called the "Terror" had begun and Paris was its very center. Brutality and violence were rampant. A mere word was enough to cause the arrest of anybody on suspicion. Men, women and children were thrown into prison, there to die or to be taken before a court which seemed to glory in listening to false charges and allowing no answer from the unhappy victims. By scores these wretched people were sent to the guillotine. A doctor named Guillotin had invented this terrible instrument which cut off the heads of its victims so neatly, he said, "that they would feel no pain—merely a refreshing coolness." There were several in different squares about the city but that in the Place de la Concorde, then called Place de la Révolution, was the most famous. It was near the Statue of Liberty to which one of the victims spoke before her death, crying "Oh, Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Readers of Dickens's story, "A Tale of Two Cities," will remember his description of the women knitting industriously who sat hour by hour at the foot of the scaffold as if they were at a performance at a theatre.

The King and Queen, their children and Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the King, were seized and imprisoned in the tower of the building called "The Temple." The rabble seemed to feel that once the royal family was out of sight they were privileged to do anything they liked. Bands of murderers butchered

helpless prisoners and massacred anybody, even if innocent of any fault. These "September massacres," as they were called, are among the most bloody of the stains upon this terrible period.

It is no wonder that Napoleon wanted to take his sister out of the way although it seems extraordinary that in his position as an officer of the army he should not have tried to provide for her journey in some other way than by personally escorting her. However, he was permitted to do so and they traveled through the cities of Lyons and Marseilles. In the latter town they met with a disagreeable experience. Eliza was wearing a large hat with feathers. The crowd in which they found themselves one day seemed to feel that she must be an aristocrat because of this headgear. They began to call out threateningly to her. "No more an aristocrat than you," exclaimed her brother snatching the hat from her head and throwing it into the crowd. This was the right move for it was received with applause and the two went on their way unmolested. They reached Ajaccio the middle of October. This was the first time in thirteen years that the whole Bonaparte family had been together—Letitia's five sons, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis and Jerome, and her three daughters, Eliza, Pauline and Caroline.

Paoli had been given his office as Governor of Corsica by the Convention in France but the terrible situation in that country was making him desirous of breaking away from it. He was under suspicion of entering into a league with England where he had spent his time when he was banished from Corsica. Lucien Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, then only eight-

een years old, proclaimed him a traitor in the Jacobin Club at Toulon on the mainland and this denunciation was heard in Paris. Paoli was unable to make a successful attack on Sardinia even with Napoleon's aid and that also inflamed the French against him. An order for his arrest was sent from France.

Napoleon sent an appeal to Paris in favor of his former hero, but he was carrying water on both shoulders—trying to put himself in a position so that he could seize any advantage on either side. He made up his mind, however, to stand in with France. Once before he had tried to attack the citadel. That time he was acting as a Corsican revolutionary. Now, in the local fighting, he tried again to attack the citadel, this time, as a soldier on the side of the French. The Paoli party was still strong in Corsica and Napoleon barely escaped their vengeance. He hurried to Ajaccio but dared not go to his home which was watched by his enemies. Then he tried to stir up an expedition to capture Ajaccio but this did not succeed. When at last he reached the town he found that his mother and brothers and sisters had been forced to leave their house. He joined them on the seashore and they took shelter with some friends.

Wishing to strengthen his position in France, he sent a report to Paris, denouncing his former hero and friend, Paoli. After that it became unwise and indeed impossible for the family to remain any longer on the Island. Napoleon had to go back to his regiment and he could not leave his mother and the children unprotected against Paoli's followers. They all, therefore, started toward France, embarking (June 11,

1793) on a ship which took them to Toulon where Lucien met them.

Only once afterward did Napoleon go to Corsica, although his love for his native island had been so passionate and his eagerness to live there and to make himself its head had often been so violently expressed. He now found himself occupied with the excitement of the Revolution and the homeland seems to have been crowded forever out of his consciousness.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GREAT CAREER BEGINS

(1793–1795)

NAPOLEON returned to a France that was seething with unrest. A week after he had left for Corsica with his sister the Convention, which was then the ruling body, had declared the country a republic (September 22, 1792). In the following January (1793) the King was beheaded. Neither the declaration of a new government nor the execution had calmed the people. The hideous activities of the Terror continued.

Here and there, throughout the country, however, there were groups or cities unwilling to yield to the present state of affairs. This was especially true in the south of France. There were revolts against the government in Marseilles and in Lyons, in Valence, in Avignon, and Napoleon, now with the Fourth Regiment of Artillery, under General Carteaux, was sent from place to place along the coast of the Mediterranean to look into the troubles, to put down risings, to find out the general feelings of the people and how many were loyal to the Convention.

It was while he was at the town of Beaucaire that he seems to have been seized with the idea of writing a pamphlet that would impress upon the members of

the Convention the fact that he was truly loyal to the new *régime*. In those uncertain days it was a good thing to pile up every possible bit of testimony to that effect. It is probable that the behavior of the Bonaparte family was a help. They soon left Toulon and went to Marseilles. It is not known why they made the change, but it is supposed that because Toulon was strongly royalist this family of revolutionaries, from what was considered the wild Island of Corsica, were not agreeable neighbors in the unsympathetic city.

In Marseilles they lodged in a house that had been confiscated by the Revolutionaries after the beheading of its owner, who was a nobleman. Letitia received a small sum of money from the Convention for the support of her children under fifteen. Before long, however, Joseph and Lucien obtained positions, probably through the influence of their brother Napoleon, which gave them salaries from which they could aid the other members of the family. Joseph was made an army commissioner and Lucien a superintendent of stores. Joseph Fesch also abandoned the now unpopular and dangerous priesthood and became a business man. The family's sense of honor seems to have been not all that it should be because in order to secure these positions Joseph showed Napoleon's commission in the National Guard as his own and Lucien showed Napoleon's birth certificate in order to make himself out to be older than he was.

Joseph soon married the daughter of a rich merchant of Marseilles. Her name was Julie Clary. She brought him a handsome dowry so it was considered a good match. Napoleon was eager to marry the second daugh-

ter, Désirée, but as he wanted to bring about the marriage simply for financial reasons he did not push the matter very hard and the project fell through. Désirée afterward married Bernadotte, who was made a Marshal of France by Napoleon. He was elected Crown Prince of Sweden and ruled as Charles XIV. As a Swedish general he fought against his native country and Napoleon in 1813. Lucien now married Catherine Boyer, the daughter of an innkeeper in the town where he was stationed. She could not read or write, but was a young woman of good character and was faithful and helpful to her husband.

Freedom from anxiety about his family now permitted Napoleon to turn his attention to politics. At Beaucaire, he dined one evening at a small hotel with a group of men of the southern part of the country, representative of different occupations—a soldier, a merchant, a manufacturer and so on. Probably from this actual fact grew the idea of writing a pamphlet which should be a discussion of the political situation and a plea for the support of the government by the southern cities. The Convention had two parties—the Girondists, who were moderate, and the Mountain, whose members were extremely radical. Napoleon inclined toward the Mountain and his pamphlet, "The Supper of Beaucaire," was in the form of a dialogue in which arguments for the support of the Republic were put forth by the soldier who, of course, was Napoleon.

After the execution of Louis XVI, France, finding that King George III of England was not sympathetic with her new government, declared war against Eng-

land and also against England's ally, Holland. England and Holland soon allied themselves to Russia, Spain and the Holy Roman Empire. With Austria and Prussia already joined against her and waiting at her borders to pounce on every opportunity for struggle, France found herself in a desperate situation.

"Why, then," asked the soldier in "The Supper of Beaucaire," "why then does the southern part of the country, represented by you men of the South, revolt at this time? This revolt has hindered the armies of the Republic and in that way has helped the enemies of the Republic. If the enemies of the Republic are victorious you will suffer with the rest of France; they will not make any exception for you. Your revolt is doomed in any case because of weakness and inadequate money support and inexperience. Common sense demands that at such a time everybody should support the central power."

The result of this pamphlet which was printed at the public expense was to bring Napoleon to the attention of the Convention as being one entirely devoted to the Mountain or radical cause. It also brought him as a friend, Augustin Robespierre, a younger brother of the infamous Maximilien Robespierre, one of the leaders of the Reign of Terror.

The young officer's pamphlet was written with vigor and enthusiasm but it had no effect upon the people of Toulon who were ardent monarchists. The city, situated just to the east of Marseilles, was a big commercial town with a splendid harbor,—rather, it had two harbors, separated from each other by a point of land. There was also a large arsenal. The people

were not only strongly royalist, they were strongly commercial. The upset state of the country practically put a stop to their imports and exports and they found themselves losing money. So urgent were their affairs and so sympathetic were they with England, which had received kindly a large number of the nobility who had emigrated there for refuge, that the city fathers summoned England to the aid of the town. English and Spanish warships were in the harbor, blockading entrance and exit. English soldiers were in the city and the English flag was flown on the arsenal.

It was necessary for the Convention to send an army to besiege the city and capture it if possible. They sent General Carteaux who was not a professional soldier but a professional painter. His plan was to attack the fortifications on the inland side of the city. To young Captain Bonaparte this seemed an absurd idea for the rebels in the city were dependent on the fleets in the harbor for bringing them provisions and for maintaining their position, even to taking them away if they were defeated. No one of the amateur soldiers in the Convention army, however, paid the slightest attention to the young artillerist. To his trained mind they seemed so incompetent that he now and then actually disobeyed orders and did what he thought was best in the situation. In his going up and down the southern coast of France he had noted everywhere with the artillery officer's eye the places where there were guns which might not be needed at the moment. He sent out now and collected these cannon and placed them in suitable positions around Toulon. His desire was to attack the fort which the English had built on

the neck of land which divided the two bays. If that could be taken then the Convention's army would be master of the situation instead of the English Spanish and royalist army of Toulon.

Over and over again he explained and argued, argued and explained. From the government at Paris he urged reinforcements of men and he begged for ammunition but nothing came except a few more untrained, would-be soldiers. There were constant sorties from the town; sometimes the besiegers were victorious and sometimes those who came out from the city. It is said that Napoleon's brother, Louis, visited him at one time during the siege. One morning they went to a spot where there had been an attack and saw two hundred bodies lying on the ground. Napoleon said to his brother, "All those men have been needlessly sacrificed. Had intelligence been in command here none of these lives need have been lost. Learn from this, my brother, how indispensable and imperatively necessary it is that those should possess knowledge who aspire to assume the command over others."

The new arrangement of batteries of course attracted the attention of the besieged armies. They advanced from the town and attacked them, at first with success, although their fortunes soon changed. They lost the English commandant, General O'Hara, who was captured. Napoleon went to call on him. He said to him, "What do you require?" The abrupt answer came: "To be left alone and owe nothing to pity." This reply gave Bonaparte a great deal of pleasure as he thought it was the answer of a true soldier.

It was after this fight that Napoleon's name, spelled

"Buona Parte," was mentioned in the despatches as being distinguished in action. When the city actually was taken ten days later, he was not mentioned, however, possibly because of jealousy. Certainly it was not because he was not appreciated, because the foremost general spoke in glowing terms of his work. General Du Teil wrote to the Minister of War: "I have no words to describe the merits of Bonaparte; much science, as much intelligence and too much bravery."

The young officer indeed displayed all the courage that one should expect in a leader of soldiers. His horse was shot under him and he received a bayonet wound in the leg. The English-Spanish fleet sailed away after blowing up the arsenal and some French ships loaded with ammunition. The besieged owned themselves defeated and the siege of Toulon was over (December 19, 1793).

Unfortunately the attacking army could not resist doing what had been done not only in Paris but in many other places all over France. They massacred the inhabitants, whom they considered rebels, with the utmost brutality. Bonaparte pleaded for them but in vain. The army was at last in the hands of professional soldiers and it may be that in those moments he regretted the painter-general and his successor, the physician-general. He did not permit his own artillery to use their guns in the city against the people there.

Some historians have thought that the siege of Toulon was not of sufficient importance and Napoleon's part in it was not so great that it should be considered the beginning of his outstanding career. He, himself,

however, always spoke of it as the start of his ride to power. In recognition of his fine work he was made a General of Brigade.

At this time he made the acquaintance of several men who were afterward his friends, some of them during his whole lifetime. Junot, for instance, was at that time a grenadier. The young captain called for some one to write a despatch for him. While Junot was writing it a shot, striking near by, threw dust over the paper. The young man laughed and said, "This is fortunate, sir. I needed sand,"—referring to the custom of blotting the ink on a letter by shaking fine sand over it.

"You are a fine fellow," said Bonaparte, "how can I serve you?"

"Give me promotion; I will not disgrace it."

Napoleon at once made him a sergeant.

Bonaparte's knowledge of all the details of his work is shown by an anecdote that tells of his being near a soldier who was serving a gun and was killed at his post. Without waiting an instant Napoleon took his place and served the gun as if he had been a common soldier and not an officer. Everything that was needed for the artillery he knew and knew how to get. During the siege of Toulon he secured horses; he started a repair shop; he had sand bags made to serve as ramparts to conceal the guns.

At about this time an attack on Corsica was planned but seems to have amounted to nothing and Napoleon's interest in it seems to have been little. What he did at Toulon, however, was sufficient to make his name unforgettable. Somebody asked General Dugommier,

who was the professional general in command at the time of the capture of the city, "Who is that little bit of an officer and where did you pick him up?" "That little officer's name," Dugommier replied, "is Napoleon Bonaparte. I picked him up at the siege of Toulon to the successful termination of which he eminently contributed and you will probably one day see that this little bit of an officer is a greater man than any of us."

As General of Brigade, Napoleon's duties still kept him in southern France. He was to supervise the artillery of the Army of Italy whose headquarters were at Nice. Soon after arriving there he was appointed General-in-Command of the Artillery.

CHAPTER IX

"THE WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT"

(October 5, 1795)

THE artist-general of Toulon had called Bonaparte "Captain Cannon" in joke, because his every thought seemed to be given to artillery. It was not extraordinary, then, that his every thought after Toulon should have been given to the condition of the coast of France along the Mediterranean from the point of view of the establishment of artillery posts. As Brigadier-General and as inspector of coast defense he had his headquarters at Nice. His mother was living at the town of Antibes not many miles away and the family seemed to be almost reunited once again. Up and down the coast he went minutely inspecting every little bay and headland, always with the thought in mind that a fleet from England or some other enemy country might approach at some time and that the knowledge he was gaining would be useful in preparing fortifications to oppose its approach. He made plans for a suggested attack on Corsica but was accomplishing very little when he was sent on a diplomatic expedition to Genoa.

Genoa was a neutral state supposed to favor neither France nor the countries allied against France. The French complained that Genoa had been allowing

troops to pass across its country unmolested. Genoa retorted that it was not sufficiently strong to prevent them. Napoleon's duty was to frighten them into promising that they would not allow any more soldiers, hostile to France, to cross their territory. The success of his first attempt at diplomacy was complete and he returned proudly to Nice, only to have a terrible thing happen to him just a few days after his arrival there. Under Maximilien Robespierre a frightful orgy of massacre had spread through the country. This so far surpassed the previous Reign of Terror that it was known as "The Great Terror." Out of utter despair, courage came to the moderate people and they turned against him. Like all bullies, Robespierre yielded before a threat of danger to himself. He was seized and with his brother and some of his immediate friends, was beheaded on the following day.

News traveled slowly in those days, but in a comparatively short time the story of the disaster to those in power reached southern France and in Nice Napoleon began to realize that his position was very dangerous. He had been a friend of the younger Robespierre, Augustin, and that was enough to condemn him in the sight of the enemies of Maximilien Robespierre. His trip to Genoa also, had, been something more than a political mission. He had given himself orders to investigate the military condition of Genoa and the country about the city so that he might be informed in case the French Army of Italy, as it was called, that is, the army along the border of Italy, should ever need the information. How much did his opponents know about these researches?

His fears were well grounded. He was arrested and kept in jail for thirteen perilous days during which he probably feared that the step of his jailer meant a summons to the stone wall and the line of executioners whenever he heard that worthy approaching with his rations. It was Salicetti, a Corsican, who had been his enemy in Corsica, his friend after a fashion in France, who now turned against him and in order to save his own skin denounced him to the authorities. Salicetti, himself, had a government position but did not feel secure in it. He was not unfriendly to Napoleon, however, and gave him the opportunity of writing to the French agent at Genoa a letter which spoke of the younger Robespierre in terms that saved his life. He said, writing of his former friend's execution: "I was a little touched by the catastrophe for I loved him and thought him honest. But were it my own father I would stab him to the heart if he aspired to become a tyrant."

Bonaparte also wrote to his friend Junot a letter declining his offer of rescue and saying that such an undertaking would compromise an innocent man. Another letter was a strong appeal addressed to Salicetti and Albitte, French commissioners, demanding justice. He urged them to give him his freedom.

"An hour later, if the wicked want my life, I would gladly give it to them, I care so little for it, I weary so often of it."

The result of all this letter writing and these supplications was that Napoleon was restored to liberty and in a short time to his rank. He was not, however allowed to keep his position as inspector of posts and

although there was a possibility of active work in nearby Italy he was ordered to service in the Army of the West. That meant not against foreign enemies but against Frenchmen. He also was changed from the artillery to the infantry. Both these reasons seemed insupportable to him. He pleaded his ill health as an excuse for not obeying the orders to join the Army of the West and he stayed on in Paris hoping for a new turn to his affairs.

There, he cultivated his friendship with Barras who was Robespierre's enemy. The self-seeking and selfish side of his nature induced him to make use of every opportunity for advancing himself and friendship with the man in power at the moment was a thing of great importance to him. He occupied his time by making elaborate plans for a campaign which could be put into effect by the Army of Italy. He was not in active service, however, and this fact reduced him to poverty once again. He sold his books, begged money from his brother Joseph and borrowed from Talma, a distinguished actor of his acquaintance.

"I am at my last sou," he wrote to the latter. "Can you put a few crowns at my service? I shall not refuse them and will repay you out of the first kingdom I conquer with my sword."

Once more the depression that followed so quickly in the footsteps of poverty seized him. He walked the streets with an awkward and uncertain step. An eyewitness says: "His hat was shabby and pulled down over his eyes; his hair stuck out in badly-powdered tufts at the side; his hands, long, thin and dirty;

were without gloves because he said these were a useless luxury, and his boots were ill-made and unpolished."

An appeal to Aubry, the new minister of War, brought the answer that he was too young to remain on the list of artillery generals and should give way to older men. Napoleon's reply was that one matured rapidly on the battlefield and, "I have just come from the battlefield." He said this to the Minister, who had never been on active service and of course it did not make him popular with Aubry.

He had not long to wait before a change in his affairs, however. In the middle of September his name was taken from the list of generals on active service but on the same day a decree granted him leave of absence for a journey to Turkey and gave him a staff of officers to accompany him to Constantinople on the request of the Sultan who had asked for French help in reorganizing the Turkish artillery. To go to the East had been a dream of his whole life and he was eager to leave. During the days before his departure, however, there came a sudden change of feeling against the Convention and his own part in the happenings of the 5th of October which had so important a bearing on his own history and that of France.

The first day of the Year One of the Republic was September 22, 1792. It marked the greatest change that had ever taken place in French history. In order that that change might be remembered the calendar was remade. Here are the new names that were given to the months:

October,	Vendémiaire,	"Vintage month"
November,	Brumaire,	"Fog month"
December,	Frimaire,	"Hoar-frost month"
January,	Nivose,	"Snow month"
February,	Pluviose,	"Rain month"
March,	Ventose,	"Wind month"
April,	Germinal,	"Sprout month"
May,	Floréal,	"Flower month"
June,	Prairial,	"Meadow month"
July,	Messidor,	"Harvest month"
August,	Thermidor,	"Heat month"
September,	Fructidor,	"Fruit month"

It was found that this calendar, differing from that of every other country in the world, was too inconvenient and the old calendar was used again, but for several years events were dated by these romantic names and this chapter might very well have been called "The 13th Vendémiaire."

It was on that day that the Revolution definitely ended and it was Napoleon who killed it. This is the way it came about.

On the third anniversary of the establishment of the Republic the Convention announced a new constitution. This document proved unsatisfactory both to royalists and to the sectionaires or people who lived in the wards of Paris. The whole city was stirred; the rabble gathered from all the obscure corners of the town. The National Guard deserted to the royalists. The Convention, sitting daily in the Tuileries and made up largely of lawyers, was thoroughly frightened.

Barras was in command, but he was not a soldier and felt himself unable to cope with the situation.

Looking about for some one to meet the difficulty, his attention was called to General Bonaparte. He summoned him to his presence and gave him three minutes to decide whether he would undertake to defend the Convention against the sectionaires and royalists combined.

It was only the day before that Napoleon had said to his friend Junot: "If only these sectionaires, would put me at their head I would make short work of the Convention." The present offer was exactly the opposite. He was to make short work of the sectionaires, and to serve the Convention. He did not hesitate an instant, however, but accepted the job and started out to collect the artillery which he decided was necessary to use. His only stipulation with Barras was that he should not be under any civilian orders but should have a free hand. His friend, Murat, also went out to obtain artillery and both men worked all night getting into shape what soldiers they could get together and gathering up whatever guns were placed about the city and in the suburbs.

It was on October 5, 1795, the 13th Vendémiaire, that 40,000 Parisians, a strangely assorted body of men, marched on the Palace of the Tuileries where the Convention was sitting. Very early in the morning Murat had brought up his guns and Napoleon had trained them upon all the streets which led toward the Tuileries. When this crowd, marching with little organization, appeared, Bonaparte waited for a while to fire upon them because, he said, "they were Frenchmen and he did not want to be first in having his soldiers fire upon their own countrymen." The invaders could

not refrain from firing upon his men and he at once turned his guns upon them and let loose the "whiff of grapeshot" which put an immediate end to the Revolution in its active form, although it continued to simmer through the country until the strong hand of Napoleon and the country's disgust and despair over its own misery and wretchedness wiped out the terrors of that desperate time.

Bonaparte's little army numbered only about 7,000 men. Probably because they were so far outnumbered the fighting continued in different spots around the city for several hours. Here, there and everywhere was seen a man on horseback, undoubtedly Napoleon himself. "The Man on Horseback," unknown, mysterious, was the hero of the hour.

CHAPTER X

"I WILL LEAD YOU INTO THE MOST FERTILE PLAINS OF THE WORLD"

(1796–1797)

AFTER his Paris triumph Bonaparte, once nicknamed "Captain Cannon," became known as "Captain Vendémiaire." He was rewarded by being made second in command of the Army of the Interior, and when, a fortnight later, Barras resigned as head of that army, the younger man succeeded him.

A new governing body, the Directorate, had been installed and Barras, as chief Director was making it a part of his duty to restore social life to the capital. Where people meet each other gayly, dancing or listening to music or watching a play or talking with friends they like, or making new friends, there is less thought of discontent or of opposing the government, less desire for it. Barras did his share by attracting to his house brilliant men and beautiful women and it was here that General Bonaparte frequently met Josephine de Beauharnais, whom he married. He says in his notes that a handsome boy of twelve came to him one day to beg the return of his guillotined father's sword and that the lad's mother appeared the next day to thank him for his aid in securing the return of the souvenir and won his heart at once.

Josephine was French but born and reared in the island of Martinique. Brought to France she had married the Marquis Alexander de Beauharnais. They had had two children, the handsome boy, Eugene and a girl, Hortense. For some time Josephine and her children lived with her father in Martinique while the Marquis went to America. When he returned he became a supporter of the new doctrines, was elected a deputy and several times served as President of the National Assembly.

It is told of Beauharnais that he was presiding over a session when news was brought to him that King Louis XVI had made his pitiful effort to escape from Paris and from France. With superb coolness that entirely prevented the wild excitement that might be expected to follow such an announcement Beauharnais calmly said, "Gentlemen, the King has fled. We will now turn to the order of business for the day."

Later on he headed the Army of the Rhine. All these revolutionary activities might be supposed to have secured him from suspicion but during the Terror his noble birth was remembered and he was denounced. Both he and Josephine were imprisoned and he was sent to the scaffold. Only the fall of Robespierre saved the life of his wife.

Freed, she found herself very poor. The future Empress lived in a borrowed house. Her children, one destined to be Viceroy of Italy and the other Queen of Holland, were apprenticed to an upholsterer and a dressmaker. She was not beautiful, but had charm, grace of movement, a lovely voice and what Napoleon described as "the calm and dignified demeanor which

belonged to the old *régime*" meaning the days when poise and good manners were a part of the aristocrat's training.

Napoleon could hardly qualify as an attractive suitor. He was poor, he was not handsome; his history had been one of repeated trouble with the chiefs of his profession. But Josephine admired him, she says in a letter to a friend, "for his courage; the extent of his information about all manner of things concerning which he talks equally well; the quickness of his intelligence which makes him catch the thought of another even before it is expressed. But I confess I am afraid of the power he seems anxious to wield over all about him. His piercing scrutiny has in it something strange and powerful that awes even our Directors; think, then, how it frightens a woman."

At the same time she suspected him of "excessive self-esteem" and calls his self-reliance "ridiculous," yet this very quality tended to persuade her that he could make possible whatever his imagination spurred him to undertake. She rather shrank from the fire of the ardent young Corsican's courtship and she also had some doubts about the wisdom of marrying a man six years her junior.

Yet Napoleon conquered her hesitation as he was to conquer many other and more formidable oppositions and they were married on March 9, 1796, by civil ceremony only, as was the custom then. No member of either family was present. The wedding ring was inscribed "To Destiny." In signing the register, both left off the *de* indicating noble rank and Napoleon spelled his name in French fashion—Bonaparte—in-

stead of in Italian style—Buonaparte. One reason may have been that Barras was sending him to Italy at the head of the Army of Italy and he may not have wanted to seem in any way Italian when he went to fight against Italians.

The Italian appointment was a sort of wedding present to Josephine from Barras and he may also have been not sorry to send away from Paris a man so restless and so critical. There may also have been a wish to make him live up to his assertions. He had, for instance, prepared a plan for an Italian campaign and the seasoned general to whom it was submitted had said that the crazy fool who invented it should be the one to try it out. Here was Napoleon's chance to try it out!

Napoleon's marriage with Josephine was not always happy but he always loved her as he loved no one else. She brought him luck, he said and believed. Though he sacrificed her to his ambition by divorce because they had no children and he wanted to marry again and found a "dynasty," to have a son to whom he could leave his throne, yet his affection for her never failed.

After a honeymoon of only two days the new General went to Nice to begin to put into operation his plans for the invasion of Italy. The real purpose of the Italian war was to make Italy a means of entering Austria. Austria was still eager to avenge the attitude of the revolutionaries toward Queen Marie Antoinette and also to defeat the people whose new government was a threat to all monarchies. Approach to it through Prussia was cut off because Prussia had made peace at the same time that Spain did (1795). The

whole northern part of Europe was now neutral and so could not be used as a marching ground. The Rhine states were still at war but did not extend to Austria and so were not worth attacking.

Approach to Austria through Italy, on the other hand, was through a group of small states without unity or any common sympathies. Venice and Genoa were republics but were really ruled by a few ambitious men. Naples and Milan were under foreign rulers. The rulers of Parma and Modena could not rely on the loyalty of their people. The Pope was the ruler of a small principality. In Piedmont and Sardinia, in the northwest corner of Italy, there was some stability, but at the same time growing revolutionary factions. The subjects of almost every state had real or fancied grievances which Bonaparte believed would make them half-hearted fighters. As a whole, the country was rich but without cooperation among the many parts into which it was divided.

The treaty of peace with Spain had released the Army of the Pyrenees from service in the southwest corner of France and it had been transferred to the southeast where Napoleon, under the shadow of the Maritime Alps that separate France from Italy, was enlarging and strengthening his forces. He put his strength on the necessities. His men's uniforms were faded and ragged but new ones were not so important as guns and horses to pull them, munitions and men to use them. He began at once to bombard Paris with unceasing demands for ordnance and men, powder and ball and men, reinforcements, reinforcements.

His plan was to cross one of the low passes of the

Alps where the range comes down and is lost in the Mediterranean. On the other side was the Kingdom of Piedmont and Sardinia, its soldiers waiting to receive him. The Austrian army had come down from the north through Lombardy in the center of Northern Italy, and were holding the roads about Milan and down to the coast at Genoa. Some thirty miles divided the Piedmont Army and that of the Genoese. Napoleon meant to take advantage of that gap. If he could strike first one army and then the other before they had time to unite, he felt sure of victory.

But first he must spur on his soldiers. They had every reason to look with dread upon the future. His own speech admitted their grievances.

> Soldiers, [he cried,] you are ill-fed and almost naked. The Government owes you much but can pay you nothing. Your patience and your courage do you credit, but bring you neither advantage nor glory. I am about to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. Rich provinces, great cities will be in your power. There you will find honor, fame and wealth. Soldiers of the Army of Italy, will you be found wanting in courage?

Such a speech as this practically gave the soldiers permission to loot and plunder as they chose and the prospect filled them with excitement. They rushed on with vigor and fought with a spirit that seemed to be caught from that of Napoleon, who said of the two armies opposed to them: "United, the two forces would have been superior to the French Army. Separated, they were lost." With a bold stroke he defeated the Army of Piedmont, the battle at the town of Monte-

notte (April 12, 1796) being especially important. "My title of nobility," said Napoleon, "dates from the Battle of Montenotte."

The soldiers marched singing the revolutionary song, *Ca Ira.* A literal translation of the first stanza runs:

> Ah, it will go, it will go, it will go!
> The people today repeat it unceasingly—
> Ah, it will go, it will go, it will go!
> In spite of mutineers all will succeed!
> Our enemies are in confusion
> And we shall sing "Alleluia!"

The song took its name from the constant answer of Benjamin Franklin to French inquirers who asked him how the American Revolution was going.

"It will go, it will go," *Ça ira, ça ira.* he always replied.

That Napoleon's men not only fought as he wished but supplied themselves as they themselves wished is shown by their leader's speech to them a fortnight later. He addressed them as follows:

Soldiers, in fifteen days you have gained six victories, taken twenty-one stands of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon and several fortresses and conquered the richest part of Piedmont. You have made fifteen hundred prisoners and killed or wounded ten thousand men. You were utterly destitute and have supplied your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, crossed rivers without bridges, performed forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without brandy and often without bread. None but republican phalanxes, Soldiers of Liberty, could

have borne what you have endured. For this you have the thanks of your country.

This speech is a testimony to Napoleon's own spirit and to his tactfulness and his knowledge of how to manage men. He praises his soldiers for their victories. He reminds them that their wants have been supplied from the country. He stirs in them once more the spirit of loyalty to the Republic—calling them soldiers of liberty and attributing to the spirit aroused in them by the feeling of liberty their success in doing what has been almost impossible. On he led them but warned them that once their needs were satisfied, he would not hesitate to enforce the demands of humanity and honor; and would not permit them to become robbers and pillagers.

To the people in the villages which he conquered he brought the cheering cry of "Liberty!" They had been in the hands of tyrants, he said; and it was so nearly true that they took with apparent calmness and even with some satisfaction the defeat inflicted upon them by the man who called himself their Liberator.

The Directory in Paris had agreed with Bonaparte before he left the city that he should outfit his army from the field in Italy. They had also stipulated that he was to refer to them matters concerning terms of peace before making any decision. But the young man was in no mind to delay matters by sending messengers on the seven- or eight-day trips which intervened between his field of operations and Paris. He took upon his own shoulders the responsibility for making important decisions. For instance a Marshal came to

him from the Sardinian Army to say that the King wished to propose terms of peace. Bonaparte pounded his table and thundered at him, "Terms! It is I who name terms! If you do not accept them immediately Turin will be mine tomorrow!" He emphasized this threat by pulling out his watch and tapping its dial with his forefinger, saying, "I may lose battles but I will not lose minutes," as he indicated that the messenger must sign the paper at once.

The Directory was extremely angry with the young General for taking matters into his own hands in this way. They also wanted him to defeat Piedmont and Sardinia so completely that that region might become a part of the territory of France and they declared repeatedly that he had disobeyed his orders in making other terms of peace. He knew, however, that if he waited to hear from Paris he would be giving the Austrians an opportunity to come down in greater numbers and that his small army would be endangered.

By way of keeping the Government at home in good humor he constantly sent them plunder from the palaces and galleries and churches of the most art-loving country in the world. One message said, "I am sending you twenty pictures by the greatest masters, Corregio, Michael Angelo." He hoped if all went well to send about 10,000,000 francs to Paris, indicating that he did not expect them to be turned back for the use of his own army but to be used for the Army of the Rhine. He would take nothing for himself. When he was told one day that a messenger from an Italian Duke was waiting outside with four chests containing

a million of gold francs he said; "I shall not put myself in the hands of the Duke of Modena for such a sum."

In the successful carrying out of Napoleon's plans officers and men had been able to see that they were serving under a man of marvelous military ability. Whether he had courage they did not know. If ever they asked that question in their minds or of each other it was answered at the battle of Lodi (May 10, 1796). There, with telling effect, Napoleon, after helping the gunners with his own hands to place and point their cannon, rushed forward leading the men in person across a narrow bridge and occupying a post of danger at the most critical moment. So great was the soldiers' admiration of him that they called him in brotherly fashion their "Little Corporal" forever after.

"The Battle of Lodi has conquered Lombardy for the Republic," he recorded, and he well might be proud, for Lombardy was the richest, best cultivated and most civilized center in the world. It had every natural advantage and was filled with prosperous and lovely towns. It was after the passage of the bridge at Lodi that Napoleon said that there flashed in him for the first time the spark of great ambition.

The gaining of Lombardy of course made France wild with delight and Austria equally unhappy. The Italians seem to have accepted their defeat without too much bad feeling although the conqueror occupied Milan and established his court there, ran up the flag of the Republic over that city and others and obliged the people to pay such heavy fines to their "Liberator"

that the soldiers' pay and the officers' salaries thereafter were paid in coin. After making his soldiers happy he spurred them on to further exertion.

"Soldiers," he said, "you have rolled down from the Apennines like a torrent. You have overthrown and scattered all that opposed your advance. You have accomplished much, but is there nothing left to do? Come forward—we have more forced marches to make—more enemies to conquer—more laurels to win—more wrongs for which to claim revenge."

Every day brought excitement. At Pavia where some of the French soldiers were prisoners, it was necessary in order to rescue them to break in the gates and go through streets under a pelting of broken tiles thrown down from the roofs. When he was in Lonato with only a handful of men a messenger from the Austrian army came with a flag of truce and demanded their surrender. Ordering the man to be blindfolded Bonaparte had him brought into the presence of himself and his officers, his whole army for the moment, all mounted on horseback. When the bandage was taken off he asked the "insolent fellow" if he did not see that he was in the presence of the chief general and his "whole army" and he ordered him to return and demand the instant surrender of his own forces. The frightened envoy actually brought this to pass! During the greater part of one week Napoleon neither undressed nor lay down. At one point he entered a castle intending to rest awhile. A band of the enemy approached and the sentinel had just time to close the gates while the General escaped through the garden leaving one of his boots behind him.

Writing home to the Government he asked instructions about his attitude toward the Pope.

"Is it your wish," he inquired, "that I should grant an armistice to the Pope in return for 25,000,000 francs in money; 5,000,000 francs in food stuffs; 300 pictures, with statues and ancient manuscripts in proportion?" Is it any wonder that Paris is one of the art centers of the world today, in spite of most of this material having been returned to Italy in later years?

In addition to Napoleon's pleasure in all his military successes his delight was added to by the arrival in Milan of Josephine. She had had much attention paid to her in Paris on account of her husband's fine work in Italy and she had thought that going into the field with him would mean a dull life. But Milan and Montebello, which was a charming castle near Milan, meant for her a social life of elegance and excitement.

It was at the town of Arcola that Bonaparte had an exciting and thrilling experience and also met a check which disturbed him though eventually he won the battle. He, himself, carried a flag part way across a bridge and was only stopped from going farther by some of his soldiers who refused to let him advance into danger. He was pushed off the bridge, however, into a marshy spot. His life was saved by his brother Louis and his friend Marmont who pulled him by main force out of the morass into which he was sinking.

It was here that he gave another example of his tremendous resourcefulness. In describing the battle, he said that he won it with twenty-five horsemen. At a moment when the soldiers seemed to be halting he gave to every one of these twenty-five a trumpet and as

each gave a joyous blast the soldiers seemed to be filled with renewed courage. It was here, too, that the story is laid of his having taken the place of a sentry who was asleep at his post. The story has been disputed but it is pleasant to think that the man who often showed himself hard-hearted, could say to the terrified soldier on his awakening: "Recover yourself. After so much fatigue, a brave man like you may be allowed to sleep awhile, but in future choose your time better." And the tale of that hour after a battle when he found and pitied a dead soldier's moaning dog that refused to leave his master makes the fighting general seem human after all.

Venetia, the country around the city of Venice, was a republic in its own right so Napoleon could not bring to it the excuse of liberating it from tyranny. It was also neutral in the war. That meant very little to the conqueror, however. He harried it in every possible way, stirring up quarrels in towns and then putting French soldiers into garrisons there on the excuse that the Venetians had caused the trouble and that the towns needed to be protected against enemies or against the radicals in their own state. With the fear of Bonaparte which his long line of successes, including the brilliant battle of Rivoli (January 14, 1797), and the winning of the long besieged city of Mantua (February 2, 1797), had stirred in them, Venice became more and more fearful that her end was approaching. That was the truth. The treaty signed at Campo Formio gave Venice and some other important parts of Italy to Austria although the power of Austria itself was crushed by the daring man who had come within

a few miles of Vienna. The treaty was signed on the 17th of October, 1797, and ended one of the most brilliant campaigns that Napoleon ever carried through.

Upon the standard presented by the Directory to the Army of Italy when Napoleon returned to Paris it was recorded that the Army of Italy had been in eighteen pitched battles and in sixty-seven actions. Napoleon once described himself as being happier at that time than at any other period of his life. He said; "Perhaps I was really most happy after my Italian victories, hearing the people raise their voices only to bless their Liberator—and all that at twenty-five years of age! From that time I saw what I might become. I already saw the world flying beneath me as if I had been carried through the air."

Just as during the period of Bonaparte's activities in Corsica certain characteristic qualities stood out, so now certain qualities appeared which were to show themselves throughout his career. They seemed, however, to blossom forth in full flower. It is undoubtedly true that he was more developed at twenty-five than many men at thirty-five and forty. He was without apparent fatigue and his inner energy was inexhaustible. His enthusiasm for warfare and politics burned brightly. His ambition now, as always, was great and was continually growing greater. His belief in his own powers even then showed the over-confidence that was finally to be his undoing. He made quick decisions and backed them by quick action. Like a skillful chess player he looked far ahead and saw the outcome of his moves. He was an accurate reader of

human nature and did not hesitate to play upon its weaknesses with an utter lack of scruple.

"Act before the enemy has a chance to act." "Be strongest at the point of attack." "Time means everything." These rules which guided his whole career he believed in and put into practice at this early period. He used the name of the republic as a slogan to inspire his men; he used the government of the republic when it suited him to make a weapon of it and he utterly disregarded it when he wanted to put through his own plans in his own way. Patriotism was dwindling within him now even as ambition was growing stronger day by day.

The public reception of the victorious General was held at the Palace of the Luxembourg on a December day. The decorations, weapons and flags and Italian trophies of all sorts were displayed with good taste. Enormous crowds gathered to see the returned hero. Led by a chorus, all joined in singing the anthem of liberty. The cries of the people outside announced to those within that the great man was coming. He was dressed in field uniform which was simpler than the dress uniform.

Came Talleyrand, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, a man of the old nobility who had trimmed his sails to the new ideas and who was to hold a prominent diplomatic position in every government of whatever sort that existed during the whole of his life. He was to know Napoleon much more intimately than he did now, although his acute and experienced mind had already begun its study of the remarkable youth who had brought distinguished military honors home to offer

to the Directory. He praised him as the savior of France, as a man of simplicity.

Napoleon, replying, said that the era of democracy acting through constitutions had only just begun. He snapped out his sentences, not with the flowing grace of a trained orator, but more as a soldier delivering his orders. It was impressive.

Barras, as chief of the Directors, gave a speech of welcome. The Treaty was accepted. The General bowed.

The people gazed at him—at his tanned face, his low stature, his small hands—and wondered at the power that seemed to flow from him in spite of all that might be expected to make him seem insignificant. On his part, seemingly indifferent, no display of approval or of opposition escaped him. He studied the people as he studied the Directors. His thoughts were on the future.

CHAPTER XI

OFF TO THE NEAR EAST

(1798–1799)

AFTER this December festival Napoleon spent a dull winter in Paris. In order "to keep his glory warm" as he said, he never appeared before the people except as the central figure in some great celebration. To bring this about he went seldom to the theatre, only on gala occasions when he was applauded by the audience. He had been elected to the Institute of France as one of the great intellectual leaders of the country. This gave him the privilege of wearing a citizen's coat and he went about the city unrecognized. Plays were written about his Italian successes and poets made him the theme of their writings, but he was always dreading lest his presence in Paris should become commonplace.

"In this great Babylon one reputation quickly succeeds another," he said. "I will not remain here; there is nothing to be done. I realize that if I stay my reputation will soon be gone. This little Europe affords too slight a scope—I must go to the Orient; all great reputations have been won there."

The idea of going to the East was not new with him; it had been lingering in his mind since his boyhood, encouraged by his enormous reading of the

classics and of books about the East. Perhaps the idea came into shape now because he could not seem to work out the exact place in which he might be active to the best advantage of his own career as well as for the good of France. He made various plans for naval operations along the coast from the Seine northward, but they were hardly serious and the Directors evidently did not take them seriously. It is quite possible, however, that they were eagerly waiting for a proposal from him that would take him out of the country, for his restless spirit had shown itself capable of stirring up great political changes in Italy and none of the Directors felt quite secure while he was in residence in Paris.

No one seeing him going quietly about his affairs in the city in his quiet dress would believe that he had dined in public like an ancient king during his residence in Milan, but they knew very well that there he had exercised the power of a king and had played the part in the utmost detail. Might he not be thinking of some such exercise of power now? As a matter of fact, probably he had been thinking just that thing, for his old friend Bourrienne quotes him as saying, "If I stay here I shall have to upset this miserable government and make myself king. But we must not think of that yet. The pear is not ripe. I have sounded, but the time is not yet come. I must first dazzle these gentlemen by my exploits."

The country at large and the Directory were eager for war with England, the only unpacified member of the 1793 alliance against France. But it did not seem wise to invade the island and Napoleon suggested

another plan. It was thought best not to make it public, however, and a body of soldiers was sent westward along the Channel to deceive both French and English into thinking that an invasion of England was on foot, while Napoleon was called the head of the "Army of England."

Meanwhile, his instructions from the Directory proposed an attack on England of an entirely different sort. The plans worked out by himself and approved by the government called for a stop at the Island of Malta, then under the protection of Russia, followed by an advance upon the possessions of England on the Mediterranean and on the Red Sea. He was to destroy their factories, cross the Isthmus of Suez, build a canal there, if possible, and to go on, if matters turned out favorably, to India, where he hoped to destroy the British power. The whole proposition seems not to have taken into account that the English were predominant in the Mediterranean, that their naval forces far outnumbered the French fleet.

Even the officers who were to go with Bonaparte were kept in ignorance of their destination. To one of his Generals went the order—"Bonaparte, Member of the National Institute, General-in-Chief of the Army of England, orders General Régnier to embark the men of his division at Marseilles on the 6th of May on the transport that will be there ready for him." His stepson, Eugene Beauharnais, who had been with him in the Italian campaign, was ordered to go to Lyons, traveling in citizen's clothes:—"And do not let it be known that you are my aide-de-camp. You will give out everywhere that I am going to Brest."

A considerable band of learned scholars accompanied the fleet. There were 175 of them—antiquarians, mineralogists, astronomers, mathematicians, engineers, Orientalists, poets, painters—all who could give their General instruction or information or act as publicity men. There were quantities of boxes of books, —among them the Bible, the Koran and the Vedas, catalogued under the head of "Politics" in obedience to the feeling of the time that religion was nothing but sentimentality.

During the four weeks of the voyage (which began at Toulon on May 19, 1798) Bonaparte was uncomfortable from seasickness a large part of the time and seized the opportunity of quiet in his stateroom or while lying on the deck, to read or be read to or to engage in conversation and discussions with these learned and interesting men.

The conquest of the Island of Malta gave the French no trouble at all—a traitor within the gates surrendered it at once. The conqueror left a garrison on the island, planned changes in its government and for its economic advantage and then sailed on toward the East. He knew that Nelson, the great English Admiral was somewhere in the Mediterranean but he trusted that fate would not bring them together and his trust was not at this time deceived. Nelson had been waiting for Napoleon outside his point of departure, Toulon, but had missed him there and then had gone to Naples not realizing that Napoleon was bound for Malta. Finding no signs of the approaching French at Naples Nelson now pressed eastward but he passed the French

ships in the darkness and not finding them at Alexandria went on toward the Syrian coast.

Napoleon reached Alexandria in the evening of June 30, 1798, and throughout the whole night the process of unloading forces and ammunition wagons and food with all the other paraphernalia necessary for the army's welfare went on. The next day, after a sharp fight, the city was captured. Here, as in Italy, Napoleon brought to the people a message of liberation. The country was in the hands of the Mamelukes, descendants of a body of slaves who had made themselves masters of the land. Napoleon promised the Egyptians their freedom and the punishment of their masters. As his soldiers behaved extremely well owing to his having impressed on them the necessity of respecting the Mohammedan religion and the strange customs of the people, and as he instantly set about repairing the fortifications and establishing schools and industrial work and gave the impression that he was a Mohammedan, he was welcomed rather than hated by the inhabitants.

At the end of a week he marched toward Cairo, sixty miles away, leaving in Alexandria a garrison of 3,000 men under General Kléber who had been wounded and was glad to avoid the discomfort and dangers of the journey across the hot sands. Thirsty and footsore, the men were frequently attacked by roaming bands of Mamelukes who dashed up on horseback and had to be met by a special defence, the forming of squares against which the cavalry could not make any impression.

On this march Napoleon showed one of the qualities that made his soldiers love him; he did not always ride but frequently went on foot, shoulder to shoulder with the men, sharing their discomfort, their thirst and their weariness.

With the domes and minarets of Cairo not far away, a huge body of Mamelukes and Kurds was drawn up under the shadow of the Pyramids on July twenty-first. Napoleon addressed them as was his custom before going into battle.

"Soldiers," he said, pointing to the great monuments, "forty centuries are looking down upon you."

The French army, massed in the squares and wedges that had served them so well on the road from Alexandria, approached the enemy. Against this arrangement of foot soldiers for whom they had the most profound contempt, the turbaned cavalry, glittering in armor, dashed themselves. To their amazement they had no success. Again and again they withdrew and repeated the attack. They were finally dispersed and rode away over the desert. Dismounting they sprang into the Nile and tried to swim across. Many were drowned. The loss of life by the French was so small as to make the battle seem a massacre.

Possession of Cairo sounded important in France, but the soldiers were increasingly discontented. The heat was unendurable and they were not comforted by the loot to which they had been accustomed in Italy.

Napoleon's broad vision showed itself in his immediate beginning of good works in the city of Cairo. He changed the city government and started an insti-

tution of learning which was to gather information that would be useful in bringing modern improvements to ancient Egypt.

Another rising of the Mamelukes called Napoleon out into the desert to fight them. He was in the tent of one of his generals when news was brought to him of the almost entire destruction of his fleet by the English fleet under Nelson in the Battle of the Nile. At last the English Admiral had caught the French in the Bay of Aboukir, one of the mouths of the Nile, and there he had destroyed all but two of the French ships. This was appallingly serious and it required all the faith his soldiers and officers had in their beloved leader to make them believe that he could extract them from this terrible situation of being cut off a month's voyage distant from the France they loved.

Making the best of the situation Napoleon turned to the men about him and said; "This is the hour when characters of a superior order should show themselves. An obligation to do things is laid upon us. Seas which we do not command separate us from France but no seas divide Africa from Asia. Here we shall found our empire."

The thought of empire seems always to have been with him, fostered perhaps by the great holdings of Britain in the east. If he thought that empire was surely coming to his enemies he wanted to be sure that he was at the head of something equally important held in the name of France.

"The English," he said, "will compel us to do greater things than we intended," referring to the

possibilities of extending through the Holy Land warfare which he might engage in since he was compelled to stay in the country.

"Forty centuries are looking down upon you," had been the inspiring slogan that drove his French soldiers to victory in the Battle of the Pyramids. After that the contests in which the men were forced to engage were small matters. A revolt broke out in Cairo which was put down with brutal cruelty and other plots which naturally arose here and there in the country were discovered and crushed. As a part of the peaceful work that Napoleon attempted he made a trip out from Cairo to the Isthmus of Suez to see whether it were possible to cut a canal through and provide the waterway which another distinguished Frenchman brought to pass years later. It was while he was on this expedition that he very nearly met the fate of the Pharaoh who was caught by the rising tide of the Red Sea. With a very low tide and a wind in the right direction, it was possible to cross to the eastward dry shod. When the return was made, however, the tide was coming in and in the darkness of evening the party did not reach the right ford. It was after a period of real danger that the General reached safety on the west side. Commenting on the episode, Napoleon said, "It would have furnished all the preachers of Christianity with a splendid text against me."

The news that the French were in Egypt, cut off from retreat because of the destruction of their fleet, raised great hope in the hearts of the Turks and the English. The Turks controlled the Holy Land and many of the islands of the Mediterranean. They col-

lected on the great island of Rhodes an army of some 20,000 men who were prepared to sail for Alexandria to attack Napoleon. Another army was gathered in Syria ready to march into Egypt from the east. The English were preparing a third army in India which should complete the annihilation of the foe whom all Europe considered a common enemy.

Communication was slow in those days and therefore Napoleon did not learn that the Syrian army was really on the march against him until he heard that it was at the Syrian town of El Arish and had captured it. Making one of those lightning decisions which were so great a factor in the winning of his early victories, Napoleon started his men at once on a march across the desert from Cairo to El Arish. Modern troops are conveyed in trains and motor trucks, but Napoleon's men had to go on foot across the burning sands in March, a warm month. They reached the town at midnight (February 17, 1799) and giving surprise for surprise, they shelled it at once and captured it. Then they pushed on to the town of Gaza where they met another portion of the Turkish army and defeated it. From Gaza northward the path they followed led between hills and mountains on the east and the Mediterranean on the west, often a very narrow stretch of land. The sand was difficult to walk upon.

It was this section of the country for which some clever Englishman during the Great War devised the plan of using chicken wire as a covering for the sand. Thinking that the trench warfare that was being carried on in France might be undertaken in the Holy Land, the English had sent a great quantity of this

wire to line the trenches so that the sand might not fall in and fill them up. It turned out that there was no trench warfare in Syria and Palestine and the wire was piled up in freight houses unused. Several widths laid side by side on the sand made an excellent roadway over which the feet of men and the wheels of motor cars and trucks passed without sinking. But for these Frenchmen of an earlier day the march was filled with every sort of discomfort.

In Jaffa (March 4, 1799) the Turks were able to make no stand at all and the French massacred them and took several thousand soldiers. It was here at Jaffa that Napoleon ordered an act of such merciless cruelty that it proved a lasting stain on his reputation as a commander. It was difficult to know how to manage so many prisoners, a considerable army of them. Bonaparte settled the question by sacrificing them. They were taken to the beach and shot. By this brutality he was not forced to leave any of his soldiers as a guard.

As if as a punishment for this shocking deed committed in cold blood Napoleon met with defeat at the town of Acre. This town was held and strongly defended by the Turks and was aided by Sir Sidney Smith and an English fleet which took up its position in the Mediterranean just off the city. The fleet on its way had captured vessels bringing guns and ammunition to Bonaparte, so that his own cannon were turned against him. After a prolonged attack upon the town (from March 19 on) had failed the French army became further disabled by the plague which laid low many hundreds and threatened the lives of many more.

Bonaparte showed his fearlessness by going among his soldiers and caring for the sick by his personal efforts.

As a last fearful threat news came that a large army of Turks was approaching to reinforce the garrison in Acre. They came from the direction of Damascus. General Kléber and Napoleon led two small armies out to meet them, leaving a few men to keep up the siege of Acre. This they found difficult to do because of their lack of ammunition. However, they managed to pick up the cannon balls which were fired at them from the English fleet. In those days cannon balls were solid and when their speed was spent they simply fell and rolled until they came to rest. The General gave twenty sous for each ball brought in by the soldiers and at one time, in the course of a day or so, no fewer than 4,000 were picked up, a very good supply of ammunition.

The battles with the Turkish army from the north took place (in April, 1799) in that part of the Holy Land whose names are familiar to our ears from the stories of the Bible. There was a clash near the Horns of Hattin, the spot where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered, another at Cana of Galilee, the scene of the first miracle; another on the Plain of Esdraelon, where battles had been fought from the farthest days of history. Kléber was fighting at the foot of Mount Tabor, the scene of the Transfiguration. Here a surprise attack by cavalry sent through a field of tall wheat dispersed the Turks who ran as rapidly as they could toward the Sea of Galilee and the River Jordan, leaving considerable booty behind them. It was

for a picture of this Battle of Nazareth that Napoleon ordered a prize consisting of a medal worth 500 louis.

But these successes were the last the French were to have in Bible Lands. Returning to Acre they found that many ships carrying Turkish troops were coming into the harbor. They at once made a last tremendous attack upon the town. Some of the soldiers even made their way into the city and into the palace but the approach of the Turks who were actually between their ships and the beach while this was being done put an end to this brave but useless siege.

Under cover of darkness the few soldiers who were left started back toward Egypt (May 20, 1799). Bonaparte had depended on capturing Acre in order to bring to his flag all the people of Syria. He believed that his armies would then be able to go on at once to Constantinople to overthrow the Turks and to give him the opportunity of founding a strong eastern empire of which he should be the head. As the army proceeded on its retreat the fatigue, the lack of provisions, the increasing illness, the number of wounded made the long line a series of regiments of seemingly endless misery. If he were to bring his men into Egypt at all strong measures must be taken and Napoleon issued orders that no officer, including himself, should ride, but that every horse and mule should be given over to the carrying of the wounded and the sick. When the town of Jaffa was reached a great number of the garrison left there was found to be ill of the plague. Those who were well enough to walk were ordered to fall into line and those who were ill were

added to the number of the sick who must be carried on the animals of which there were all too few. Even the pieces of ordnance had to be left behind in order that the wounded might ride the horses that had dragged the cannon.

This terrible march lasted between three and four weeks but these methods succeeded in bringing into Cairo a number of men who otherwise would have been left by the wayside or buried in the Mediterranean. They entered Cairo with some show of spirit, announced that they were conquerors, and pretty soon began to believe they were, so many times did they say it.

Not long after his return to Egypt Napoleon learned of the approach of a large Turkish and English fleet. By forced marches across the desert he and a force of 6,000 reached the Bay of Aboukir where the French fleet had been destroyed, and there inflicted a tremendous defeat upon his allied enemies numbering 18,000. That was one of his greatest battles and it was the end of his career in Egypt.

Slowness of communication between France and Egypt had given Bonaparte a free hand to go to Syria or to do almost anything else he had in mind, but this same slowness of communication prevented him from learning what had gone on in France during his absence. After the Battle of Aboukir the English Commander, Sir Sidney Smith sent to the French General a bundle of English newspapers. There, Napoleon learned of the disasters that had befallen France and of the dangers that were threatening her. He is said to have cried out: "The fools have lost Italy! All

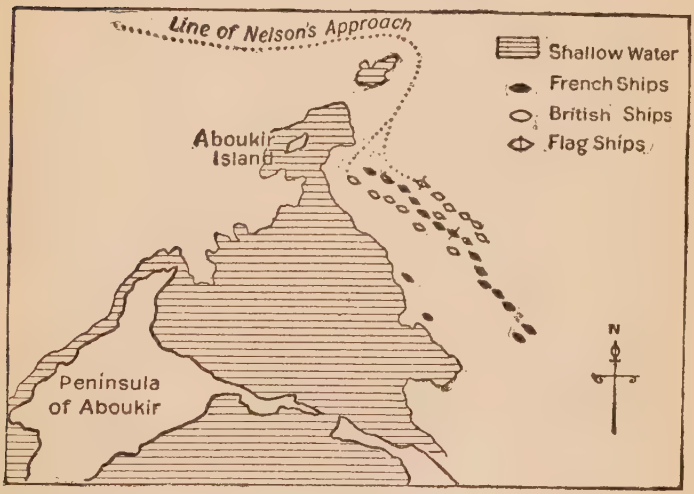
the fruits of our victories have gone. I must leave Egypt."

For a man destitute as Napoleon was of any feeling of responsibility toward the army that he had brought to this distance, or toward his country for the carrying out of whose plans in the Near East he was charged, the moment was one of which he should take personal advantage. There was nothing to interest him in Egypt now. The battles he had won had been erased from his mind by the failure of his great designs for founding an empire and the constant decrease of his army. Any force which cannot be recruited, he knew, must melt away and eventually surrender. But at home there were undoubtedly opportunities for advancement, especially if he were on the spot to take advantage of them. He had said to Bourrienne that the pear was not ripe, the time not ready for him to "upset this miserable government" and make himself king. It looked now as if the pear was at least ripening if not already ripe and entirely ready to eat.

He knew very well that he was doing a mean thing. He had to tell General Kléber that he was going, but he did not keep an appointment to say "Good-bye" to him. He told the Grand Council in Cairo that he was leaving for a short time. To the army in general he said nothing, but taking the best vessels of the few at his command, taking the best generals, leaving only Kléber, he went away in the darkness. He left most of his money and his cannon and ammunition with these Egyptian troops; he would have no need for them on the voyage home.

His plan was to go to Italy and place himself at the

head of the French army that was steadily losing ground, and then when he had settled the affairs of Italy to go on to France and see what the situation was there.



Battle of the Nile

CHAPTER XII

WHAT HAD HAPPENED AT HOME

THE Directory was having troubles enough. Having rid themselves of Napoleon by agreeing to his Egyptian expedition, the five men who sat in chairs of state looked about them and were concerned to find that there were other generals who wanted to emulate the departed soldier's activities. It was no part of their plans to be even indirectly under the control of the army. In the olden days the officers belonged to the aristocrats and to that class only. Now the officers came from the middle classes and some had won their spurs in an ascent from an even lower grade of social life. Such men would not hesitate to take up the cause of the people if they were imposed upon and the Directors were not above imposing on the people.

Just as those in power were thinking up ways of subduing the army and its officers those very people became of supreme importance to the nation. Napoleon had left a republic in Northern Italy and had distributed territory here and there by the Treaty of Campo Formio and there were many countries displeased by the new arrangement. The "Second Coalition," as it was called, was formed by Russia, Austria, England,

Turkey, Portugal, Naples and the Pope. This meant that France was about as nearly surrounded by hostile countries as it could be and that war was general in Europe. It looked as if such a war must spell disaster, for France had to disperse her soldiers in many directions. She had armies in Holland, on the upper Rhine, in Switzerland, one in Northern Italy and another in Southern Italy.

Napoleon's Italian campaign had somewhat thinned out the available men and he had taken a considerable army away with him. This left only about 160,000 in the first four of the armies listed above. This small number was spread pretty thinly over a wide range of country. Nevertheless, the methods suited to the French character of daring and rush called for the French armies to take the offensive and this was ordered. The result was not especially happy. One army was defeated at the Rhine, another came to a standstill in Switzerland, the third won no victory, but took up a good position between France and Austria. In Switzerland the fighting was indecisive on both sides. The same was true in Holland. In Italy the French were driven out of Lombardy and the South. Because of the lack of real victories the Second Coalition was considered a failure by its members, but the French army was left in a wretched state and the many disasters and uncertainties of the time meant that the people no longer had confidence in the Directory.

In the election of the year 1799, during whose first part Napoleon was still overseas, many of the old-time Jacobins, supporters of Robespierre and the Terror, secured seats. The two strong men of the five

Directors were Barras and Sieyès. The latter was politically a new man. He was able and had many influential friends. He needed all his influence for conditions in France were almost those of anarchy. The National Treasury was in a very bad state. The government had closed many of the churches and its policy was conspicuously anti-religious. This policy did not suit many of the people, especially those in the rural districts who were profoundly religious. It kept many of the departments of the country constantly on the edge of revolt.

There was no money to spend on repairing the roads and they were infested by bandits so that trade from one part of France to the other was practically dead. They were so bold that they looted Napoleon's baggage when he travelled from Fréjus to Paris on his return from Egypt. Many of those who had maintained that the change from a monarchy to a republic was a political improvement felt that they really had no political freedom. Of course they realized that with the new government there had come some advantages. There were uniform laws applying to all classes of society and not one law for the high-born and rich and another for the poor peasants. The farmers had grievances which were being smoothed out. Large estates belonging to the nobles were broken up. Taxation which, in the old days had been practically nothing on the aristocrats and extraordinarily heavy on the poor people who were the least able to bear it, was now scaled according to the property of the people taxed. Any French citizen might enter upon any occupation for which he was fitted. No one was shut away because of his birth. This gave an opportunity for the

talented and the efficient that had never been known before.

These were improvements that were to grow more and more pronounced and more valuable as time went on, but they seemed rather hazy advantages against the trouble of the moment.

To the disorders going on in the country was added the threat arising out of the attitude that France had taken against the newly formed United States across the Atlantic. France and England were at war and France seized and searched American ships even though they were carrying only foodstuffs and no contraband. She was, in reality, afraid that America and her former enemy, England, were becoming too friendly and to stop it she kept up a continual annoyance that almost provoked a declaration of war from America. As a matter of fact, there were several skirmishes on the ocean between American and French ships and the French were not slow in realizing that the Americans were becoming dangerously irritated. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Talleyrand, saw that the Americans could not be frightened off the ocean and he realized that if they were pushed too hard they would unite with England against the once friendly country from which Lafayette had gone to them with aid. He feared that the strengthening of England by an alliance with America might mean the invasion of France and France was in no condition to be attacked any more. Her wretched army was in need of being built up before it could be used again.

The people's body of the government was the Council of Five Hundred. The Terrorists began to talk

freely here; the Jacobins who had been suppressed some five or six years before, now reopened their famous club which was a center of plans for disorders throughout the country. They did not hesitate to talk about the disclosure that had been made in America that Talleyrand had tried to force money from three American Commissioners who represented America in France. This was too much even for the disordered France of the moment for the people liked to have at least an appearance of dignity in the country's attitude toward other countries. Everybody who was in power at all was playing at cross purposes with every other official and the people in general throughout the whole of France were increasingly opposed to leaders whom they could no longer trust or approve. So dismal was the state of affairs that the Duke de Broglie, thoroughly disheartened, wrote: "There seemed to be nothing before us but to return to a bloodthirsty anarchy, the duration of which it was as impossible to foresee as it was to find any remedy."

The stage was set for the entrance of a strong man. Upon it stepped Napoleon.

CHAPTER XIII

THE "LITTLE CORPORAL" BECOMES FIRST CONSUL

(1799–1801)

SAILING slowly westward across the Mediterranean from Egypt Napoleon had no means of getting news from France and had no idea of what the attitude of the nation was going to be. When he reached Corsica he put in at his old town, Ajaccio, in order to learn the temper, not only of that island, but of France itself. He was received with great enthusiasm by his former townspeople and learned of the disorders on the mainland. Immediately he gave up his plan of going to Italy. Whatever victories he won as the head of the army would be as nothing at all compared with the distinction and honor and power he would achieve if he could seize the foremost seat in the nation and lead not only armies, but the entire people of France.

He landed at Fréjus, near Toulon from which he had taken his departure for Egypt. He was received with a delight that far exceeded any expectations he had had. He and all the people with him said nothing about the terrible reverses and losses of life in Syria and, when they talked about their experiences, dilated on the Battle of the Pyramids and the latest victory

over the English. Bonaparte was, therefore, hailed as a great conqueror and his passage from the coast up to Paris was that of a victor before whom every town wanted to lay laurels.

When he reached the city he was received with great applause and festivities were made in his honor just as had been the case when he returned from Italy. He behaved with the same modesty that he had shown then, going about in his uniform as a member of the Institute, wearing a plain hat and behaving like a very retiring, ordinary citizen. Behind the calm mask of his face, however, he was thinking and planning and trying to make a first decision which would guide his after conduct. He found that the two strong men of the Five Directors, Barras and Sieyès, were the heads of two parties, Barras of the radical element of the people and Sieyès of the moderates. Each man would have been glad to have the support of the strong and popular General. He decided in favor of joining Sieyès because the more conservative people were the more dependable as a foundation on which to build his growing edifice.

The legislative body consisted of two houses, the House of Ancients, corresponding to our Senate here in America, and the Council of Five Hundred, corresponding to our House of Representatives. Joseph Bonaparte, now a man of importance, was a member of the Council. Lucien Bonaparte had been made the President of the Council for the month in compliment to his brother's return, and he with Napoleon's friends among the generals and one of the Directors, worked

out the details of a plan to overthrow the existing government.

The first step was to get the legislative body out of Paris. It was its members who must decree the change of government and they must be put in a situation where they could be bullied without being able to call on soldiers or police to help them. By a regulation of the Constitution, it was provided that if necessary the legislative body, both houses, might withdraw to the palace of St. Cloud, just outside the city. The conspirators determined to make use of this provision to their advantage. They caused a report to be spread around the city that the Jacobins were engaged in a plot to overthrow the Constitution. On the morning of the 18th Brumaire (November 9th), 1799, the Ancients or Senatorial body met at the Tuileries and a speaker who was in the conspiracy told such a terrifying tale about the supposed plot that it was at once decreed that the legislative bodies should move out to the palace. General Bonaparte was also drafted to take command of the National Guard and the Legislative Guard. Messengers were sent to his house in the Rue de la Victoire to inform him of what had happened and to summon him to appear before the Ancients to be commissioned to carry on his new task.

Throughout the days when this plan was coming to a head Bonaparte appears to have acted without tact or discretion. It is probable that he was going through a reaction from the disappointment of his failures in Egypt. Perhaps, too, he was unable to carry on an affair of this sort in company with other people. He

could devise a plan and put it through, himself, but it was another matter for him to act in concert with others. For a week or so before this important time he had been filled with suspicion. So unhappy was he that when the Ancients, who were very largely favorable to him, gave a banquet in honor of the three generals, Bonaparte, Moreau, and Bernadotte, about ten days previously in the Church of St. Sulpice, then called the Temple of Victory, he was so doubtful of the food that was set before him that he ate nothing but a tiny bit of bread and when he offered a toast to "the harmony of all the French" he drank it in wine of his own brought to him by his aide. It must have been perfectly clear to all his fellow guests that he suspected his hosts of designs upon his life.

When the messengers reached Bonaparte's house to tell him of the honor given him by the Ancients they found a large body of troops drawn up and the General delivering a speech on the danger that was threatening the nation. This almost betrayed the fact that he knew what was going on in the Hall of Ancients. They all went with him to the Tuileries where he made a speech asserting earnestly that he would save the Republic. Leaving the Hall and going out into the square in front of the palace to review the troops massed there he met Barras' secretary. He was a man of no importance but he was as good as anyone to attack and Napoleon immediately shouted demands at him, requiring him to tell what had been done with France during Bonaparte's absence.

"I left peace: I find war. I left victories: I find reverses. Where are the hundred thousand men who van-

ished from France? They were my companions in arms—they are now dead—all dead. This state of affairs must not continue. In less than three years we should all be in the depths of despotism."

News of this utterance which was made entirely for effect was spread about the city and sounded very well to those who accepted Bonaparte at his own valuation.

Matters did not go so smoothly when the Council of the Five Hundred met later in the morning. Although Lucien Bonaparte's relations with his brother were always somewhat strained, since he was too much like him to be really very friendly with him, he, nevertheless, was prepared, as President, to support him whole-heartedly in this crisis. When the cries of opposition to the removal of the two Houses to the suburbs and to the appointment of Bonaparte became too loud and insistent Lucien adjourned the meeting. The Jacobins shouted "Long live the Constitution!" as they streamed out of the building and the soldiers in front of the palace cried, "Long live Bonaparte!" The Directors were put in such a position that they were practically obliged to resign their offices and the way was clear for Bonaparte.

The next day (November 10, 1799, the 19th Brumaire, year VIII of the Republic) was another of those on which Napoleon's emotions ran away with him. The two legislative bodies met in two different rooms of the palace at St. Cloud. Napoleon and his staff waited in a third room. There was tremendous argument, excitement and discussion in both bodies. The Jacobin element in the Five Hundred was already calling him a Dictator and abusing him and begging support for

the Constitution. Furious at being kept waiting and perhaps believing that he could by his presence overawe the legislators, Bonaparte at last rushed before the Ancients. When he was asked to tell exactly what were the dangers that threatened the Republic he burst into a fury of vague assertions about liberty and equality and the great men of the past who had acted as Dictators and whom he proposed to improve upon by giving up his own power after the affairs of state were settled.

His friend Bourrienne, the companion of his school days who had become his secretary, whispered to him that he had better not talk about yielding power not yet given to him. Finally, losing command of himself and, consequently, of the situation, Bonaparte left the Hall crying, "Let those who love me follow me!" and dashed out into the courtyard. There he mounted his horse, probably not really knowing what he was doing. His soldiers, seeing the accustomed figure in its accustomed place shouted, "Long live Bonaparte!"

With this encouragement he leaped off his horse and surrounded by his aides rushed into the hall where the Five Hundred were sitting. They were in some confusion of argument and discussion and his rude entry was not a proper one even for a victorious general. His action in bringing soldiers with him seemed like an act of force. One man who was cutting a new point on his quill pen shook his knife at him. Others shoved and hustled him. There was no sentiment in his favor here, as among the Ancients. It is probable that his brother Lucien was the only person in the group sympathetic to him. Somebody, it is said, thrust

at him with a dagger and for a moment a faintness swept over him. It is possible that the thought went through his mind that if he could not put over this bold action his enemies probably would succeed in sending him to the guillotine. Pulling himself together he began to talk to these men as he had talked to the Ancients—almost babbling in his excitement: "If they resist, kill, kill! I am the god of the day!" Lucien cried out to him to stop. "Do you think you are talking to the Egyptian Mamelukes?"

There is no doubt whatever that if Lucien had not taken the situation in hand Bonaparte would have met his end there; certainly his public career would have come to a stop. Lucien, leading the way, rushed him out of the building among the soldiers. Both mounted horses and the younger brother addressed the soldiers. He cried out that though Napoleon was his own brother, if he should betray the Republic he would stab him to the heart. The soldiers, filled with excitement and looking upon the members of the Five Hundred as the enemies of their hero, entered the hall where the meeting had been held and the terrified legislators, who were not soldiers and were frightened at their abrupt appearance jumped out of the windows to save themselves.

The *Coup d'État* or "Stroke of Policy" was over. Here was the legal end of the Revolution, for Government by more than one man then and there went out of existence and a Dictatorship took its place. King Louis XIV had said; "I am the State!" Napoleon Bonaparte said; "I am the Revolution!"

On that same night a group of legislators declared

the Directory abolished and decreed the creation of three provisional Consuls, Napoleon one of them.

Soon a new Constitution was issued. By it executive power was placed in the hands of the consuls who succeeded the provisional officers. The First Consul was Napoleon, the others Cambacérès and LeBrun. Ten days after the event at St. Cloud these three consuls made the Luxembourg their headquarters and the fact was celebrated in the evening by an illumination of public buildings and private houses.

On the excuse of being on the spot when a splendid memorial ceremony was entered into at the time of the death of Washington, Napoleon and Josephine moved into the Tuileries to live. They had feared that the people would consider that they were putting on royal airs, but in the excitement the move was hardly noticed. Life at the Tuileries soon changed from the simplicity that marked it at the beginning. Even the gay country life at Malmaison, just out of town, where the First Consul had played prisoner's base in the garden with his suite and the guests had furnished the music in the evening, now became formal.

The two other men of most importance at the moment were Talleyrand, who had been Foreign Minister through many political changes and who had trimmed his sails to kings and commons alike, and Fouché, who had been Minister of Police and who was again in that position. Both these men were utterly without honor and did not hesitate to do anything that would advance their own power or fatten their pocketbooks. They were no checks on the power of Napoleon. By the new Constitution the political

The First Consul Playing Prisoner's Base with His Guests at Malmaison

power of the people was so limited that it practically amounted to nothing.

Knowing only too well the condition of France internally and of its army, Bonaparte wanted a period of peace in which he might set his house in order. There was something to be done in every department of French activity—finance, commerce, law, religion, education—all needed a period of quiet in which they might be revived. If France might be free from external wars for a time she would have an opportunity to strengthen herself so that if it became necessary to fight later she could do so without almost accomplishing her own destruction as had happened before.

The principal enemies left, with whom it was desirable to come to terms, were Austria, England and America. With his usual directness Bonaparte wrote to George III of England and Francis I of Austria as one ruler to another. He announced his accession and made a plea for peace which should be in the interest of all the countries. The French people supported him in this request. They themselves would have been glad to have had an opportunity for quiet rebuilding and they were delighted also at the matter of course way in which this young man from Corsica who had risen from the ranks, addressed the greatest men of his time as equals.

The response from England was a refusal. An English army was prepared to invade France, and Egypt was on the point of giving up to England. The English Minister of Foreign Affairs therefore wrote to Talleyrand intimating that the British wished to have nothing to do with an unstable government. So France was

booked for more fighting; and who can tell that that was not much to the satisfaction of the First Consul?

He had, however, made plans for the rehabilitation of France. These he had to leave in the hands of other people while he was away for an indefinite time. His ministers and the members of the other bodies of the new government had been chosen from men of all political beliefs and from all parts of the country. The idea was to gather together a group of men who should have no common interests except those of the new government. It was hoped also that they would be strong upholders of Bonaparte, whatever he did. In any case, there was nothing else to do but to leave the affairs which he had mapped out in the hands of the Second and Third Consuls and of these new men. He selected experts to confer with them and then went ahead with his military plans.

At Dijon, in southeastern France, he began to collect a small army, destined, as far as Austrian spies could see, to make a try at crossing the lower Alps in the same place where he had crossed them on his earlier expedition to Italy. This army was purposely made up of disconsolate looking soldiers, poorly equipped. Units not complete in number came slowly into the city. It was all done very ostentatiously but the Austrians were entirely deceived. Meanwhile, farther to the north, the real army, well equipped, well furnished, well rationed, was gathering to make the tremendous passage over the Great St. Bernard Pass that has come down in history as the greatest event of its kind since Charlemagne, a thousand years and more

before, had made the crossing, followed the example of Hannibal a thousand years before him.

The Pope, whose land had been harried and whose status in Italy had been changed on Napoleon's first invasion of the country, had been brought by the Directory over the mountains into France. He died there in 1799. Napoleon saw to it that his body was sent back to Rome in the early part of 1800. One of the men taking part in the services and ceremonies at Rome was the Minister of the French Republic. Pius VII, the new Pope, was to be an important person in Napoleon's life.

With this matter out of the way Napoleon at last started in person to lead his army into Switzerland. Another French army was shut up in Genoa and could do no more than hold its own, but up in the northeast the French were making some successes. It needed the sudden appearance of Bonaparte, descending from the Alps as from the sky, to bring about real disaster to the Austrians.

Selecting the very steepest part of the Alps, the Great St. Bernard, and maintaining that "an army can pass at all times wherever two men can set their feet," in early May, 1800, he started his soldiers up the ascent of 6,600 feet with no path to follow and every pound of ammunition, ordnance and food supplies to be carried by hand, because no mules were found able to climb where the men could climb. Indeed, it was not possible for the men to carry the cannon over by hand. It was necessary to cut down trees, split them lengthwise and lash the cannon to the logs. Then,

by means of attached ropes, the guns were hauled over the pass by peasants. The cost of hauling each gun was $240. It took 100 peasants two days to drag each cannon up the path eight miles long. When the mountaineers became exhausted then the soldiers spelled them. Buglers and drummers standing by their side played the *Marseillaise,* the Ça ira and other inspiring revolutionary songs.

After the last man had started up the discouraging ascent now worn into a path by thousands of feet, the First Consul seated himself upon a mule which was guided by a mountaineer. It is told that on the way over the path Bonaparte asked the man what his dearest wish was. He replied: "To have the mule you are riding." That was a simple desire to have fulfilled under the circumstances! Not long after the peasant's wedding was made, through the agency of Napoleon, much more elaborate than it otherwise would have been.

At the Hospice of St. Bernard the monks welcomed the General and showed him their splendid dogs trained for the saving of life. He then seated himself on what was practically a toboggan and following in the path of his army he dashed down the slope of the mountain into Italy. Once over, occasional skirmishes broke out here and there. The town of Bard was crossed in the night through streets strewn with straw so that the Austrians holding the fort might not hear the gun carriages rattling. By means of forced marches Napoleon reached Milan and entered it in his usual dashing style. One of his generals won an important battle at Montebello. Other towns of prominence fell but at

Buglers Play the Marseillaise to Encourage the Men as They Lash the Cannon to Logs and Drag Them over the St. Bernard Pass

Marengo (June 14, 1800) the Austrians inflicted a severe beating upon the French.

That, however, was in the morning. In the afternoon General Desaix, the same who had been in Egypt, brought up his men summoned by the sound of the cannonading. He told Bonaparte that "the battle is lost but there is time to gain another." In this second battle at the same place on the same day, the Austrians, taken entirely by surprise, for they thought themselves the victors in the situation, were defeated. The French historian, Thiers, describes the retreat: "Infantry, cavalry and artillery crowded together in disorder. The bridges could not afford a passage for the entire army. Multitudes threw themselves into the river hoping that it would be shallow enough to ford. One artilleryman attempted to cross it with his gun and succeeded. The entire artillery then followed his example, but without success as several of the carriages stuck fast in the bed of the river. The French now pursuing hotly took men, horses, guns and baggage. It seemed like a defeat severe enough to make the Austrians accept peace."

Napoleon lost on that same day two of his best generals, Desaix and Kléber, who was assassinated in Egypt. "Kléber and Desaix," he once said, "were irreparable losses to France."

The Austrians had lost some battles in the northeast and the French army in Genoa was now released from its position. Although Bonaparte might have taken advantage of the situation to consolidate the power of France in northern Italy, abandoned by the Austrians, he found the situation one in which he might

leave the military work to others for the time being while he turned his attention to statesmanship. He knew very well both by messenger and by a sort of instinct that every sort of plot was being concocted against him in Paris and other parts of France. Sympathizers with England, sympathizers with the royalists, anarchists who were opposed to his government as they probably would have been to any other, all these were merely waiting to hear that he was defeated in Italy before fanning their plots into flame. He knew very well that success always follows upon success. He therefore saw to it that the news of his victory in the second battle of Marengo was so spread throughout France that the defeat of the French soldiers in the first battle was entirely obscured. By every means in his power, through newspapers and bulletins, through conversations of friends and the work of the Secret Service, he spread abroad the news of the tremendous victory which had come to him at Marengo. The result was that when he made his swift return to Paris, one almost unexpected there, he was received as a victor in every town and village through which he passed.

It was high time that he went to Paris and took up his duties there if only to silence his brothers who were beginning to discuss who should inherit his position if he were killed or otherwise forced to step from the front ranks because of failure in Italy. With Paris gorgeously illuminated on the night of his return (the 3rd of July, 1800) these plots and conversations came to an abrupt close.

In order to continue the domestic improvements that

he had begun before going to Italy, Bonaparte again needed a period of peace. Before he left Milan he sent a letter to Austria explaining why it was advisable for that country to break off her alliance with England.

"Let us give peace and quiet to the present generation," he wrote to the Emperor Francis. "If future generations are foolish enough to fight, very well. They will learn after a few years of warfare how to grow wise and live in peace."

Nothing came of the negotiations for peace, however, and after several months war was resumed. In November, 1800, the fighting began once more. Soon after, in early December, General Moreau who had already done France a great service by winning many battles and also by entering Munich and levying so heavy a tribute upon the city and the surrounding country that the treasury of France was greatly helped, again did his country a good turn by winning the battle of Hohenlinden. The battle was fought eighteen miles from Munich and resulted in a complete rout for the Austrians, a bigger victory for the French than any that Napoleon had achieved so far. Early in February of the following year—1801—the Treaty of Lunéville made peace between France and Austria—and Austria spoke not only for herself but for all the German states. The Treaty of Lunéville marked the end of the attempt of France to impose her new form of government on Europe. It also began the period when France concentrated her strength against England. Yet to secure peace for the time being the Treaty of Amiens was signed later in the same year. This was the only peace with England during the Napoleonic Wars

and lasted only a little over a year (March, 1802–May, 1803). France was at peace with Europe. When at last Bonaparte realized that it was for his advantage and that of France not to bring on a war with America, but rather to have friendly relations with a state which was neutral toward the greatest enemy of France, England, as well as toward France, he concluded a "Convention" which regulated the commercial interchanges of France with America so that peaceful relations were extended even across the sea.

This Convention was a substitute for a treaty. It had the force of a treaty and strangely enough was signed just the day before the Treaty of Amiens was signed with England. The Convention was to last twelve years. It provided that neutral ships should be safe from search and seizure by belligerent ships. It defined the rights of belligerents and neutrals and it settled some other matters of dispute that had been annoying both France and America for several years. Joseph Bonaparte, who was the head of the French Commission that prepared the Convention together with the American Commissioners, gave a party at his *château* to celebrate the signing. Napoleon was present and said that very soon all the quarrels between the two countries would seem but slight family quarrels.

CHAPTER XIV

AND THEN CONSUL FOR LIFE

(1800–1804)

AT last Napoleon had an opportunity to show that he was a real statesman as well as a general. His reputation has come down through history as a great soldier, a great planner of campaigns, a great officer, making quick decisions and carrying them out with speed. The sayings quoted from him are almost exclusively those pertaining to warfare: "Strongest at the point of attack"; "A thing must needs be done before the announcement of your plans"; "Generals who save troops for the next day are always beaten"; "Great battles are won with artillery"; "I have destroyed the enemy merely by marching"; "The art of war is to gain time when your strength is inferior." We are apt to read so much about these brilliant activities that we forget that what was really of first importance to France and what is always of first importance to the welfare of any nation, was a peaceful national life, well organized, its officers men of honor and of ability, its people contentedly ambitious to improve their condition in honest ways.

The General was now to put to the test of civilian life the statement he had made about war: "The moral

element and public opinion are half the battle." He was to win the approval of the people because he convinced them through their own experience that what he was doing was for their good.

To this task of reorganizing the social and financial affairs of France Bonaparte brought all the immense stores of information gained from his wide reading and stored away in his retentive memory. From his boyhood days he had read and read about the governments and conditions of every country that ever had been written about and always he had made comparisons with the needs of France.

Drawing a lesson from military experience he proved himself an able administrator by not attempting to institute reforms entirely by himself. He acted in an advisory capacity but he gathered for each task experts, the best informed men in France, and deferred to their judgments. These men were selected entirely for merit—birth or official position counted not at all. This was to hold true not only in army affairs where the great general used to say that a marshal's baton was concealed in every knapsack, but also in all other walks of life. The aristocracy that was to develop was an aristocracy of efficiency.

The body of laws by which the courts of France were guided was not worthy to be called a body, so unorganized was the mass of regulations and rulings coming down through years of governments entirely conflicting with each other in purposes and methods. Greedy laws dating back to the monarchy, harsh laws born during the Terror, class laws passed by the Convention and the Directory—anything that would suit

the purposes of judges more often unjust than just might be found in the jumbled mass. Bonaparte's first important peace-time act was to begin the arrangement of a Code of Laws derived from the wisest of all countries and all time and adjusted to the circumstances of the France of his period. The best jurists of the day were employed on the task and Napoleon spent many hours of every day with them until the Code was completed. It was a supreme effort and so successful that it has served as the basis for the legal structure of many other countries. In the United States, Louisiana is still governed by the Napoleonic Code, while the other states of the Union base their laws on the English common law.

The Napoleonic Code went into effect in France in 1804. Naturally this body of laws was imposed upon many of the countries afterward conquered by Napoleon. Central and southern Germany, Spain, Switzerland and Prussia were some of these lands. In Central and South America the Code also made its impression.

By this Code the hereditary nobility was abolished. Parents became responsible for the support of their children and all children had an equal share in inheritance. This was contrary to the English law, where the chief part of the parent property went to the oldest son, so that he might support the estate. Christians and Jews were equals before the law. Marriage was to be by civil rite and divorce was permitted.

Almost at once after the *coup d'état* by which Napoleon became First Consul, he appointed tax boards and tax-collecting offices, not with the purpose of making taxation oppressive, but with the purpose of sys-

tematizing it so that every man should know where he stood with reference to the tax collector. After establishing the Bank of France he appointed Boards to register real estate. With national funds he made payments on the national debts. He reorganized Chambers of Commerce and the Stock Exchange, stopped fraud by the contractors who supplied the army and encouraged manufacturing.

Nobody could get a political job because he was the friend of somebody else and everybody had to work when he did succeed in being appointed to an office. Officials were appointed by those above them, were responsible to them and were paid by them. The First Consul was careful to see that there were representatives of all political parties in office and this meant that the revolutionists were represented by Fouché, the Minister of Police, who was an ardent Jacobin, and the royalists were represented by Talleyrand as Minister for Foreign Affairs. It was one of Napoleon's beliefs that "human beings are controlled through their imagination." The new orderly arrangement of the political situation appealed to every man's sense of justice and especially to the Frenchman's love of logic, both perceived through the imagination. The great General who was showing himself to be a statesman almost approaching greatness, was enjoying the fruits of these unseen forces of justice and logic. After the peace of Lunéville and the recognition of the Republic by the nine greatest rulers of Europe, France, becoming organized from within, was beginning to be looked upon as the leader of Europe.

The upholders of the Revolution had declared that

Napoleon's Plain Coat Makes Him a Conspicuous Figure in the Midst of His Gorgeously Dressed Suite

the Church had no place in France. Napoleon was far from being a good Catholic but he believed that there were many people in his own country still in sympathy with the Roman Church and with the Pope and he knew that the power of the Church was great in other countries. He therefore believed that it was good policy to bring together the Church and France after their ten years' quarrel. Just as he had gone to the mosque in Egypt, making the Turks believe he was a Mohammedan, he now went to mass in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame by way of celebrating the Concordat or agreement between the State and the Church.

It was a brilliant ceremony, the First Consul, simply dressed, standing out conspicuously against the brilliant uniforms of his officers and the gorgeous costumes of the men and women of what was really a court although the First Consul denied that title. His own coat was dark green with gold embroidery and in the guard of his sword was set the Regent diamond, a stone of great beauty. Asked what he thought the opinion of his soldiers would be about this sudden change, he said that he had no fear; that his "old moustaches," as he called his veterans, would go to Nôtre Dame just as they went to the mosque in Cairo. "When they see me behave seriously and decently they will do the same, saying to themselves, 'Those are the orders.' "

With Napoleon's temperament it did not seem to be possible for him to remain at peace with the outside world unless the outside world were completely under his rule. The French Island of San Domingo, in the West Indies, had its grievances. The blacks far out-

numbered the whites and when the news reached them of what the Revolution had meant to France and they really understood it, they themselves revolted. They were led by Toussaint l'Ouverture, a negro of considerable power, who was called the Bonaparte of the Blacks. He drew up a constitution and sent it to Napoleon asking for his advice. Bonaparte would not accept the island as a tributary and ordered Toussaint to be brought to France. The Corsican trait of cruelty brought about his death by subjecting the man to sufferings in prison.

Having in mind a Western Empire consisting of the West Indies and Louisiana, the First Consul sent to the island a fine army under General Leclerc, his sister Pauline's husband. The losses were disastrous and the experience of the French with fever and with the fiercely fighting blacks soon disgusted Bonaparte with the notion which he had once held of an empire in the West. His experiences in Egypt and Syria had put out of his mind his imaginings about a far-Eastern Empire. Now he determined to concentrate on Europe. To that end he made up his mind to rid himself of the enormous tract of land called Louisiana which extended from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada and from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains.

Ever since the early explorations of Marquette and La Salle in the last quarter of the 1600's Frenchmen —explorers, adventurers, traders, and priests—had searched out the wilds named for King Louis XIV. By 1700 there were a good many little French settlements dotted here and there. The French and Indian War, which was of enormous importance to the

Colonies in America, was of small importance to the countries of Europe engaged in the Seven Years' War of which this American fighting was only a small part. England was flinging her power across the seas from India to the New World and practically all Europe was involved in the struggle. France was beaten in America and partly because she was displeased with the situation and partly as one of the diplomatic concessions and compromises of the treaty of 1763, she ceded this enormous Louisiana region to Spain. Yet it was less than forty years later when a new arrangement transferred the region once more from Spain to France. This was brought about because the Spanish King thought it dignified for his son-in-law, the Duke of Parma, to have a Kingdom instead of a Duchy. In order to bring this to pass he made a bargain by which Talleyrand agreed to add Tuscany to Parma and form the kingdom of Etruria. In payment for this Spain was to cede Louisiana to France.

After some halting the bargain went through in 1800 and at once aroused a tremendous burst of feeling in America. Spain, at that time, was worn out and practically powerless and it was not a threatening situation to have her in command of New Orleans at the mouth of the great river down which, as President Jefferson said, three-eighths of the produce of the United States must pass to go to market. To have France there was another matter. Jefferson had always been a great friend of France, but he wrote to Livingston, the American Minister at Paris: "Cession of Louisiana and Florida by Spain to France completely reverses all the political relations of the United States. There

is on the globe one single spot the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans. The day that France takes possession of New Orleans seals the union of two nations who in conjunction can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation."

When the Americans learned that the French expedition sent to San Domingo was ordered to go on to take possession of New Orleans after it had conquered the island, the danger seemed immediate enough to demand instant action. Monroe was sent to France authorized to make the purchase of Florida and of a piece of land which should include New Orleans and the district immediately around it. But the American agent found that the Treasury of France was so depleted that both Talleyrand and Bonaparte were eager to sell the whole great Louisiana region since their holding it was evidently an unendurable threat to the Americans that might provoke them to make an alliance with England. The fact that there had been a provision in the treaty by which Spain ceded Louisiana to France which called for giving Spain the first opportunity at buying Louisiana back if ever France wanted to dispose of it meant nothing at all either to Bonaparte or to Talleyrand, who was equally unscrupulous. Also the fact that the making of so important a decision did not rest with the First Consul, but with the Chambers, according to the Constitution, did not weigh with him in the least; nor did the fact that his friend Talleyrand had made it a strong part of his

diplomacy to build up a colonial empire and that this sale would ruin his plans.

The people were becoming so docile that nobody seemed to be willing to oppose Bonaparte. Indeed it is probable that not many knew of his decision. His brothers, Lucien and Joseph, plucked up courage, however, to talk to him about it. Lucien had come into Paris from his country house to go to the theatre. Meeting Joseph he was told about Napoleon's plan. As Lucien had had some part in the transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France he felt a special interest in this new proposition. It did not seem to him possible that any one would want to buy and pay real money for this almost undeveloped country and he was also very sure that the Chambers would not give their consent. It was only when he learned that America was to be the purchaser and that Napoleon had not the slightest idea of asking the consent of the Chambers that he saw that the matter was really serious. He went to the Tuileries next day to remonstrate with Napoleon, determined to take up the subject fully with him. After he had brought forth his arguments he hoped to have them reinforced by Joseph who was to appear after an interval, as if in accident. As matters turned out, although Lucien pursued his brother even into his bath-room, he was unable to guide the conversation and Joseph appeared too soon. When they really took up the question of the Louisiana sale, Napoleon flew into a violent rage and threw his snuff box on the floor. This gesture displaced a miniature of Josephine which was inlaid in the cover. Josephine was

very much alarmed when she heard of this circumstance which she considered as an ill omen.

In giving instructions to Talleyrand about the purchase of Louisiana, the First Consul said: "I know the price of what I abandon. I renounce it with the greatest regret. But to attempt obstinately to retain it would be folly. I direct you to negotiate the affair."

It is possible that he saw that colonization of this enormous region would be so difficult as to be almost impossible, especially at the time when he was using in his armies the men who would be logically the colonists. He could not spare them from France. It is also true that he was concentrating his strength on Europe, hoping to make himself the master of the entire continent. When he signed the treaty with the United States he said: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States and I have thus given to England a maritime rival that sooner or later will humble her pride." This glimpse into the future was prophetic but at the moment he was willing to risk a possible far-away increase of power to England if only he might gain the $15,000,000 in money which would enable him to make a good front toward England at once.

For America, the purchase of Louisiana was a circumstance almost as important as the victory of the Revolution and the adoption of the Constitution.

Finding himself more and more sure of the affection of the people Bonaparte began to pull wires to gain what had undoubtedly been in his mind all along, the prolonging of his term of office. He brought it about indirectly that the Senate invited him to continue for

an additional term of ten years after the expiration of his existing term, although only two years of that had expired. He accepted the invitation, but the ten-year period did not suit him. He pulled more wires and succeeded in bringing about a new proposal from the Senate that he should accept the position of Consul for Life with greater powers than he had ever had, among them the right to suggest his successor. The question was referred to the people and by a tremendous vote in his favor he was made First Consul for Life (August 2, 1802).

In spite of the popularity shown by this tremendous vote there were enemies among the royalists who went so far as to make attempts on his life. The most important of these, because it almost succeeded, was that which took place late in December, 1800. Napoleon, in a carriage, was on his way to hear Haydn's "Creation" at the Opéra, followed in another carriage by Josephine and her daughter, Hortense. At a street corner which it was known that he would pass there was placed a small cart with what looked like a water barrel mounted on it. The Consul's coachman was suspicious of this cart and whipped up his horses as he approached it. Just as the carriage passed an infernal machine exploded with a tremendous noise. A number of people were killed and injured and many houses suffered damage, bricks and pieces of chimneys and glass from windows falling upon the street. Though much shaken, Napoleon and Josephine showed themselves in their box at the Opéra where they listened for a time in order to show their coolness before going home. Napoleon must have remembered, with

gratitude, his own escape when only a few months later the Emperor Paul of Russia, with whom he had made friends, was cruelly assassinated.

Bonaparte made a later plot instigated by royalists and English with Cadoudal and Pichegru as chief conspirators, the excuse for getting rid of some of his most important enemies. He executed thirteen and banished one hundred and thirty men to some French islands in the Indian Ocean where people unaccustomed to the climate could not live long. He also degraded General Moreau, the hero of the battle of Hohenlinden, of whose successes he was excessively jealous, and absolutely without justification he caused the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, a young royalist.

There were also people who disliked the leaning toward hereditary rule indicated by the people's willingness to give Napoleon the right to appoint his successor. They showed their dislike by disapproving violently a pamphlet called "A Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell and Bonaparte." It had been seen by Napoleon before it was published and it was published from the office of his brother Lucien who was Minister of the Interior. The general point of the book was an argument about the advantages of hereditary monarchy. But the people were not yet prepared to consider hereditary "monarchy" again, and the book met with such a hot reception that Napoleon was obliged to pretend that he had known nothing about it. Lucien was made the scapegoat and was sent out of the country.

Bonaparte was not above making use of some of the methods of the old days of the monarchy when he es-

The Palace of the Tuileries Blazes with Light and Color as Napoleon Makes the Round of the Waiting Circle

tablished the Legion of Honor. It permitted the wearing of a badge and in that way it resembled the "orders" of the days of royalty. It was given, however, to men of talent of all sorts, lawyers, scientists, writers, as well as soldiers. Napoleon's comment upon it was: "Men are led by toys. The French are not all changed by ten years of revolution; they are what the Gauls were, fierce and fickle, they have one feeling—honor. We must nourish that feeling. They must have distinction."

Toward England the First Consul's feeling was always one of irritation and of intense rivalry. A scene which took place at one of Josephine's receptions illustrates his desire to pick a quarrel with the country across the channel and also his ignorance or disregard not only of diplomatic procedure, but also of ordinary good manners.

Josephine's guests were gathered in one of the drawing-rooms at the Tuileries one Sunday afternoon, their brilliant coats lighting the scene and making conspicuous the simple dress of Livingston, the American Minister, when the First Consul entered the room. He spoke to one and another including Livingston. Then he turned to Lord Whitworth, the English Ambassador, and in a savage tone he growled, "So you are determined to go to war?" To introduce business—business of such a nature and to use so threatening a tone was completely surprising to all who heard. Whitworth made some indefinite answer but nothing could stop Bonaparte who lashed a fury of words upon him.

"Why are you preparing for war? Against whom

are you taking these measures? If you arm, I too shall arm. If you fight, I also will fight."

Remembering Malta, which he had captured easily during his trip to Egypt and which the British had retaken a year or two before, he declared: "I must either have Malta or war," and then flung himself out of the room crying, "Woe unto those who do not respect their treaties!"

This uncomfortable scene took place in the middle of March, 1803. Two months later the formal declaration of war between the two countries came to pass. The English were enthusiastic for war and seemed to feel that Bonaparte was perhaps not quite so eager at that time. This, of course, spurred them on. The French general's comment was: "If the English want to make us jump the ditch we will jump. They may capture a few frigates or a few colonies, but I will strike terror to London and I prophesy that before the war is over they will weep tears of blood."

The idea of invading England seized upon the imagination of France and it had always been a part of the imaginings of Napoleon. He now gathered an increasing army along the coast making his principal camp at Boulogne. The Channel seemed to him so narrow that he did not take seriously the idea of procuring large and strong boats for the crossing. Somebody suggested that flat-bottomed boats and fishing skiffs would carry the soldiers across and he seemed to have thought so too. At any rate his preparations showed a man unskilled in naval matters, and betrayed ridiculous indifference to the fact that England was the supreme naval power of the world.

Robert Fulton, the American, had invented his steamboat by that time, and showed it upon the Seine where, unfortunately, it sank. He also invented what he called a diving boat. Napoleon wanted him to try it out on an English man-of-war which lay in the harbor of Brest but the English had seen the boat and did not let it come near. Napoleon's comment on Fulton's invention was: "It may change the face of the world."

Meanwhile he was keeping a sharp eye on domestic affairs. He tried to bring back the royalists who had emigrated and he offered them such good terms and such favors that forty thousand families did actually return. Of the Jacobins he was continually trying to win the friendship of the moderate section. He was somewhat afraid of the radical group. Having been a Jacobin himself he knew their sentiments toward established government. His interest was, therefore, with the milder element and he did add many of them to the number of his friends.

He gained the affection of the laboring people by providing work for them during a severe winter. He ordered that streets and *quais* should be laid out and completed and that work should be made for hatters, tailors, shoemakers and cobblers who were unemployed. Furniture was ordered in large supplies from the cabinet makers of Paris. He cancelled an order that no workmen should cross the garden of the Tuileries Palace and he refused to permit the public reading rooms to be closed. Sunday seats in the National Theatre (the *Théâtre Français*) were to be cheaper than on week days, so that people of moderate means

might have that enjoyment, but he permitted no gambling. Remembering his own eagerness for study and probably recalling that he owed his education to the royal schools he now laid out a complete system of schools, beginning with elementary schools, passing through the middle schools and lycées or preparatory schools to the technical colleges. He established 6,000 free scholarships. Always proud to be a member of the Institute, he selected some of his first senators from Institute members. Through the Ministry for Home Affairs he selected the ten best painters, sculptors, composers, musicians, architects and other artists of the country whose talent he rewarded by maintaining them in one way or another. Many of the frescos that adorned the buildings of this time were done at his order. Most of them show his battles.

The Corsicans' love for their families had always been a prominent trait of those people. Napoleon had it in full force. He never failed to give money and position and anything else that would be of advantage to his brothers and sisters. Their ingratitude was notorious. They disliked Josephine and did their best to separate her from her husband. His mother lived quietly, always seeming to believe that her son's success was only temporary. His sister, Eliza, had married a Corsican, but lived in Paris. As Madame Bacciocchi she gathered a number of literary people around her. Pauline married General Leclerc and went with him when he was sent to conquer San Domingo. He made enormous sums of money there but his health was undermined by the climate and he died after his return. Pauline then married the Italian Prince Bor-

ghese. Caroline became the wife of General Murat, who had served with Bonaparte in Egypt. Joseph, who had years before married Julie Clary of Marseilles, was given various positions, all helpful to Napoleon. The Minister of Foreign Affairs to whom was entrusted regulation of the arts and of literature was no less a person than Lucien. He had married Christine Boyer, the daughter of an innkeeper, and after her death he married a widow, Madame Jouberton. The youngest brother, Jerome, was not then married. He was to be a naval officer. A little later on Louis married Hortense, Josephine's daughter by her first marriage. Uncle Joseph Fesch, who had left the church in order to enter business when the family first went to France and were in great poverty, re-entered the church and after the reconciliation of France with the Pope became Archbishop of Lyons and later a Cardinal.

Bonaparte believed that his own ability extended to the smallest matters. Walking one day, he came across a farmer plowing and seeing that his furrow was not very straight he undertook to show him how to do it. His own success was extraordinarily poor and the farmer advised him to keep on taking a walk as that was evidently the occupation for which his abilities fitted him.

At another time he determined to drive a four-in-hand and as he knew nothing at all about driving he could not prevent the horses from running away. He was thrown to the ground and so badly hurt that he fainted. Josephine was bruised and the Second Consul, who was also a passenger, was somewhat injured.

The few years covered in this chapter were the most constructive of Napoleon's career. In them he brought order out of the disorder that followed the Revolution. He made a smoothly working machine out of parts that were on the scrap heap. Many of the effective elements in the French Republic of today date to this period when the brain of a master organizer was working on the problem.

That he was pleased with his work is true, but contented he never could be. The growing urge of ambition, fed by success, continually tortured him. All his active life he was under the goad. He was never to know peace.

CHAPTER XV

AT LAST—EMPEROR!

(1804)

ALL through Napoleon's life with its struggles and successes and continual rise to power there had been in the back of his mind a growing ambition to perpetuate his power in some way. As he looked about him and saw the various ruling houses of his own and other countries—the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs—he realized that a man stood a better chance of having his name remembered in future centuries if he were part of a chain of rulers united by family ties. The privilege of appointing his successor to the Consulate was not enough for him. Increasingly he desired to found a house, to establish a dynasty which should carry the name of Bonaparte down through the ages. If a man of another name stepped into the Consulate and made good, there would be no credit to the name of Bonaparte beyond a fleeting remembrance that it was Bonaparte who had chosen his successor, but if all his successors were Bonapartes, then the name would never be forgotten.

To be sure, most of the monarchs in Europe believed themselves to be divinely appointed to their task of ruling. He could not believe that or claim it, except as he had within him the divine spark of gen-

ius that gave him power and understanding and intelligence and mental capacity, with the ability to put all of these into action. It was increasingly an annoyance and even a grief to him that he and Josephine had no children. He loved Josephine sincerely and he recognized her part in making him and his court popular in France. "I win battles," he said, "but Josephine wins hearts." She helped to gather about him people who were not fresh from the camp and the battlefield and she welded his court into a unit by her exquisite tact and sympathy. But they had no children and Napoleon began seriously to consider divorce and then a remarriage which would give him an heir. Naturally this idea was entirely repugnant to Josephine and the friends immediately around her.

It was not evident, however, at the time when the Tribunate (one of the bodies created under the new Napoleonic constitution) debated the subject of making Napoleon an Emperor. But one member opposed the suggestion and the Senate declared Napoleon Emperor of the French on the 18th of May, 1804. He was then thirty-five years old and what Americans call a self-made man if ever there was one.

The offer was made to him in entire sincerity. In announcing it to Bonaparte the Senate said: "You have extricated us from the chaos of the past; you enable us to enjoy the blessings of the present. Guarantee to us the future." What the Tribunate had proposed and the Senate had decreed, the people ratified. If Napoleon had felt some hesitation in going before the people to ask their vote for him as First Consul, he must have felt no fear now on this third

occasion. As First Consul he won 3,011,009 votes as against 1,362; when nominated First Consul for Life he won 3,568,835 votes as against 8,374. Now the votes which created an Imperial throne were 3,574,898 in his favor and only 2,569 against him.

Napoleon could only look to his brothers and sisters as his heirs and they tormented him by constant demands. Relying on the well-known Corsican characteristic of family loyalty, they asked for money, they asked for position, they asked for titles, they asked for everything they could think of and in return gave small gratitude, little service and much jealousy. He, to retaliate, teased them in various ways, for instance by giving the title of Prince to Joseph and Louis Bonaparte and of Princess to their wives, while leaving out his sisters. The whole family never ceased being jealous of Josephine. They constantly tried to undermine her husband's love for her and they even went so far that the Princesses refused to carry the Empress's mantle on the occasion of the coronation. Josephine's robe was so heavy that she could hardly move and with no assistance and at times even a backward tug from them, it was only her extreme gracefulness that made her able to go forward with any appearance of calm.

The Consul's Court had been growing constantly more ceremonious and the Imperial Court could hardly be distinguished from that of the Kings who preceded the Revolution. Indeed some of the royal officials of the Court were brought back to instruct the new courtiers how to dress, how to behave, how to talk in these strange new surroundings. Old friends became court

officials. Uncle Fesch was Grand Almoner; General Duroc became Grand Marshal of the Palace; General Berthier, Master of the Hounds; General Caulaincourt, Master of the Horse. Of course Talleyrand was not left out; he was appointed Grand Chamberlain.

When Napoleon's newly made Marshals presented themselves to him before his coronation they were so magnificently dressed that he could not help smiling at the contrast between his own appearance and theirs. To a lady standing by him he said: "It is not every one who has the right to be plainly dressed." To please the royalists whom he invited to return, provided they proved themselves loyal to him, he replaced the old city names in Paris. The Place da la Révolution became once more the Place Louis XV, for instance, and countless soldiers, splendidly drilled and uniformed, appeared everywhere about the city as in the olden days.

The upstart Emperor, as many of the royalists thought of him in their secret minds, determined that he would have a coronation more gorgeous than any that had ever been seen. He meant to have the sanction of the Church and everything that the legitimate royal houses had had so that in the future no one could question his right or the right of his family to sit upon the throne of France. But he intended also to have everything done according to his own desires.

He intimated to the Pope that he wished him to share in the ceremony. It was humiliating for His Holiness to go to France since practically his power was now his only because Napoleon had permitted him to take again something of his old position in the

Pope Pius VII, on His Way to Paris to Crown Napoleon as Emperor, Meets Him in the Forest of Fontainebleau

world. By the Concordat, or Agreement, the Roman Catholic Church was announced to be the national church of France, but the power of the Pope was not acknowledged as elsewhere. Nevertheless, the Pope thought it well to accept the invitation. Napoleon made his coming somewhat easier by meeting him in the Forest of Fontainebleau as if by accident. This made the later ceremonious and more public meeting easier for both.

Just as the small buildings and humble streets around the ancient and massive Cathedral of Nôtre Dame had been demolished in order to make the space about the great church more dignified, so the matter of Napoleon's and Josephine's wedding, which had been only by civil ceremony in the revolutionary fashion, was made more dignified before their coronation. On the day before the ceremony, Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, married them by religious service in the chapel of the Palace of the Tuileries.

There were certain witty royalists in the city who placarded the walls with posters saying, "The last performance of the French Revolution. For the benefit of a poor Corsican family." But even the people who read these humorous announcements with a smile were willing to wait for hours in the streets to see the "performance," and the members of the Court gladly suffered the fatiguing torment of elaborate toilets and long hours of sitting and standing while the various acts of the play took place.

At nine o'clock in the morning of December 2, 1804, the Pope's Chamberlain started from the Palace of the Tuileries riding on a mule, as was the tradition,

and carrying a cross. He was followed by the Pope, riding in a carriage drawn by eight gray horses, its roof supporting a tiara with all the Pope's insignia. His progress to the Cathedral was slow but he had to wait a full hour before the arrival of the Emperor and Empress at Nôtre Dame. General Murat, who had fought with Napoleon in Italy and Egypt and who had married Caroline Bonaparte, led the way, followed by twenty squadrons of cavalry. Cannon thundered, music played, as eighteen carriages, each drawn by six horses, entered the square in front of the Cathedral. Napoleon and Josephine rode in a gorgeous carriage gilded and painted and drawn by eight bay horses gorgeously arrayed. Four eagles with outspread wings supporting a crown stood proudly on the roof. The sides of the carriage were of glass so that all might see the people within. The Emperor wore a velvet cap adorned by a band of diamonds, the two million dollar Regent diamond serving as a fastening. His purple cloak was thrown back to show a white lining and a purple coat beneath glittering with gold embroidery. His waistcoat had diamond buttons; his garters were studded with diamonds and there were diamond buckles on his white velvet boots. The Empress was dressed in a rose-color tissue sown with silver stars and looked graceful and distinguished.

In the Palace of the Archbishop the imperial couple donned the coronation robes. Both wore long and heavy mantles of royal purple embroidered with gold bees. This symbol Napoleon had copied from those found in the tomb of King Childéric, father of the

great King Clovis, who had reigned more than 1,300 years before. He selected the bee so that he might have something identified with himself that was older than the fleur-de-lis used by the royalists. A laurel wreath of gold indicating that he was a victor, gave him the appearance of an ancient Roman. With his good profile and severe expression he looked very handsome, although his short stature took away from the impressiveness of his imperial robes.

As the Pope entered the Cathedral an anthem, *Tu es Petrus,* was chanted. The dignity of his entrance was reinforced after a long wait, by the brilliance of the procession when Napoleon and Josephine entered the gorgeously decorated building. The Emperor and Empress went first to a station prepared for them in the nave of the church and then advanced to the throne erected in front of the grand altar in the choir. "Long Live the Emperor!" cried the admiring onlookers.

Then began the solemn ceremony of the anointing. The Pope gave Napoleon the threefold unction, touching his head and hands with oil and delivering a prayer whose ending is, "Diffuse, O Lord, by my hands, the treasures of Your grace and benediction on Your servant, Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, we this day anoint Emperor in Your name."

On his way up the nave, Napoleon, filled with pride, turned and whispered to Joseph, who was one of the bearers of his robe: "If only our father could see us now!" He behaved with suitable solemnity however, during the service of anointing, but he had no in-

tention of receiving what he liked to call the "ancient crown of my predecessor, Charlemagne," ignoring the intermediate sovereigns between the Great Charles and himself, from the hand of a prelate. According to the usual ceremony he would have bent his head to acknowledge the power of the Church. Napoleon, however, considered that his crown was given him by the people of France and that he was their representative. He, therefore, seized the crown from the hand of the Pope and placed it upon his own head. Then Josephine descended from the throne, as had been planned in the rehearsal that had taken place at the palace several days before the ceremony, and approached the altar. Napoleon was awaiting her and when she knelt before him with tears of emotion falling upon her cheeks he looked down upon her with real affection. Her crown, especially made, was a small jewel topped by a cross. The Emperor first placed it on his own head and then upon that of Josephine. He took pains to fit it carefully as if taking a loving pleasure in arranging it.

Passing out of the Cathedral the newly crowned Emperor could not resist giving Cardinal Fesch, his uncle, a joking prod with his scepter. He had about reached the limit of his patience, strained by the four-hour-long ceremony, when he reached the room where he might throw aside his heavy robe. The procession on its return did not reach the Tuileries until darkness had settled down. After dinner, which the Emperor and Empress took alone, a general court was held. Napoleon was in great spirits, complimenting the ladies upon their charming appearance and telling them that

The Coronation in Notre Dame
"I found the crown of France upon the ground and I picked it up."

they owed to him this chance to be so charming.

He might well be in a good humor. He who called himself the "Man of Destiny," was now bearing the highest title known to royalty anywhere. He wore the crown of Charlemagne, his "predecessor" by a thousand years. When he went to Boulogne to receive the army's congratulations upon his elevation, he sat on the throne of the ancient King Dagobert, who preceded Charlemagne by two hundred years. He could well afford to give titles to all around him and to make some more concessions to the Pope such as restoring the old Christian calendar.

Only the behavior of his brother Lucien, who refused to marry the queen of Etruria and married a woman of humble birth, and of his brother Jerome, who married Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore instead of making the grand match that Napoleon had planned for him, were the annoyances of this time.

The story of Jerome's marriage is at once romantic and pathetic. He was only nineteen and she a year younger when he met the charming American girl on one of his shore leaves from his ship which was cruising along the Atlantic coast. He told President Jefferson of his engagement when he was dining at the White House. The French Consul warned Elizabeth's father of the improbability of Napoleon's consenting to the marriage. Thinking he had settled the matter he arranged for Jerome's return to France. But the young people were insistent and were married by Bishop John Carroll of Baltimore. So when Jerome sailed Elizabeth was with him. When Napoleon heard of his youngest brother's marriage he ordered all the

harbors from Spain to Holland closed against any ship bringing the bride and he declared that the ceremony that had united the two lovers was of not the slightest consequence. But the wedding had taken place before a large gathering and had been solemnized by a Bishop of the Church and the Pope supported its legality.

Jerome went to see his brother who was at that time in Italy and was forced by the elder man's strong will to give up his bride. She went to England where their son, who was named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, was born. Then Jerome remained in France while his wife and son went back to America.

But after all these matters were but small annoyances to Napoleon. There were more serious things to consider. The new Emperor, although he almost felt himself to be ruler by divine right, must think about reinforcing his power. There was England always waiting just across the channel. Would England consider peace or must he gird on his sword again? He must find out.

CHAPTER XVI

FIGHTING AGAIN

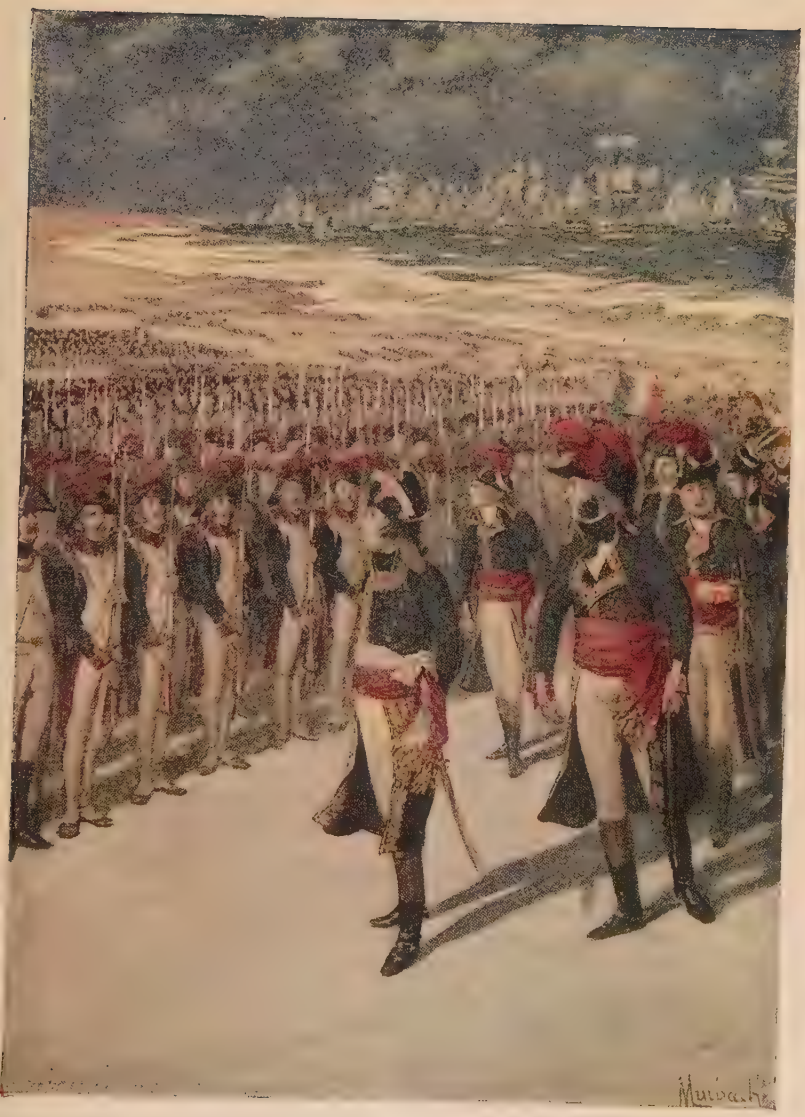
(1805)

THE "Man on Horseback" was very much in the saddle. The "Man of Destiny" would seem to have reached the highest point to which fate could lead him. He firmly believed that destiny had guided his career. When he said: "I found the crown of France upon the ground and I picked it up," he truly felt that he had been forced almost by outside power to pass through the bitter urging of ambition, the tumult of the battlefield, the confusion of strife at home, the plotting of enemies and the fawning of so-called friends, all that he might come upon that crown and pick it up to his own advantage. To all those who do not feel that military glory is the highest Bonaparte will have reached the summit of his career now when his constructive policy had set in order the troubled condition of France and had made it financially stable, a leader in education, an appreciator of art and an encourager of agriculture and of industry. Except that all was subservient to him and to his ambition, France was free. The best principles of the Revolution were being carried out, though in obedience to his will.

Yet the man himself began to go down the hill of

defeat even as he reached the top. He had been the idol of the Jacobins or revolutionists; in their eyes the Emperor, gorgeously arrayed, self-crowned, surrounded by a deferential Court, did not embody the simple spirit of the revolutionists. They felt that he was betraying them even though he had risen to his present place by their aid. Those who did any real thinking about all this began to look at him critically.

On the other hand Napoleon felt in his heart a certain contempt for the plain-living, plain-dressing, plain-speaking revolutionaries who had been his early friends. They were well enough to use as the strong men for the base of his acrobatic pyramid. Once at the top it was he who must play the brilliant part, he who must outshine all by being the only one who did not shine among the hordes of the brilliant. He envied the departed royalists, so sure socially that they never gave a thought to their positions, and he constantly urged them to come back to France. The way was made easy for them and thousands did return. He liked to have them about him, to feel that he, the roughly reared Corsican, was the recipient of their bows and their flattery. He was filled with pride because they ate out of his generous hand. If, now, the King of England and the monarchs of Austria and the other powers that had made the First and Second Coalitions against him would only acknowledge him as their social equal as well as their military superior he would feel happier. It was galling to know that there were people out beyond the boundaries of France who did not accept him at his own estimation, who did not understand his real greatness, who could not per-



Napoleon at Boulogne Reviews the Army of England
"Eight hours of calm or fog will decide the fate of the universe."

ceive the power that was daily growing greater, fostered by his unconquerable ambition. Since such people existed he must up and at them, although he would like a little longer time in which to set his empire in order before girding on his sword again.

The English—how he hated them! It seemed hard to believe that he could not cross the little bit of water beyond which he could see the chalk cliffs on a clear day. He had no feeling for or understanding of the sea and the difficulties that it presented. His military genius did not extend to warfare on the ocean, but after the breaking of the short-lived Treaty of Amiens his shipyards kept turning out small vessels for he persisted in the idea that he might get his men across without any large ships. He was so confident of himself once he stepped on land that it chafed him terribly to feel that he was kept away from his prey.

"Eight hours of calm or fog," he said, "will decide the fate of the universe."

It needed more than eight hours of fog or calm to bring about a much less universal change but the fact that the terrible general was stamping up and down the French shore at Boulogne was enough to terrify England at this time. So frightened were the people that they referred to this period as "The Great Terror." No language was too severe to describe the "Corsican Ogre." Had he really had an opportunity to distribute the medals struck in France but marked "Struck in London" it would have been a pitiful sight to see the victims of imagining-come-true.

Names counted for something with Napoleon. To

be called "Emperor" was much more impressive than to be called "First Consul" or "Consul for Life." It was much more impressive to have the French "Republic" turn "Empire" and be surrounded by tributary "kingdoms" than by tributary "republics." The old boyhood dream of being an Eastern Potentate before whom subservient monarchs bowed came uppermost now. France must be surrounded by kingdoms.

Northern Italy was willing enough to oblige him but Napoleon's brother Joseph was not. As heir to the imperial throne he refused to be placed in the position of vassal king on a small Italian throne. To set a good example Napoleon accepted the crown for himself. He explained to Francis, Emperor of Austria, that the interests of Northern Italy and France were made identical by the presence of Russian soldiers on the Island of Corfu and of English soldiers on the Island of Malta and that therefore one man should be supreme in both Italy and France.

Accompanied by the Empress Josephine Napoleon went to Milan in March of 1805. The ceremony of the coronation took place in the great cathedral of Milan. The Archbishop of Milan handed the Iron Crown of Lombardy to Napoleon who placed it on his own head crying: "God has given it to me; woe unto him who touches it!"

The Iron Crown receives its name from a narrow band of iron on the inside of the band of gold. This band of iron, about three-eighths of an inch wide and one-tenth of an inch in thickness, was said to have been made from one of the nails used at the Crucifixion. It was given to the Emperor Constantine by his

mother, Helena, who had discovered the True Cross at Jerusalem. As a protection to this precious inner circle the outer part of the crown is of gold set with jewels. Like the crown at Paris this crown had been worn by Charlemagne. As Napoleon did not intend to live outside of France he made Josephine's son, Eugene, Viceroy of Italy.

Bonaparte wished Josephine to see Marengo and an expedition was made to the scene of the battle. The Emperor wore his old Marengo uniform. After he had passed among the soldiers he distributed crosses of the Legion of Honor and then laid the foundation of a monument to the memory of those who died in the battle.

Meanwhile France continued in a "state of war" with England although there was no fighting. Along the north coast of France and Spain and in the Mediterranean and out as far as the West Indies there was what would have been called on land marching and counter-marching by the fleets of France and England. Once or twice it seemed as if France had some chance of outpointing her opponents but always something happened to prevent.

Napoleon knew so little of naval affairs that at Boulogne he ordered a review in the midst of a terrific storm. The Admiral in charge refused to carry it out and was at once ordered away in disgrace and another officer put in his place. Napoleon himself very nearly lost his life at this time and many sailors were drowned. It sometimes seemed as if Napoleon could conquer even the forces of Nature—but the sea was outside of his realm.

The Third Coalition, entered into in 1805, was a union of England with Russia, Austria and Sweden, made with the purpose of attacking France on the northwest. England was to do more than provide men; she offered to do a considerable part of the financing of the other armies.

If one were to state briefly the cause of Napoleon's successes it would be quick decision and instant action; of his failures, it would be hesitation followed by slowness in action. In the summer of 1805 he seems to have been in full vigor. The months when active fighting had been but little, when planning against England had been his main military occupation, had not dimmed his ardor for the struggle. He was ready for immediate activity when the victory of the English Admiral Calder in July made him hesitate about trying to meet the "Mistress of the Seas" on her own element. He made one of his swift decisions. Plans for the invasion of England were dropped. New plans were promptly set in action.

The General-Emperor was only thirty-six and had a long list of successes which accounted for his personal belief in himself as much as they did for the belief of others in him. Perhaps his decision to rush his army, formerly called the Army of England and now called the Grand Army, eastward to meet the allied armies on the other side of France had not been made on the moment. The fact that the little English island across the Channel was unreachable must have been beating in to his understanding. Still, if the French had overcome Admiral Calder, undoubtedly Napoleon would have continued looking wistfully across the

Channel from Boulogne and would not have taken his men by forced marches across the whole width of France.

The grenadiers had been so long at Boulogne that they had settled down to quite a comfortable way of living. They erected simple cottages and raised flowers as if they were at home in rural France. In the following verses a soldier is saying farewell to his comfortable life:

Adieu, my pretty turf-built hut!
Adieu, my little garden, too!
I made, I decked you, all myself,
And I am loth to part with you;
But since my arms I must resume,
And leave your comforts all behind,
Upon the hostile frontier soon
My tent shall flutter in the wind.

That the decision to go to Austria really was made in a hurry seems proved, also, by the fact that no time was spent in gathering rations or even in taking along what had been collected at Boulogne. The men lived on the country as they marched along, the supplies gladly furnished by the peasants in France—furnished with remonstrances and opposition when the army reached the enemy's country. For remonstrances and opposition by people in the enemy's country or even in neutral countries Napoleon cared nothing at all. He even was so careless of his soldiers that he did not mind their being hungry—because, he said, they marched all the faster the sooner to get food!

On they rushed and were joined by troops provided

by the Elector of Bavaria. Austria was especially annoyed at the calm manner in which Napoleon had taken away land that had been hers for a time in Italy. The Austrians were eager to defeat him, but his approach was so rapid that they were taken completely by surprise in the city of Ulm on the Danube. The French armies had against them the long forced marches over muddy roads, they had been hampered by the most abominably rainy weather and had been living for days hungry and with soaking garments, but Napoleon's speed played its part as a military weapon. A soldier said: "The Emperor has found a new way to make war; he uses our legs instead of our bayonets."

The Austrian army was dispersed and some 50,000 men were taken prisoners. Then, best of all to the minds of the French, the huge supply of food now demanded by the Emperor began to flow into Ulm, brought by the peasants. Four days later came the news of the destruction of the French fleet in the famous battle of Trafalgar (October 21, 1805). The great English Admiral Nelson lost his life in this engagement. The victory served to dismiss forever from Napoleon's mind the belief that he could conquer the English on the sea. He is said to have exclaimed when he heard the news of Trafalgar: "I cannot be everywhere!" Considering his ignorance of things nautical it would not have made any difference in the result if he had been there.

A month later (mid-November, 1805) Napoleon entered the city of Vienna, which made no opposition. After organizing the city so that its people might not

rise against him he went on in pursuit of the Russian army.

Just a year after the gorgeous coronation scene at Nôtre Dame the Emperor was sleeping in a rough barrack of boughs, his mattress only a bundle of straw, when one of his generals roused him to go out and visit the soldiers and encourage them for the coming fight that was to make Austerlitz famous as a place and famous as the name of one of the great battles of history. Napoleon's soldiers always adored him in spite of his using them as war material. Any occasional act of thoughtfulness on his part was hailed as a sort of divine condescension. They were right in admiring his courage and his skill and he knew his influence over them so well that he never failed to go the rounds through the regiments before any important battle. On this night the sky was overcast and the darkness unusually dense. The news of the Emperor's approach brought an instant change. Every soldier seized a handful of straw and put it on his bayonet where he lighted it like a torch. The whole army flamed into sudden splendor as its beloved general went about encouraging and praising.

"Tomorrow, my heroes," he told them, "be what you have always been and the Russians are ours and we shall hold them."

In the morning he had an unusual proclamation read to each battalion.

Soldiers [it said], I, myself will direct all your battalions. If, with your accustomed bravery, you carry disorder and con-

fusion into the enemy's ranks I shall hold myself distant from the fire. But should victory for a moment be doubtful you will see your Emperor expose himself to the foremost attack.

There was no need for him to declare that he would be in the very front of the battle line. The soldiers knew very well that his courage would take him there if it should be necessary for him to be there. The French fought the battle of Austerlitz (December 2, 1805) or the Fight of the Three Emperors as the Germans called it, with unquestioned valor. Their opinion of the courage of their opponents was voiced by the French paper which said: "Those who saw the battlefield will testify that it lay strewn with Austrians where the fight was thickest, while elsewhere it was strewn with Russian knapsacks."

That the Russians were not especially steadfast seems to be proved by the fact that Emperor Alexander left his ally, the Emperor Francis, and went back into Poland. He took no part in the conference between Napoleon and Francis who met two days later to arrange a truce. Napoleon granted the truce on the condition that the Russians should leave Germany and Poland and return to Russia. The Austrian Emperor was heard to say to Napoleon: "I promise not to fight you any more."

On the day after the battle of Austerlitz Napoleon sent a letter to Josephine telling of his success.

I have beaten the Austrian and Russian armies commanded by the two Emperors," he said. "I am a little fatigued. I have bivouacked eight days in the open air through some very cold nights. I pass tonight in the Château of the Prince of Kaunitz

where I am going to sleep two or three hours. The Russian army is not only beaten but destroyed. I embrace you. Napoleon.

This letter was written during the excitement after the battle, when the enemy was retreating and 2,000 Russians crossing the ice were drowned, the breaking up of the ice being accomplished by the weight of French cannon balls. In Paris the cold December winds were chilling Josephine and her friends who were anxiously awaiting word from the scene of battle. The evening was advancing when suddenly a horseman was heard to gallop into the courtyard. Josephine almost fainted as she heard a great shout of victory—"Austerlitz!" Rushing to the window she threw it open and saw that the courier's horse had fallen dead from exhaustion and that his rider was lying beside him. The Empress rushed below and out of doors with all her ladies following. The messenger was brought before her, carried by four men. Josephine read the letter through her tears by the light of a torch. Taking a diamond ring from her finger she gave it to the bearer of the letter. He was the Mameluke who had been brought from Egypt by Napoleon many years before. His ride, ending in this dramatic way, had covered a hundred and fifty miles inside of twelve hours.

One of the political results of the battle of Austerlitz was the marriage of Prince Eugene de Beauharnais, Josephine's son, to the Princess Augusta of Bavaria. This united a member of Napoleon's family with the old royalty of Europe. Josephine joined Napoleon

in Munich for the wedding and then they went back to Paris where church and state and people made a great celebration. Over 1,200 of the cannon captured at Austerlitz were sent to Paris and were melted down to make the column which today adorns the Place Vendôme. Events of the Austerlitz campaign are pictured on bronze plates which wind in a spiral around the column. On the top a series of statues of Napoleon has stood. It is now surmounted by one of the Emperor wearing his imperial robes.

By the Treaty of Pressburg which was signed on December 27, 1805, Austria lost 20,000 square miles of territory and two and a half millions of people. Here, as has happened many times after European wars, there was a perfectly callous rearrangement of boundaries and reapportionment of peoples. Lands and their inhabitants were given away as if they were pastures and cattle. The territory around Venice and parts of the east coast of the Adriatic which had been under the rule of Austria were given to Italy, of which Napoleon was now king. A heavy fine was levied on Austria. German principalities that had aided Napoleon were given valuable rewards.

CHAPTER XVII

BATTLE-FED AMBITION

(1806–1807)

SO different and so opposed to each other were the qualities of Napoleon's character that it is hard to understand how they could exist in one person. He won his reputation as one of the "great" men of the world's history because of his generalship. There is no doubt whatever that he enjoyed the marshaling of armies, the arrangements leading up to and climaxing in a battle, and the making of that battle a part of an entire campaign. There is no doubt that every one of his successes added to his enormous egotism and his enormous ambition. At the beginning of his career he used to say to his generals after a battle: "You have fought splendidly!" Later on he said: "We have fought splendidly!" Still later on he said: "I have won a splendid battle!" Soldiers he regarded not as men but as impersonal things like cannon or ammunition, as instruments for making war. In reporting victories to Josephine or others he gloated over the supplies and flags captured and the number of prisoners taken. Then suddenly, more than once he lost the general in the man and added that the battle-field was strewn with thousands of dead bodies—"a horrible sight." Yet he believed that fate was forcing a mili-

tary career on him and he seemed not to realize that it had been in his power to prevent those men from lying dead on a battle-field.

Time and again this ardent soldier appealed to King George III of England, to the Emperor of Austria, to the Emperor of Russia, to all his opponents suggesting the advantages of peace. It is hard to believe that he did this because he was a lover of peace. It is easier to think that he needed peace for some reason of diplomacy or in order to perfect some plan that would make him or France stronger in the future. Yet he seems to have written with a note of sincerity though he was not unwilling to begin war again on flimsy excuses.

None of the brief periods of peace were wasted. The Emperor's ability to throw his entire interest into whatever he was doing and constantly to think of new things to do kept him alive to economic and political demands. At this particular time, after the Treaty of Pressburg, he devoted his attention to setting straight the financial affairs of the French government which had suffered at the hands of incompetent or criminal men. He also established in considerable detail the University of France. It was now that he set his brother Joseph on the throne of Naples (March, 1806), his brother Louis on the throne of Holland (May, 1806), and gave to General, now Prince, Murat, the husband of his sister Caroline, the duchies of Cleves and of Berg. His sister Pauline, now the Princess Borghese, received with her husband the principality of Guastalla.

Violent family quarrels took place over the gifts to

the different members of the family. No one was satisfied. It is related that on one of these occasions when the sisters were extremely angry, Napoleon said with sarcasm: "Really, ladies, to hear your claims one would think that we held the crown from our father, the late king!"

Bonaparte must have had his tongue in his cheek when he issued an order decreeing that all members of the Senate were to have the title of "Count" and that it was to be hereditary. Men who had rejoiced in the title of "Citizen" immediately after the Revolution roared with delight when they heard from the Emperor, speaking through Cambacérès: "Senators, you are no longer plebeians or simple citizens. The statute which I hold in my hand confers on you the majestic title of Count."

Danger still threatened France from the East. Because of the breaking up of the German principalities that had been gathered in what was called the Holy Roman Empire, the Emperor of Austria was no longer master of more than Austria. Many of these independent or semi-independent states now declared their willingness to enter into the Confederation of the Rhine—the Union of some sixteen German states which made an alliance with the French Emperor. Prussia was not one of these states and war between France and Prussia began on the 8th of October, 1806. Napoleon always declared that the beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia had been instrumental in breaking the treaty of peace.

Early in this campaign the Emperor came near losing his life through his imprudence in going about alone

among his soldiers in the dark. A sentry challenged him and when he did not answer, fired at him. The sentries all along the line answered his fire and the Emperor only escaped by throwing himself flat on the ground so that the bullets went over his head. When this firing was over Napoleon rose and went to the nearest post and reported himself. The sentry who had fired first upon him soon came in, having just been relieved. The Emperor pinched his cheek and said: "This rogue does not propose to waste his powder and shot; he fires at nothing but emperors."

It was less than a week after the beginning of the war when the French won the double victories of Jéna and Auerstädt in Saxony, both on the same day, October 14, 1806. In the first, the French troops were more numerous than the Prussians and easily beat them. In the second, the Prussians outnumbered the French but were soon disorganized and put to flight.

Later, the French army entered Berlin in a splendid parade. Napoleon was handsome in face but his short stature became even more apparent as he grew heavier; yet he was impressive, if we may believe one of his soldiers, who wrote: "The Emperor was grand in his plain clothes, with his little hat and a penny cockade. His staff, on the contrary, wore their dress uniforms and for the strangers it was a queer sight to see in the one man most meanly clad of all the leader of so fine an army."

One large town after another fell to the invading force so that less than a fortnight later Napoleon wrote to Josephine: "The whole army is captured; Prussia has not twenty thousand men left beyond the Vistula."

Many of the chief treasures of the city were sent to Paris. Napoleon visited the tomb of Frederick the Great and took from it his sword, his ribbon of the Black Eagle, his general's sash and the standard carried by the Guard in the Seven Years' War. These he sent to the Invalides, the home for old soldiers in Paris. When one of his generals suggested that he should keep the Great Frederick's sword for himself Napoleon said to him proudly: "Have I not a sword of my own, Mr. Giver-of-Advice?"

It was while he was staying in Berlin that he issued the Berlin Decree. By this order all Europe was forbidden to have any relations at all with England, even to the writing of letters in English. Naturally, this was a hard law to put into execution, but it showed the Emperor's implacable hatred of England. The decree ran: "The British Islands are henceforth blockaded. All commerce with them is prohibited. Letters and packages with an English address will be confiscated as also every store of English goods on the Continent within the borders of France and her allies. Every piece of English goods, all English vessels and those laden with staples from English colonies will be excluded from all European harbors, including those of neutral states."

Prussia entirely lost her courage. Fortress after fortress fell to the French. The beautiful Queen Louise pleaded in vain for the return to Prussia of Magdeburg. Two of the most strongly fortified spots surrendered to small bands of soldiers, one to a little band of forty sturdy Frenchmen. Every French general had his list of Prussian victories. Slaughter was the

common sight in the streets of all the towns of the country. As if he delighted in a perfect orgy of mischief-making and of overturning of established conditions, Napoleon deprived the rulers of some of the German states of their provinces, made alliances with others, and kept the map of Central Europe in a hopelessly scrambled condition, its people stricken, its army almost destroyed.

Near by lay Poland. Only a little over ten years previously the country had been divided among Russia, Austria and Prussia and its people felt themselves desperately oppressed. They were eagerly looking to Napoleon as a deliverer just as the people of Italy had looked to him to free them from Austrian rule. The French general was not ready to support their cause wholeheartedly, however, for he learned that Austria was rebuilding her army and he could see that Prussia was doing her best to strengthen her affairs. He knew also that Russia, slow in movement, was advancing. This was no time for an ambitious man to take up the cudgels for a downtrodden country in a Golden Rule spirit.

He did not wish, however, to antagonize Poland and he sent messages throughout the country worded in such a way that the people still looked to him for help, although he did not definitely promise it. He moved into Poland when he heard that the Russians were there. He hoped to defeat them before they crossed into Germany. Two setbacks to the French occurred when the Russians defeated them with considerable loss. The French armies were not led by Bonaparte but by his generals. During a winter of snow

and storm, mud and slush, there was much marching back and forth, much searching and dodging, the eyes of the army being those of spies and not the many scientific ways of procuring information about enemy movements that are in use today.

Early in February, 1807, the Russian and French armies found themselves opposed at Eylau. There, in a snow storm, they fought all day to a draw. Napoleon afterwards said that on the next day he might possibly have retreated but when the next day came he found that the Russians had forestalled him by retreating first. In reporting the battle to the Empress Josephine Napoleon spoke again of the dead and wounded lying on the field and said: "This is not the pleasant part of war"—another testimony of his enjoyment of war as a sort of huge and thrilling game of chess.

Writing to his brother Joseph, he said:

> The officers of the staff have not undressed for two months, many not for four months. I, myself, have not taken off my boots for a fortnight. We are in the midst of snow and mud, without wine, brandy or bread. We have nothing but potatoes to eat. We make long marches and countermarches—no pleasant experience. We have to fight with bayonets under a tremendous fire of grape. The wounded have been carried back a hundred and fifty miles in open sleighs.

In spite of all these difficulties and hardships the Emperor took an active share in the work of the soldiers. He never wore a handsome uniform, but on the field he dressed like any of the privates and helped them in any way he could, pulling on ropes, laying

mines and taking his part in the making of all sorts of preparations for a battle or a siege. It was this willingness of his to enter into all the toil and hardship that the soldiers themselves endured that was a great factor in arousing and holding the love that they undoubtedly felt for him; yet any who did any thinking must have realized that he was dragging them into battles not for the glory of France but for the glory of Napoleon.

Although the battle of Eylau was a draw and not a victory for either side, it made Napoleon realize that he was not unconquerable. He had promised his soldiers what he called a "luxurious and honorable repose" after the battle of Eylau and he meant to give it to them in the city of Königsberg in which the King of Prussia was besieged. With the remembrance of Eylau fresh in his mind, however, he thought it would be a good plan to win over the Prussian monarch to his side and separate him from his Russian ally. To that end he wrote to him, promising that he would give back all the Prussian territory that he had conquered east of the Elbe river. The Czar Alexander of Russia also saw in the battle of Eylau the fact that the French were not unconquerable. He at once made a new treaty with the King of Prussia which greatly encouraged Frederick William III and strengthened him to refuse Napoleon's bait.

The Emperor rightly felt himself in real trouble after Eylau for he was a long way from his base of supplies and in a difficult country. But the "destiny" in which he believed served him well. Austria still held off, Russia divided her strength by beginning a war

with Turkey and England did not come to time with her financial aid to her allies.

Still Napoleon felt that it was not the moment to take too great risks. The refusal by Prussia to treat with him was a serious matter. He had also lost many men from the severe fighting and he found it wise to send to France for fresh soldiers. This meant that he had to call to the colors young men who ordinarily would not have been called for a year and a half, youths who were too young to be taken into the army. He had declared that he was not going to "wage war with boys," but these additions to his forces could be called nothing but boys. That he felt himself strongly in need of these reinforcements is shown by the urgent tone of his command to Cambacérès in Paris:

> It is very important that this measure should be adopted with alacrity. A single objection raised in the Council of State or in the Senate would weaken me in Europe and will bring Austria upon us. Then it will not be two conscriptions but three or four that we shall be obliged to decree, perhaps to no purpose and to be vanquished at last.

The fact that the new French army formed by these troops numbered 310,000 men as against the allies' 130,000 men showed that Napoleon felt the need of a great body to overwhelm his opponents. Needless to say, the new army of untrained youths was unmanageable, as was shown by the slowness with which the city of Dantzig fell.

The capture of Dantzig was of the highest importance to the French. It was Marshal Lefèbvre who was responsible for its taking and the Emperor rewarded

him by summoning him to his headquarters, calling him "Duke of Dantzig" and giving him a bundle of what he called "Dantzig chocolate, a product of the city"—really a generous parcel of bank notes.

This success was followed by some victories by the Russians and then came the battle of Friedland. This was fought with the utmost valor by the Russians and won by the French because they were able to bring up fresh troops under Napoleon himself and numbering 10,000 men after the Russians had been marching and fighting unfed for fourteen hours. Warned by this victory Königsberg yielded.

Although Friedland was a decisive battle Napoleon and his soldiers realized that the Russian soldiers were hard fighters. Again Bonaparte appreciated, as after the battle of Eylau, that the coming of the Austrians to join the Russians would be very dangerous for him. The Austrians were gathering in considerable numbers on the border of Bohemia, he learned, and that was something not to be viewed with indifference. He wrote to Josephine, however, in terms of enthusiasm:

> I write only a line as I am very tired. I have been bivouacking a good many days on end; my children (soldiers) have worthily celebrated the anniversary of Marengo. The battle of Friedland will be equally famous and glorious for my people. It is a worthy sister of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jéna. Good-bye, dear friend. I am just getting into the saddle.

Ten days after the battle of Friedland the opposite sides of the Niemen River at Tilsit were filled with troops, the French on one side, the Russians on the

other. In the river between swung a raft. On it was a gorgeous pavilion. The flags of France and Russia fluttered in the breeze. At the same moment Napoleon and Alexander, the two Emperors, stepped into gorgeously decorated boats and made their way to the raft. King Frederick William of Prussia, just released from the siege of Königsberg, was not invited to the parley. He rode up and down on the riverbank, a beaten and insulted foe. Napoleon was so contemptuous of him that he called him "only the aide-de-camp" to the Czar. It was not until the following day that he was asked to join the two Emperors and then nothing of importance was discussed before him.

The soldiers drawn up on the opposite sides of the river could see clearly the greeting between Alexander and Napoleon as they stepped upon the raft from opposite sides. Alexander, tall, large, imposing, handsome; Napoleon, short and becoming fat but with a handsome head, looked at each other and apparently liked each other at once. Both spoke of each other afterwards in somewhat extravagant terms of praise. Napoleon said: "He is a handsome and excellent young Emperor and has more intelligence than is generally supposed." It is said that one of the first remarks of Napoleon was: "I hate the English as much as you do." "In that case peace is already made," replied the Czar.

Into the pavilion they went and there they talked over the dismemberment of Europe in calm fashion. Russia may take this, France may have that, they decided with no idea of consulting the people concerned. With regard to the Turkish Empire they were not able

to agree because both wanted Constantinople. Napoleon said: "Whoever holds Constantinople can govern the world," and, of course, since he held that opinion, he would not yield it even to his newly-made friend.

The two monarchs reviewed their troops in each other's honor. Alexander crossed the river and took up his abode in the town of Tilsit. They walked about arm in arm. When Alexander was to dine with Napoleon the Emperor sent for his guest's evening clothes so that he would not have to go to his own lodgings to dress. Napoleon had a superb gold travelling bag which he gave to Alexander when the latter admired it. They pored over maps together and finally agreed upon the treaty of peace which is called the Peace of Tilsit. It was signed between France and Russia on July 7, 1807, and between France and Prussia on July 9, 1807.

Poor Prussia came out of the division much impoverished. A few provinces were returned to her, but others were combined with Brunswick and Hesse-Cassel into the Kingdom of Westphalia over which Jerome Bonaparte was made ruler. That part of Poland which had been under Russian control was now united with Saxony and called the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Another province was given to Alexander.

The Czar, of course, was betraying his allies, Austria and England, by making this union with France. It must be said for him, however, that they had given him no help in this recent warfare. He either resented it bitterly or else he found it prudent to make a secret treaty with Napoleon, unpublished to the other mon-

archs of Europe. They promised that they would support each other against any enemy that either might care to fight. They also divided the eastern land, Napoleon stipulating that he should have Egypt and both the Italian and the eastern coasts of the Adriatic, all this Mediterranean country being useful to him as a future base against the naval power of England. Both Emperors looked upon the Kings of Spain and Portugal with contempt and planned to depose them so that Napoleon's brothers might be put upon their thrones. In case England did not concede the freedom of the seas to other nations and return any conquests she had made since Trafalgar, France and Russia would renew the war against her. With the pressure of that union brought to bear on them, Denmark, Austria and Portugal would be forced to join them and to close their harbors to British ships, as had been blocked out by the Berlin Decree.

Europe was at peace again and the two monarchs separated after decorating each other with distinguished orders and exchanging farewells with great ceremony.

In the three years that had elapsed since Napoleon's election as Emperor his battles had been almost uniformly in his favor, especially those which he, himself, had led. He planned his campaigns with a wide foresight as to what might happen. He executed them with sureness and rapidity. His strategy was wise; he was bold, resourceful and always ready with surprises for the enemy. In all these respects he showed himself to be a better general than any of his own officers though among them were listed such famous soldiers as

Lannes, Ney, Bernadotte, Davout, Grouchy, Lefèbvre, Soult, Berthier and others, and certainly better than those of his enemies.

Napoleon's ambition at this time literally knew no bounds. "I desired," he afterwards said to a friend, "the empire of the world—and who in my situation would not? The world invited me to govern it; sovereigns vied with each other in bending before my sceptre."

CHAPTER XVIII

BLOODLESS BATTLES

(1807–1808)

NAPOLEON returned to Paris after the Peace of Tilsit to receive the most extravagant ovation from the people. There was no praise or flattery too great to be poured out upon him in the public press or in speeches. He listened to everything with apparent indifference but he was really like all mankind—delighted at this praise of himself. A distinguished man who sat near him at the Te Deum which was sung in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame by way of celebrating his victories and his return has described his appearance at that time. He was dressed, he said, in a state costume which though a little theatrical, was noble and fine. His features, always calm and serious, recalled the cameos which represent the Roman Emperors. He was small—still his whole person in this imposing ceremony was in harmony with the part he was playing. A sword, glittering with precious stones, was at his side and the famous diamond, called the Regent, was set in its pommel.

"Its brilliancy did not let us forget that this sword was the sharpest and most victorious that the world had seen since those of Alexander and Cæsar."

The same observer believed that the Emperor was

especially pleased at having this Te Deum sung because it gave the sanction of the Church to what he had been doing and he was the only man connected with the Revolution who had received any such approval.

One reason for the admiration which the people poured out upon him was that he had brought to the country the military glory which was at that time considered to be the greatest glory that could attach to any country. No one knew better than he the effect upon the public mind of pageantry and when he came back to the city he saw to it that the grim scenes of the battlefield on which many of the citizens had lost their sons were not referred to in melancholy terms, but that the great glory of his victories should resound at every turn. Another reason for the liking which people had for him was that he seldom forgot a favor. Unless the bestower of the favor in some way aroused his jealousy he almost always rewarded him. He also rewarded faithfulness and many stories are told of his kindness to his servants and to people who perhaps might have been overlooked.

Another reason for popularity and also a reason which aroused an almost superstitious regard for the Emperor, were his thoroughgoing arrangements for keeping himself informed about what was going on at home while he was absent. It flattered the people to know that he was able to tell what every scholar was doing in the schools at any definite hour; that he knew what his police force was accomplishing; that the activities of his civil officers seemed in some way to be known to him and that the conditions of every part

of France were as clear before his eyes apparently as if he were at home in the capital. They felt themselves to be really an object of solicitude to him and also they gave a little shiver of apprehension for it seemed almost supernatural that he at that distance should know so much.

That there were some who ventured to oppose the general song of praise is proven by a pamphlet that gained some circulation. It was phrased in the fiercest terms. Here is an extract:

> Chance at last placed an Italian bravo and assassin on the throne, a wretch detested by every nation who, to the basest meanness and the most contemptible hypocrisy, joins the grossest brutality and the most ferocious insolence; whose language ravingly repeating three or four irrational and incoherent ideas, is the picture of his mind, wild, insane and frightfully debased; who is cruel to his slaves and the vanquished and treacherous to all; whose friendship is more dangerous than his hatred; whose whole career is stained with perfidy and blood; nor has this monster forgot the principles of his predecessor; he has leagued against the interests of Europe and even of France a band of ruffians who have nothing to lose and much to gain; he has rewarded their exertions and they have aided him to enslave France and to plague the Continent.

It occurred to Napoleon at this time, when the Treaty of Tilsit had brought an apparent peace to Europe with France at the top of power, to make an inventory of France and her exact condition and to summarize all the information that had come to him in detailed form during his absence. From this summary he learned that while his army was the greatest in Europe, yet it was made up of youths too young to

enter upon a soldier's life—boys who should have been at home growing strong physically and helping their fathers in their work, and that what France had gained in territory on the edges of the country she had lost in domestic improvements. A large army of soldiers meant a smaller army of industry and agriculture with broken families, the men away on the battle-field.

All these facts and perhaps a passing weariness of making war induced the Emperor to announce that the finest epoch of his reign was approaching.

"I have had enough of being a general," he said. "Let us now enjoy our greatness and turn merchants and manufacturers."

The French are not by nature large-scale manufacturers like Americans but from Napoleon's time date some of the existing industries of France. They are notable not so much for their size as for the exactness and carefulness with which their work is done. During the World War it was found that many of the old industries were using machinery that seemed hopelessly behind the times to American manufacturers, but on the other hand the standards of work were praiseworthy because of their carefulness. The effort to introduce industry is one much to the credit of Napoleon as it provided the country with economic opportunities which a purely agricultural country could not have.

The Emperor's increasing restlessness showed itself during this period of peace in his search into everything that was going on. Josephine had felt some anxiety about his behavior when he should return from his victories. "The Emperor," she said, "is so pros-

perous that he will surely have much fault to find." He went out in search of it. He went about through the country visiting schools, among other places, and looking closely into the children's progress. It is reported of him that to catch a student in an ignorant reply or to satisfy his own love of detail, he asked a young girl in a sewing class how many needlefuls of thread she would require to make a shirt. She, not knowing the answer, replied: "Only one, sire, if it were long enough."

He found time to dip into the domestic affairs of his brothers and sisters. He had forced his brother Louis to marry Hortense, Josephine's daughter, and they were desperately unhappy. Napoleon berated his brother for his attitude toward his wife and for the way in which he ruled his country. He was too gentle by far, he said. "A Prince, who, in the first year of his reign, gets so great a reputation for benevolence, is a Prince who, in the second year, is despised. The affection inspired by kings must be a virile one, a blend of respectful fear and of high esteem. When it is said of a king that he is a good man the reign is a failure." That comment casts light upon Napoleon's own behavior as a sovereign.

A gentler side of his character is shown in his affection for Louis' and Hortense's children. The oldest child, named after him, was devoted to him and he loved it tenderly and intended it to be his heir. The little boy was devoted to his "Uncle Bibiche" as he called him. He would not say good morning to anyone before speaking to "My uncle, the Emperor." He was hardly three years old when he protested with loud

cries against having a bill paid with coins on which was Napoleon's head; he did not want the portrait of his Uncle Bibiche given away. The little fellow died of croup and Napoleon was so startled by the swiftness of the disease that he offered a prize for essays of information of a medical character upon this affliction of childhood.

His brother Jerome, now King of Westphalia, he scolded roundly, telling him: "All your actions bear the stamp of folly." He threatened his sister Eliza, now Princess of Lucca and Piombino, with losing his esteem if she did not obey him instantly in sending away a man whom he suspected of political activities against him. With his brother Lucien he never could get on at all. He advised his sister Pauline, the Princess Borghese, to try to be even-tempered. He wrote to his uncle, Cardinal Fesch: "The Pope wrote me a letter of the most ridiculous, most insane character. I will reduce the Pope to be the mere Bishop of Rome."

The ladies of his court used to tell of his going about in the evening to see what they were reading and if their books did not please him, of his throwing them into the fire. He hounded Madame de Staël whose clever tongue and pen he feared. He finally drove her out of Paris and into practical banishment in Switzerland. "She is a perfect pest," his diary records, and he gave orders to Fouché, his Minister of Police, that she should be watched wherever she went. He insisted on his generals marrying wives of his choosing whether they loved them or not. He was, in short, one of those domestic tyrants who is so sure of his own judgment

that he always insists that he is acting for the good of the person over whom he is tyrannizing.

The only person who appeared to be entirely independent of Napoleon's hectoring ways was his mother. She lived near Paris at the Trianon in Versailles. Her income was a million francs a year. She saved it thriftily, prophesying: "All this may come to an end; what will then happen to my children?" As she grew old she grew increasingly handsome and had a dignified and regal air. She lived, however, with the utmost simplicity. Once a week she dined with Napoleon and Josephine at the Tuileries. Napoleon, of course, could not refrain from giving her orders, but she obeyed them only when she felt like it. She never asked favors for herself but frequently did so for Corsican friends. The only plea that she ever made that is known was that she would like to have Ajaccio instead of Corte made the capital of Corsica. The Emperor granted this expression of her pride in her own town.

With no apparent chance of meeting the English army on land either on its own island or on the Continent, and too sagacious to try to match the comparatively weak French navy against the powerful British navy, Napoleon strengthened his commercial attacks on England. Now having control, in one way or another, over the western coast line of the Continent from Russia, bordering on the Baltic, around the Gulf of Finland and the North Sea, through the Channel and the Bay of Biscay and eastward across a considerable part of the Mediterranean, the Emperor issued a declaration forbidding any port in that whole

region to receive any English ships or send out any ships to England. This was asking a great number of countries to give up their trade much to their own loss and entirely for the sake of France. Yet only Denmark, on the north, and Portugal, to the south, refused to close their ports to the English.

As England, by what was called the Orders in Council (1807), forbade neutrals to trade directly with France or her allies, requiring that all freights should be landed in England, pay duty there and be sent out again as directly from England, and as all ships under whatever flag were liable to search and confiscation of cargoes, it will be seen that neutral shipping stood no chance at all between the enemies. On the one hand England felt at liberty to put into practice her regulations under the Orders in Council; on the other hand France was determined to capture all shipping whether actually English or clearing from England. It can readily be seen that American shipping was the chief sufferer since the new United States was the chief shipper at that time. It affected especially the New England section of the country where the merchant marine was being built up and where the principal part of the new states' money was invested.

Napoleon's Berlin Decree had been considered very drastic. He reinforced it by what was called the Milan Decree since he gave it out from that city. This decree said that all ships that obeyed the Orders in Council were subject to seizure by the French. The Orders in Council practically said that even if a ship were sailing under a neutral flag that did not free the cargo from possible capture by a belligerent vessel.

Napoleon was strong in condemnation of this declaration, but he himself did not intend to respect neutral flags nor had he done so for a long time. The chief difference between the attitude of England and of Napoleon toward American shipping was that the English made their declaration openly and the American States accepted the Orders in Council, while Napoleon made pretenses of being friendly to America but really allowed his declaration against neutral shipping to stand against America as against other countries.

President Jefferson became involved in the British-French quarrel because he wanted to buy West Florida, held by the Spanish and not included in the Louisiana Purchase. When he found that England would not bring pressure to bear upon Spain he turned to Napoleon and Napoleon made him believe that he would urge the matter upon Spain if America would break with England. President Madison found himself burdened with President Jefferson's policy which made him the friend of France but had not settled the Florida dispute. To follow this story here is to look too far into the future; but this underhanded diplomacy of Napoleon finally put the United States into the position of having another break with Great Britain, one which resulted in the War of 1812.

Both Great Britain and the Continent were made extremely uncomfortable by the installation by Napoleon of what was known as the Continental System which shut out England from the import and export trade. England had been importing silks, wines, porcelains, articles of elegance and luxury to whose use she

had become accustomed. She sent across the Channel and over the waters to the North and South woollen and cotton goods, boots, cutlery, earthenware. At one time the shortage of woollens was so complete in France that the material for the soldiers' uniforms had to be purchased secretly in England.

Nor did home manufactures flourish in France, for between the blockade by England and the blockade by the Continental ports raw materials were kept out and factories had to be shut down. The granting of licenses to buy certain things in spite of the general regulations gave rise to much deception and bribery. Smugglers on both coasts did a rousing business.

Prices rose to exorbitant heights. Coffee, for instance, cost fifteen times as much in Paris as in Liverpool. Napoleon's prohibitions of contraband goods recall the measures taken by the American colonies to show England their feeling about the tax on tea.

Take especial care, [wrote the Emperor to General Junot], that the ladies of your establishment use Swiss tea. It is as good as that of China. Coffee made from chicory is not at all inferior to that of Arabia. Let them make use of these substitutes in their drawing-rooms instead of amusing themselves with talking politics like Madame de Staël. Let them take care, also, that no part of their dress is made of English merchandise. If the wives of my chief officers do not set the example, whom can I expect to follow it? It is a contest of life or death between France and England. I must look for the most cordial support in all those by whom I am surrounded.

The two gaps in the line of closed Continental ports, Denmark and Portugal, annoyed the Emperor. Den-

mark, at peace with both England and France, found herself forced to make a choice of friends. Portugal was threatened with invasion by both France and Spain if she did not close her ports within forty days.

England evidently thought that Denmark would make friends with her nearer neighbor and decided to begin the war-making. Without declaring war she began demanding that Denmark should turn over her fleet to England as a sort of hostage until there should be a general peace again. The little kingdom, of course, refused to cripple herself in this way. Then England sent a fleet to the North, bombarded and burned Copenhagen and convoyed its fleet to England. This ruthless attack on a friendly country won no favor with any one. After it even those who were lukewarm toward Napoleon and thought his hatred of England somewhat fanatical were not greatly outraged at the emphatic message sent to the sovereigns of Europe by their diplomatic representatives whom he addressed at Fontainebleau: "Great Britain shall be destroyed. I have the means of doing it and they shall be employed. I have 300,000 men devoted to this object and an ally who has 300,000 to support them. I will permit no nation to receive a minister from Great Britain until she shall have renounced her maritime usages and tyranny; and I desire you, gentlemen, to convey this determination to your respective sovereigns."

As often happens, bullying was unsuccessful in the end, for Denmark joined France evidently believing that England as a foe could be no worse than when she professed friendship. Russia, too, declared war on England.

Napoleon had not yet forced Portugal to close her ports and he now gave that corner of the Continent his attention. He expected little trouble there and he had in mind a plan that would break the independence of Spain at the same time. He began by visiting Italy, and making Etruria a department of France. That dethroned the young king, a grandson of Charles IV of Spain, and was a move calculated to show Charles that he did what he chose with kings as well as commoners. By way of consolation he promised the deposed monarch a slice of Portugal, on which he had as yet no claim whatever, with the title of King of Northern Lusitania.

From its geographical position Spain and Portugal were natural friends of their only neighbor, France. Napoleon presumed upon this supposed friendship and the weakness of many other countries, but what he did now was to result in the Peninsular War fought between England and Spain against France on Spanish soil, and the Peninsular War was to harass and weaken him so that it was a big factor in his downfall. His treachery to Spain was not only criminal but foolish. Talleyrand, the sharp-sighted, saw his master's folly and commented on it. "This Spanish War," he said, "is the beginning of the end."

CHAPTER XIX

MELODRAMA IN SPAIN

(1807–1808)

THE story of Napoleon's career in Spain and Portugal and of what is called the Peninsular War reads like an old-fashioned melodrama in which there are plots and counter-plots, where villains unite to outwit their foes and where deceit and treachery and double-dealing vie with quarrels and murders and fighting to produce excitement. Unfortunately this pitiful melodrama of Spain was not a make-believe of the theatre, but was a chapter in the tragic history of a once great people struck to the heart at a time of weakness.

Talleyrand was right when he called the Peninsular War "the beginning of the end," for during it Napoleon showed that he had acquired so great a belief in his own power and in the inability of any enemy to cope with him that his judgment was not as good as it previously had been when he was studying the temper of an enemy or his supplies of ammunition or food supplies or the ground over which he must make his army march. Taking too much for granted has defeated many a man in small struggles and large. When Napoleon said, "God has given me the power and the will to overcome all obstacles," he seemed

to forget that action must follow that announcement.

The beginning of the French-Spanish-Portuguese War was in Portugal. That little kingdom had marvellously escaped being swallowed up by its larger neighbors. Its monarch was Queen Maria I, but she was insane and the country was ruled by her son, Don John. His wife was a daughter of Charles IV of Spain.

For several years just before the new century came in, a "state of war" had existed between Portugal and France. There was an occasional naval skirmish and that was about all. The little country wanted peace, however, and Don John proposed that negotiations should be opened with France. Napoleon sent his brother Lucien to Madrid not to negotiate terms but to dictate them. These terms chiefly had to do with Portugal's attitude toward England. England had been her ally and kept up most friendly relations, carrying on a heavy trade. It would have been suicidal for Portugal, with her long coast line, to have closed her harbors against the British as Napoleon demanded.

Friction of one kind and another brought on war with Spain, and Portugal was invaded by a Spanish and a French army. So overpowering was this double attack that the country agreed to pay an enormous monthly sum to the French Emperor and to shut her harbors against England. She also refused to permit Englishmen to leave the country, but she would not confiscate the property of English people living in Portugal. Napoleon ratified this Treaty of Badajoz, but he really wanted to keep on with the war until he had taught Portugal to obey him implicitly. He

therefore sent in French armies and maintained them there for several years simply to irritate the people until they should be the ones to declare war. General Junot was Commander-in-Chief and he was stationed in Portugal for a long enough time to take a liking to the land and to begin to think that he would not be averse to mounting its throne if he were offered it. The offer was not forthcoming, however, and he and his men were at last withdrawn.

For a couple of years Portugal was continually being ordered to do this and that, chiefly to keep her ports closed against the English. This was almost impossible for her to do and coupled with her refusal to bring financial ruin to the English living in Portugal, it gave Napoleon an excuse to send Junot once more into the country (October 27, 1807). He was so sure of success that he and the Spanish Prime Minister, Godoy, made a treaty a fortnight later by which they divided Portugal. Part was to be given to the King of Etruria in exchange for his kingdom in Italy and another part was to be made into a principality for Godoy. The remainder was to be filled with French troops until the Continent should be at peace once more.

It was not strange that the French Emperor should have thought that Portugal and even Spain would easily fall before him. At Bayonne, just over the border on the French side, he had maintained a large and threatening army for some time. The soldiers were all recent boyish conscripts of France, but so much had been said about the hardened veterans of the eastern campaigns that the Spaniards and Portuguese re-

garded any French soldiers as being almost unconquerable. Their presence was counted on to be a continual menace. If they went into action who would offer any resistance?

Don John seems to have shared Napoleon's opinion of Portugal's weakness, for when he learned that Junot was again crossing Spain and with Spanish allies was approaching Lisbon, he arranged for English naval vessels to convoy the ships containing himself, his wife and mother, with their immediate courtiers, and they sailed away to Brazil. This was in November, 1807, and with Junot in charge to keep the harbors closed against the British Napoleon now held the entire seaboard. He must have thought that at last he had gained one of the main objects of his ambition, that he was in a position to ruin England, because unless he so willed no harbor could legally open to British ships. His diary records that he had brought this about without bringing across to the western part of France a single man from his Grand Army.

"I have nearly 300,000 men in Poland and on the Oder," he said. With 80,000 men within eighty-five miles of Madrid and with Junot holding Lisbon and Portugal with 30,000 men it was not surprising that the great general felt himself so in command of the situation as to be careless about it.

Portugal was now definitely in the hands of France, but Portugal was a small matter compared with Spain and Napoleon fixed greedy eyes on Spain. He did not know much, however, about the political intrigues going on in Spain or about the character of the people. Of Godoy, for instance, he made an immediate enemy

because when Junot took possession of Lisbon he issued a proclamation (on the first of February, 1808) declaring that "the House of Braganza has ceased to reign in Portugal and the Emperor Napoleon, having taken under his protection the beautiful Kingdom of Portugal, wishes that it should be administered and governed over its whole extent in the name of his majesty and by the General-in-Chief of his army." But by that secret treaty of the preceding October Godoy had been promised a large slice of Portugal! He realized that Napoleon's memory was not so short that he could forget the secret treaty in just a few weeks; he was sure that it was long enough to remember the time a year before when only the fear of the victory of Jéna prevented Godoy from leading the Portuguese army with the Spanish against Napoleon. Godoy saw that this latest treaty had been made merely to induce him to let the French soldiers cross Spain to reach Portugal and that once they had accomplished that Napoleon had no intention of giving him the territory he had promised.

Godoy had enemies enough in Spain. He had deeply injured Charles IV, his king, who, however, was too weak to take his power away from him. He was hated by the Crown Prince Ferdinand of Asturias who realized that it was largely on account of Godoy that his father was quarreling with him and even accusing him of trying to get the throne. This situation of course brought about opposing parties and Napoleon took advantage of the confusion. He sent corps after corps of soldiers across the Pyrenees until there were 100,000 French in northern Spain. There still was

no declaration of war between the countries and the Spaniards were so far from thinking the French hostile that at one place, Pampeluna, they lost their fortress by entering into a snowball fight with the youthful French military who slipped into the fortification and ousted them even while they were still in a playful mood. The country began to realize more and more, however, that it was being humiliated by the entrance of soldiers of another country and it attributed these troubles to Godoy. They wrecked his palace and would have made a quick end of him if they had caught him. He hid, however, in a roll of carpet and escaped from them for a time, but was at last captured and brought before Prince Ferdinand, who sent him to what was practically a prison.

King Charles appealed to Napoleon for protection against Ferdinand. As a diplomatic stroke, Ferdinand appealed to Napoleon for the hand of a Bonaparte Princess. Godoy was always ready to connive with Napoleon against either Charles or Ferdinand. It is not strange that Napoleon felt himself to have the whip hand of the situation. He sent Murat toward Madrid, ordering him, "Continue to talk smoothly; reassure the king, the Prince of Asturias, the Queen. The great thing is to reach Madrid, to rest your troops and to collect supplies. Say that I shall soon be there to arrange and conciliate everything."

Either because he was terrified at the approach of the French troops or because a variety of reasons impelled him, Charles IV abdicated the throne in favor of his son Ferdinand. Murat obeyed his Emperor's orders and Ferdinand believed that he was his friend.

The Spanish people believed it also and therefore made no objections to Murat's entrance into Madrid, although they expressed no enthusiasm over the appearance among them of so large a foreign force. They gave themselves up to tremendous excitement, however, on the following day when their beloved Prince, now Ferdinand VII, entered the city hailed by the cheers of the people and pelted with affectionate flowers by the bystanders. But the people did not have the final word. Entirely indifferent to their clearly expressed wishes Napoleon offered the throne of Spain to his brother Louis, king of Holland, only two days after Ferdinand's state entry (March 20, 1808).

A few days later, according to the diary, Napoleon said: "We have reached the fifth act of the play and shall soon get to the climax." As a part of this climax he succeeded, by various diplomatic ways, in gathering the Spanish royal family at Bayonne over the border in France. He, himself, on the point of leaving Bordeaux for Bayonne, wrote, "I am just starting for Bayonne. When I judge the moment has come I shall arrive in Madrid like a cannonball."

Once at Bayonne King Charles withdrew his abdication claiming that Ferdinand had forced it on him. The quarrel—there was much argument and abuse and even shaking of canes—continued for some days. Napoleon stepped in at last and appointed Murat Lieutenant General of the Kingdom. This really meant that he was Dictator of the country.

Murat, meanwhile, had been having growing aspirations for the crown of Spain, but, if the liking of the people of Madrid meant anything, he stood no chance

whatever. They realized that he had done nothing to keep their beloved Ferdinand in power, but had allowed Godoy, whom they would willingly have kept in prison, to come out of his retirement to go to see Napoleon. He had also sent to Bayonne all the remaining members of the royal family, evidently thinking that if the Emperor wanted to dispose of them they would be gathered together ready to his hand. Such treatment of their royalties was intolerable and the Madrilenians said so. The insurrection in the city was short, but there was sharp fighting and Murat lost some four hundred soldiers. He promised amnesty to all who had taken part in the uprising, but broke his promise and had two hundred of the insurrectionists arrested and shot.

Meanwhile Napoleon ordered Ferdinand to appear before him once more and gave him until midnight to make up his mind whether he would recognize his father as king and would send word to Madrid to that effect, or would prefer to be classed as a rebel. Under this pressure Ferdinand abdicated in favor of his father, as he thought. It was really, however, in favor of Napoleon, for Napoleon had made King Charles give him the same promise on the preceding day. "The worst of the job is done," the arch-plotter exclaimed.

The King, Queen and Godoy were sent to Compiègne to live, whence they moved to warmer Marseilles and still warmer Italy. Ferdinand and his brother were sent on a visit of indefinite length to Talleyrand at Valençay.

It remained for Napoleon, however, to find a mon-

arch to sit upon the abandoned throne. His brother Louis had flatly refused to give up the throne of Holland. Joseph, King of Naples, was more pliant and agreed to take the Spanish throne, while Murat was comforted for his disappointment by taking the throne of Naples which Joseph was leaving. Murat had shown no especial skill in this Spanish situation, but he was a fine soldier and one of Napoleon's brothers-in-law and those were sufficient reasons to elevate him to a throne in the opinion of the clannish Corsican.

Napoleon's comment on the insurrection at Madrid was that the people "will calm down and will bless me as soon as they see their country free from the discredit and disorder into which it has been thrown by the most wicked and most corrupt administration that ever existed." The government had, indeed, been abominable but he did not realize that a high-spirited and independent people will not enjoy even the most perfect rule if it is not one of their own choice.

The Spaniards were highly loyal to the Pope and when they heard of his harsh treatment by Napoleon who had deprived him of all his civil power only a few months before, they were deeply enraged. It added one more item to the long score that was being run up against the French Emperor.

Not the smallest entry was the overrunning of the country by foreign soldiers. The French troops were about 120,000 strong as against 100,000 Spanish, and the French were far better trained than the Spanish, most of whom were not regulars. The result was that when an open clash came the Spaniards were almost

always defeated; but in sieges they held out for long and unexpected weeks and in guerilla warfare—a skirmish here, a supply train cut off there, a body of recruits intercepted somewhere else—they did considerable damage. They found their mountains fine ground for this sort of warlike sport. It was a new experience for the French. They had met fine armies in Prussia and the East, but those armies were concentrated and were led. Here was a country with no leaders, only local heroes, and with independent bands of men eagerly looking for trouble not in any one spot but everywhere. One place in which they found it was in the Sierra Moreña mountains where the French casualties numbered 3,000 and 18,000 surrendered to General Castaños at Baylen. The shame of Baylen was hard for Napoleon to forgive.

Joseph, meanwhile, had left unfriendly Madrid after a stay of only eight days and was hastening toward the frontier, the hero of Baylen entering the capital soon after the new King's departure. Joseph's position calls for sympathy. The tool of his brother and of no strength of character, he nevertheless had a certain good feeling that forbade him to "kill one portion of my subjects to make the other submit," and a certain pride that made him look with extreme distaste on a departure from the country as if he were conquered.

Junot was not having an easy time in Portugal. The people were far from subdued and he had to be constantly on the alert and very severe. In the summer of 1808 an English expeditionary force under Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was to be known later as the famous

Duke of Wellington, landed in Portugal with a small army and won a decisive victory over Junot at Vimeiro. The treaty following this battle was called the Convention of Cintra and is regarded as the beginning of the Peninsular War between France and England. By the Convention of Cintra Portugal was freed of the invading French, for they were returned to France in English ships, carrying with them rich plunder from Lisbon.

The utter unscrupulousness with which Napoleon invaded a friendly country, tricked its people and seized its throne has been a cause of disgust to the Emperor's stoutest friends. He, himself, thinking it over at St. Helena, toward the end of his life, saw its effect on the world.

"I confess I embarked badly in the affair," he said. "The immorality of it was too patent, the injustice far too cynical and the whole thing too villainous; hence I failed. The attempt is seen now only in its hideous nudity, stripped of all that is grand, of all the numerous benefits which I intended."

CHAPTER XX

"THE BEGINNING OF THE END"

(1808–1809)

MANY countries of Europe were now listed among the holdings of France either as allies or as tributaries, but so insecure did Napoleon feel about their remaining loyal to him that he felt that his entire attention should be given constantly to whipping them into a state of mind where they were willing to continue as enemies of England and at the same time friends of France. Rumors of patriotic stirrings in both Austria and Prussia reached his ears. In Austria there was being built up a militia which was not a part of the regular army of the country and felt itself to be sufficiently independent to take a stand in national politics. In Prussia many patriotic clubs came into being destined to rouse a strong anti-French feeling.

Napoleon felt that he should go to the East to find out for himself exactly what these movements threatened. He realized that in part they arose from the fact that he had not had his customary good fortune in Spain. The defeat of the French army at Baylen had been so severe as to arouse great cheerfulness in the rest of the Emperor's enemies. It had a correspondingly depressing effect on the French people and

troops and infuriated Napoleon. That he who had conquered the Alps should be put to annoyance by the far less formidable mountains in Spain and that he who had met and overthrown the strongest armies in Europe should be brought to a stand by the hither-and-yon attacks of a people whom he despised caused him bitterness of spirit. His unfortunate generals suffered from his rage. When Dupont, who had capitulated at Baylen, returned to France he was thrust into prison where he stayed for over five years and Junot, defeated at Vimeiro and one of the figures of the Convention of Cintra, so lost favor with Napoleon that he was allowed no other service until the campaign in Russia four years later.

Always confident of his own ability to win victories Napoleon determined to go to Spain himself. He did not want to shut himself off in that remote country, however, without feeling that all was serene in France and upon the eastern frontier. He might well be pleased with the improved condition of France. When power is concentrated in a few hands it is always possible to get things done more speedily and efficiently than when it is scattered. That is one of the excuses that Dictators offer for their existence. Under Napoleon the national finances had been put in good condition; the peasants were not complaining although agriculture would have been in a better state if there had been more men left on the land to do the work instead of being absorbed, young and old, in the army. The manufacturers and the tradespeople were busy, largely because of the brilliancy of the Court and of the upper classes who were made prosperous by the Emperor's

generous distribution of awards and prizes. Public works for the benefit of the poor, as well as for the general advantage, were going on all over the country in abundance. The heavy indemnities levied on Napoleon's beaten enemies allowed the giving of large sums of money to his marshals and generals.

It will be remembered that when Napoleon established the Legion of Honor which was to give distinction to men of all ranks of life who had accomplished something for France, the organization was opposed by people who declared it was aristocratic in its tendency, Berlier saying that, "it led France back to the ancient *régime* when crosses, badges and ribbons were the toys of monarchy." Napoleon had replied, "Men are led by toys. The French have one feeling—honor—we must nourish that feeling; they must have distinction." Apparently he had not changed his opinion but he realized that the simple distinction of the Legion of Honor was not enough for these new days when an Emperor was seated upon the throne and those surrounding him formed a real court as in the old days. He established a new nobility giving the titles of Prince, Duke, Count, Baron and Knight to members of the old system, often forcing them to lay aside their ancient and more honorable titles, and also as rewards for service to himself or to the country, to soldiers and government officers of distinction. These were not empty titles, for estates taken from the conquered countries were given to each person so that he might have a dignified support. He was also furnished with a coat of arms.

The Emperor found this new method of reward so

convenient that after founding it in 1807 he created no fewer than three princes, 31 dukes, 388 counts 1,090 barons and 48,000 knights.

The thought of founding a family, because he believed that it would be for his advantage if he were the head of a dynasty which would live on in control of France, never left Napoleon. Having no children himself he looked to his brothers and sisters to strengthen his position. They all had accepted thrones and titles from him except Lucien and that strongest member of his family was too independent to be willing to work with him. Only on the day of the *coup d'état* had he done anything of great importance, though he had served in minor ways afterward. At this time he was living in Italy much as an Italian gentleman would. Napoleon, going to Italy, met him at Mantua and, secretly respecting his great ability and openly desiring his support, offered him any throne that he might choose if only he would accept it and thereby throw in his weight with the Napoleon family—"*Napoleon* family" because now Louis, Joseph and Jerome were not called Bonaparte but were Joseph Napoleon, Louis Napoleon and Jerome Napoleon. Lucien remained firm, however, and though the brothers parted almost in tears and in an irreconcilable mood nothing came of the momentary tenderness.

The Peace of Tilsit was hardly three months old but Napoleon already was suspicious of the good faith of Alexander. Was he going to keep his side of the bargain? It was important that he should if Napoleon were to take himself away into the rough region of Spain. If Alexander should work against him anything

might happen in his absence. On the other hand, he was eager to give his own attention to Austria and he wanted Spain at peace and under his power so that he might have "safety behind him." In order to test Alexander's frame of mind he invited him to a meeting at Erfurt not far from the battlefield of Jéna and from Weimar where lived Goethe, the great poet.

Erfurt had been taken from Prussia in 1806 and so was considered French. Napoleon was, of course, the host. He did his utmost to entertain his guests lavishly. What happened at Erfurt makes one think of the pretentions of newly rich people who wish to impress others with their opulence. It also indicates Napoleon's diplomatic desire to make himself popular with people who were, to be sure, in his power but who might make things uncomfortable for him if they were not contented. The narrow streets of the ancient little city were filled with gorgeous pageantry. Here were two Emperors—the Russian and the French—with their suites and with ambassadors from all the countries of Europe. Here also were the kings of Saxony, Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Westphalia, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the Dukes of Saxe-Weimar and Saxe-Gotha, the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine. In all there were seventy sovereigns and Princes, many famous generals and a great crowd of brilliant courtiers.

Gorgeous furnishings had been brought from Paris to adorn the apartments of Napoleon's guests. The leading actors of the national theatre in Paris, the *Théâtre Français,* headed by the famous Talma, gave

classical plays every night before a "parterre of kings." There were dramatic moments, as when Voltaire's *Oedipe* was being given. At the words, "A great man's friendship is a boon from the gods," the Russian Emperor rose and seizing Napoleon by the hand formed with him a tableau of friendship that brought terrific applause from the house. There was a hunt across the battlefield of Jéna shared by the Prussians.

"We breakfasted on the spot where I bivouacked the night before the battle," her husband wrote to Josephine. He also told her that while the Emperor Alexander danced at one of the balls, he did not. "Forty years is forty years." He was indeed of sturdy figure at that time, stoutly proportioned and fat, rather awkward in gait because of his lack of height.

Matching the lack of tact which had induced Napoleon to ask Frederick William of Prussia to take part in the hunt over the battlefield of Jéna, the scene of Prussian disaster just two years before, were his comments on his own soldiers during a review. He praised them at great length to Alexander for their courage and skill in battles in which they had taken part against that monarch.

Not least interesting was the meeting between Napoleon and the famous German writer Wieland and between the Emperor and Goethe. Wieland, who was several years over seventy at the time, was living very simply in the town. One evening at a ball given by the Duchess of Weimar, Napoleon spoke to her of Wieland and suggested that he should like to see him. She sent at once for the old man. In order not to keep his Imperial Majesty waiting, Wieland hastened

to the palace just as he was with shabby coat and felt slippers. He was not at all embarrassed, however, in entering upon the brilliant scene. The dancers stopped in order to watch the meeting. Napoleon crossed the room to set his guest at ease and the two men talked together for an hour and a half. With Wieland, the Emperor talked about the poet's own work and also discussed Tacitus.

"There's a man for you!" he exclaimed, as the handsome, dignified Goethe entered the room in response to his summons. To both these distinguished writers and also to German scientists and philosophers Napoleon talked without condescension, as if paying tribute to the prestige of German knowledge and of German literature. To both Wieland and Goethe he gave decorations. With his usual desire to connect anything impressive with himself he invited the greatest poet of his time to visit Paris. "Devote yourself to writing a drama of Cæsar," he advised—and perhaps it was natural that he should think of himself as the modern Cæsar with whom Goethe's pen might draw comparison.

Meanwhile the real object of the meeting at Erfurt was not overlooked. Napoleon and Alexander agreed to renew their promises made to each other at Tilsit. They were to support each other if attacked or if either were to make war. Alexander was to keep the eastern side of Europe in a peaceful state while Napoleon established his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain. Alexander wanted to secure Finland, Wallachia and Moldavia and Napoleon promised to aid him. He

did not rebuke the Russian's desire for Turkey although he refused to think of letting him have Constantinople.

"I could never bring my mind to consent to it," he said years afterward. "It is the finest harbor in the world, placed in the finest situation and is itself worth a kingdom."

There were other exchanges of territories for, as H. G. Wells has said, during this time and for four years following the meeting at Erfurt: "The outlines on the map of Europe waved about like garments on a clothesline on a windy day."

Napoleon's desire to consolidate the future of France under the rule of his own dynasty had for a long time made him contemplate divorce from Josephine. He and Josephine had had no children and he thought that perhaps if he should marry some one else he might have a son to succeed him. It would have pleased the French people if he had married a daughter of some distinguished French family. He, however, had now lost all taste for a democracy which could not unite him with families that had been ruling for many generations. He wanted a union with a member of a "legitimate" family. His thoughts had considered various marriageable princesses in Europe, among others the two young sisters of Alexander, though one of them was only a little girl as yet. He began to throw out hints of a possible matrimonial connection while the meeting at Erfurt was going on. Alexander was not deaf to the hints, but he thought so little of a family connection with a man whom he may still have regarded as a

Corsican upstart, that, as soon as he returned home from the Erfurt meeting he married off the older Princess to the Duke of Oldenburg.

Perhaps as a mere gesture of friendship, expecting no favorable reply, possibly because they really thought that a peaceful reply might come, the two Emperors united in a letter asking the King of England to join them at Erfurt. George III's reply was not unfriendly, but made a condition that the government acting in Madrid in the name of Ferdinand VII should be represented. As Napoleon was on the point of setting out to overthrow that government and to confirm the position of his brother, Joseph, on the throne, naturally nothing came of this suggestion.

The meeting at Erfurt broke up on the 14th of October, 1808, the anniversary of the battle of Jéna, two years before.

The war in Spain had its effect on America. President Jefferson saw the new United States injured in its trade by both England and France. He was wholeheartedly against war, believing that the new government needed peace in order to build for itself a firm foundation. In any case it would have been folly to have attempted to fight both England and France. To fight one and not the other brought up the question—which one? for they seemed equally hostile. He also believed that both countries would be willing to make concessions to America, because they needed American imports so badly, if they could be put into a position where it was absolutely impossible for them to get these imports.

The Embargo, decreed by the Senate on December

18, 1807, was the means by which America believed that it could prevent our flag from being insulted, since our ships would be retained in their home ports. It would save the ships from capture since, in their home ports, there would be no danger. Lastly, England might be forced to abolish the Orders in Council and France the Berlin and Milan Decrees if they found themselves unable to secure American products in any way, even by the radical one of seizure on the seas, which both had been using.

When the Embargo was put into effect, however, it was found that the loss to America was very great. England also was made uncomfortable but not for long, for in the Spring of 1808, following the passage of the Embargo, Spain tried to repay England for her attempted assistance against the French army by letting her trade in her Spanish colonies to the West, that is, in West Florida, in Cuba and Mexico. The Embargo was enforced only a year as it was decided that it failed to produce sufficiently good results on England and France and was producing bad results on home industries and shipping.

In April, 1808, Napoleon, then at Bayonne tormenting the unfortunate Spanish Bourbons, issued what was called the Bayonne Decree, which ordered that all American ships coming within his ports should be seized. He ordered this by way of helping the Americans to enforce the Embargo, he said, by frightening them into keeping their ships at home. But he always thought of the Embargo as a commercial war waged by America against England and he did not want his great enemy to capture any occasional American car-

goes. The American representative at Paris, Mr. Armstrong, found himself so entirely unable to bring about any change in the situation that he withdrew from Paris. Decidedly the Embargo was a failure.

There is no doubt that Napoleon had in his mind at this time a universal empire of which he was to be the head. If he could make himself master of all Europe then his vision of Far Eastern Power which he had held from boyhood, might become real. In the dull present, however, the first thing for him to do after the meeting at Erfurt was to go to Spain and settle the affairs of that country. The series of defeats and disasters that the French had encountered at Baylen, Vimeiro and other places, was unbearable. He wrote Joseph that he would "end the war by one skilful stroke." He had no doubt whatever that his presence would bring success where his generals had failed.

And indeed he was not entirely wrong in that idea. His generals, for one thing, had been supplied with inexperienced troops, mere boys. Napoleon now took with him a large number of the trained soldiers who, he felt, were not at that time necessary in the East. He soon had 300,000 men largely from his experienced Grand Army while the Spaniards had only about 76,000. The French cavalry was twenty times the number of the Spanish. The reserve Spanish army of 60,000 was hardly organized and the English armies of only about 30,000 could not seem to get in touch with any of the Spanish divisions because communication was so difficult.

Before leaving Paris Napoleon said: "In a few days I shall set out to place myself at the head of my army and with the aid of God, crown at Madrid the King of Spain and plant my eagles on the towers of Lisbon." Speed had always been one of the great General's weapons and here he used it again. Such dash and the fear aroused by his presence won him several small battles and brought him quickly to Madrid. He had no wish to destroy the town so he sent a flag of truce and it fell without bombardment (December 2, 1808).

The Spaniards received the French in silence, the troops marching between rows of houses with closed shutters, the bystanders on the street staring at the invader with sullen eyes. Almost immediately upon taking the city Napoleon issued a series of proclamations. These included a new constitution. There is no doubt that the changes that he indicated were a huge improvement on the existing condition of affairs. He abolished the church court called the "Inquisition" which had been guilty of many cruelties, and also the feudal system whose methods had passed away in other parts of Europe a century or so before. He cut down the number of monasteries and convents; did away with custom houses between different provinces of the country and established a military and political organization which would be of great assistance to King Joseph if he proved himself capable of handling it. At every opportunity he declared the English hostile to the Spanish. Here is one of his proclamations:

Spaniards, your destinies are in my hands. Reject the poison which the English have spread among you; let your King be certain of your love and your confidence and you will be more powerful and happier than ever. I have destroyed all that was opposed to your prosperity and greatness; I have broken the fetters which weighed upon the people; a liberal constitution gives you, instead of an absolute, a tempered and constitutional monarchy. It depends upon you that this constitution shall become law.

This was all true; what Napoleon did not take into account was that the Spaniards preferred their own poor methods to the best constitution forced on them by an invader. The poet Wordsworth has expressed their feelings in lines which he called: "Indignation of a High-Minded Spaniard."

But if all my efforts prove useless [Napoleon's proclamation to the Madrilenians went on], and if you do not respond to my confidence it will only remain for me to treat you as conquered provinces and to find my brother another throne. I shall then place the crown of Spain on my own head and I shall know how to make the wicked tremble [and here came his real belief] for God has given me the power and the will necessary to surmount all obstacles.

The fall of Madrid did not mean that any other part of the country submitted to Napoleon. The fall of Madrid meant the fall of Madrid alone. Elsewhere fighting continued constantly and in the same small but annoying manner in which it had been going on for several years. One of the places that held out longest against attack was the city of Saragossa which

was twice besieged. This ancient town was almost surrounded by monasteries and religious houses and the priests led the fighting against the invading French. The peasantry from the country round about were brought into the town and every house had its defenders. Agustina, the Maid of Saragossa, won lasting fame for her courage. Rushes of the French through the streets only brought disaster upon themselves. At last they undermined and blew up house after house, the defenders staying in the buildings until the last minute and any who survived the catastrophe continuing to fight until they died. Nothing but death could put a stop to such a spirit.

Napoleon himself went out in pursuit of Sir John Moore who was retreating with his English troops toward the north and drawing the French after him. The Emperor, who had found himself too much burdened by his forty years to dance at Erfurt, was enough excited by this chase to march on foot through heavy snow storms over rough roads and trails. The weather, however, was very severe, too severe for Napoleon when combined with the prospect of only a series of small skirmishes and with the demand for his presence made evident in communications from Paris. Taking his guards and a considerable number of troops he set out for Valladolid and Paris which he reached on January 23, 1809.

Napoleon's arrangements had left the pursuit of Sir John Moore's army in the hands of General Soult. They met at Corunna on January 16, 1809. Moore was mortally injured in this battle but before he died he succeeded in making arrangements for the departure

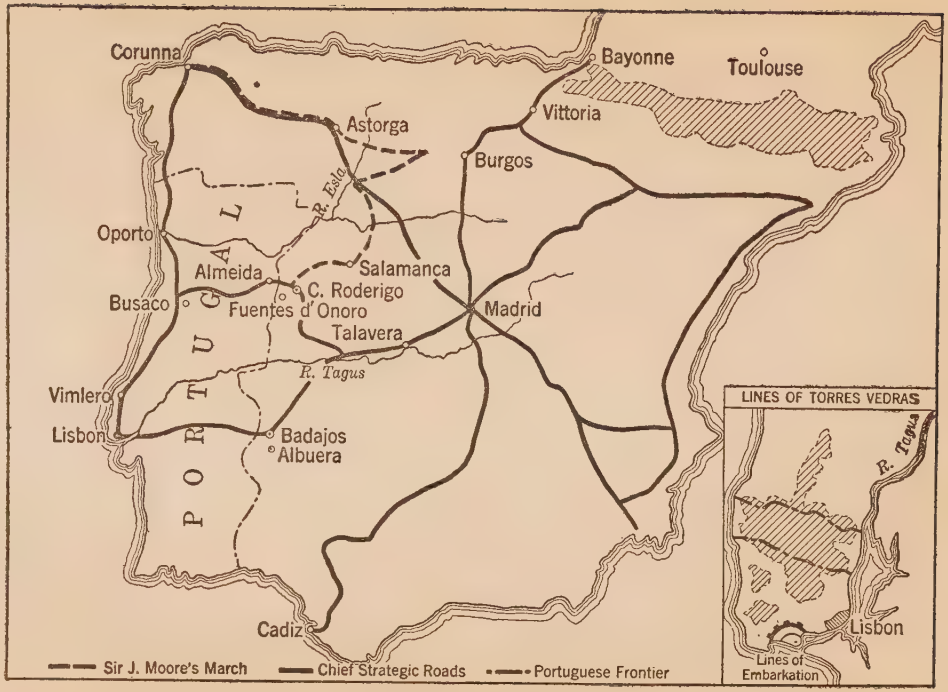
of his troops on English vessels which came to carry them away.

The northern and central part of Spain now contained thousands of French troops but nowhere were they permitted to rest in peace or to gather in any large numbers. As soon as one skirmish was over another body of Spanish cropped up ready to fight again. In spite of the fact that so much of the country was in the hands of the French it was far from being dominated by them.

Joseph was deeply hurt by Napoleon's pushing him to one side and treating him as if he were of no consequence. As a matter of fact he was of very little consequence but nevertheless his method of establishing himself on the throne by trying to win the confidence and friendship of the people whom he had undertaken to rule might have proved effectual. At any rate he was not the sort of man to bully them. Even Napoleon hesitated to break up an ancient nation such as Spain was.

The French agreed to evacuate Madrid provided Joseph were accepted as the King. In order to get rid of the detested invaders the Spaniards took the oath of allegiance to King Joseph as did the people in the provinces occupied by the French. They, however, did not consider the oath binding since they were forced into acknowledgment.

Early in 1809, then, saw Joseph sitting upon an unstable throne in Spain and Napoleon back again in Paris ready to probe the troubles there and in Germany that had come to a head during his absence.



The Peninsular War

CHAPTER XXI

AUSTRIAN CAMPAIGN

(1809)

THE conviction that the French Army's lack of success in Spain was not due to the inefficiency of its generals, but to the passionate and determined patriotism of the Spaniards and that not even his own superb military genius could retrieve the situation, was a blow to Napoleon's belief in his own power. He admitted to a friend that the entrance into Spanish affairs was the stupidest thing he had ever done and he asked for advice about freeing himself from the embarrassment. On being told that he could withdraw from the country he retorted: "Remember my position—I am a usurper. To gain this position I needed to have the best head and the best sword in Europe." He went on to say that he must keep up the reputation he had won for genius and military ability. It would never do for him to admit publicly that he had made a mistake. He must pile up a succession of victories both political and military, that was clear, and it was equally clear that he was shaken in his belief in his own invincibility. It was no time for him to stay at a distance from the center of affairs, however. If he could not conquer Spain at one blow as he had expected to, he must leave it once more to his officers and return to the center of things.

Return was urged on him in letters from Madame Letitia and Eugene. Talleyrand and Fouché had been seen going about Paris together arm in arm and that meant mischief. Every one was hinting at plots. "Don't delay," they both wrote.

That advice agreed with Napoleon's own desires. He made all speed toward home and reached there in a fortnight. Then he lost no time in applying the lash to his suspected officials. Before a gathering of important men he attacked Talleyrand violently.

"You are a thief," he said; "a coward, a man without honor; you do not believe in God; you have all your life been a traitor to your duties; you have deceived and betrayed everybody; nothing is sacred to you; you would sell your own father. I have loaded you with gifts, yet there is nothing you would not attempt against me." And so on for half an hour. Talleyrand listened to him with apparent calm. When His Majesty had finished Talleyrand bowed and left the room, remarking to a friend whom he met outside the door, "What a pity a man of such brilliant mind has such bad manners!"

Then came Fouché's turn. He also took his punishment calmly—and did not leave the room. And after all this the Emperor kept the two men in Court instead of putting them somewhere under guard where they could not injure him.

They had already done that in many ways, among others in making Austria believe that there was a strong anti-Napoleonic party in France that would work with Austria from the inside. This belief induced Austria to hurry preparations so as to take advan-

tage of Napoleon's absence in Spain, of his taking large bodies of troops with him and so leaving many points to the east unguarded, and of England's offer to furnish war funds after Austria was in the field but not before. They hoped to jump into the arena first and take Napoleon unaware. Talleyrand and Fouché hoped they would.

Studying all the information that his messengers had gathered Napoleon found that his armies and those of his opponents would be about the same in numbers when he had made his levies. He was at a disadvantage, however, because his forces were widely scattered while Austria's were already pretty well concentrated. In a fury of haste he set about collecting men, calling up conscripts and summoning brigades from every part of his domains to meet near Ratisbon in Germany.

When he reached the ground himself he found that his own armies were disposed in just the manner he liked to have his enemies' armies arranged—separated from each other so that he might attack first one and then the other. He was already angry because Alexander of Russia had decided to remain neutral. Now he discovered that General Berthier, his faithful coworker in Italy, Egypt and every campaign since, had made this deplorable blunder. "If I did not know you were my friend I should suspect you of being a traitor!" he thundered at him. Which was what Berthier turned out to be at the end, when, after serving in the friendly capacity of proxy at the Vienna marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise, and again in Russia and through all the warfare that followed, he went over

to the side of Louis XVIII. That earned him the nickname of "Peter," since after a lifetime of service he had denied his master.

Now, however, he was true, and did all in his power to aid Napoleon to draw his troops together and rush them forward. The result of their tremendous effort was a five-day series of battles (April 19–23, 1809) which the great soldier regarded as brilliant from the point of view of military tactics. The French were successful in all. Eckmühl brought the Austrians to a stop. Ratisbon was besieged and taken. This cleared the road to Vienna.

It was at Ratisbon that Napoleon was struck in the foot by a spent bullet. It was not at all a serious wound but painful enough and the sight of their beloved General seated on a drum as the surgeon examined his foot excited the soldiers who had long believed that he led a charmed life. They were so disturbed that he had to mount his horse and ride up and down through the lines amid the men's frantic cheers to show that he was safe. A day or two later he was made unconscious by a fall from his horse, another nervously trying accident.

It was at the siege at Ratisbon that Robert Browning wrote:

Incident of the French Camp

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,

Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping: nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed: his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed: but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;

"You're wounded!"—"Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said,
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

Just a month after leaving Paris the French army was in Vienna (May 12, 1809) now drained of enemy troops. It is told that during the bombardment of the capital Napoleon was told that the Archduchess Marie Louise, daughter of the Emperor Francis, was very ill in the palace. He gallantly ordered the bombardment in that quarter to stop. Less than a year later he married this young girl who had been taught to look on him as a monster and who wrote to her father during the battles before the taking of Vienna: "There are a great many prophecies about his speedy end and people say the Apocalypse applies to him. They say he is going to die this year at Cologne in an inn called the Red Crawfish. I do not attach much importance to these prophecies but how glad I should be to see them come true!"

Not all the fighting was around Vienna. Andreas Hofer, a romantic hero of the Tyrol, was at this time causing Napoleon's troops in that mountainous country much trouble. In Italy, on the other hand, Eugene Beauharnais, after an unfortunate beginning, defeated the Austrians and pushed northward until he met his stepfather.

A blow more deadly than any received in battle because it shook the confidence of many of his own people as well as of his allies was dealt the Emperor by his own attitude toward the Pope. He sent a gar-

risoning army into the Papal States, and followed that by depriving His Holiness of four of the States. For this the Pope excommunicated him. The Emperor treated the retaliation as a joke but was sufficiently angry to have the Pope taken prisoner. After being taken to France where it was found that his presence aroused too much feeling he was returned to Savona near Genoa. For three years (until 1812) he was detained there under rigid supervision. Here are some of Napoleon's instructions about his care:

"You will leave only the number of persons necessary to wait on him and you will not permit any one of any kind to visit him. You will take care to have all the Pope's papers, books and documents taken from him and you will have them sent to Paris. You will leave him no paper nor pens nor ink nor any means of writing. You will give him a few French servants and you will remove the unsatisfactory ones. Besides this the people of his household can be forbidden to go out."

The severity of these regulations added to the hostile feelings aroused in hundreds of thousands of loyal breasts by the treatment to which the Pope was subjected. In 1812 His Holiness was removed to France where he lived with more comfort at Fontainebleau but still as a captive. The matter was an open wound with churchmen all over France. Perhaps the later misfortunes of the country came because of it, they thought.

There were some who thought that misfortune came almost immediately. For Napoleon had hardly installed himself in Vienna before he stripped Pius VII

The Casualties at Aspern Wring Tears Even from the General

of his lands and made him practically only Bishop of Rome and almost on top of that high-handed deed came the battle of Aspern-Essling. It was fought for two days (May 21 and 22, 1809) along the Danube, was a scene of hideous bloodshed and so nearly a defeat for the French that not even Napoleon claimed it as a victory though he sent word to Paris that "we remain masters of the field of battle," which might be interpreted to mean victory. Marshal Lannes was killed at this time and the forces of both sides were so depleted that there was no fighting for several weeks while Francis brought up supplies and Napoleon, using the large island of Lobau in the Danube as a camp, nursed his wounded, built bridges to the mainland and waited for the coming of reinforcements for which he had sent out galloping messengers to France and Germany and Italy.

On the night of the fourth of July, 1809, during a terrific thunderstorm the French troops crossed from the island at an unexpected point and so surprised the Austrians that they retreated for a few miles and took up a position near the town of Wagram which has given its name to one of Napoleon's most famous victories. There the battle was fought on the sixth with the women and children and old men looking on from the rooftops of Vienna! The "weakling Francis," as Napoleon wrote Josephine about his future father-in-law, "was content to watch the battle from an observatory twelve miles away from the field."

Three months later (October 14, 1809) the Treaty of Schönbrunn was signed. By it Austria lost her opening on the Adriatic and, of course, other territory. She

was humiliated. Yet the following April Francis gave his daughter in marriage to the man she had been reared to think of as an "ogre" and the young girl, terrified but obedient, set out for France to be hostage for a permanent peace between her father's country and her husband's.

CHAPTER XXII

JOSEPHINE AND MARIE LOUISE

(1809–1810)

NAPOLEON went back to Paris from Vienna determined upon the divorce from Josephine about which he had been thinking for many years. The Treaty of Vienna added much territory to the already huge empire and every additional province made him believe more strongly that he should have a son to whom to leave his power and his land.

In the case of an empire like Napoleon's, loosely put together, many allied principalities surrounding a central country (France in this case), there are three reasons for the people's wish to remain united. The first is the dominant personality of a strong ruler. So far, this was the case with the French Empire. Napoleon's will controlled all its parts. The army, which adored him, stood behind him. He was the law and he had in the army the means of enforcing the law. But if his strong personality should be removed what would be the fate of the Empire? Napoleon realized that he might very well be removed by death for he saw no prospect of fighting ever ending in his life, which was that of a soldier, and his next wound might not be a mere bruise in the heel. He began to feel also that his destiny, about which he often spoke, was not to favor

him forever. He often said that he would go on and on, up and up, and then go out like a flash. This feeling was not untrue to fact, as his after life proved. It was perhaps the feeling of a man who had compressed into a short life what is usually spread through many decades and who felt that at forty he had begun to age. However that may be, it was clear to him that he must have a lawful successor to hold the people when his own personality should be removed from the scene.

The second reason for the binding together of a composite country is the self-interest of its parts. Each must be convinced that is better off in the union than alone. No one knew better than Napoleon that that reason would not apply to the strongly opposed elements in the Empire that he had made. No matter how amiable the terms expressed in many treaties, the needs and the interests of Italy, of Austria, of Prussia, and others were not those of France. Each country had had its own individuality for a long time. Each had its own national feeling. Merely bringing them together into the empire and forcing new boundaries, new regulations, upon them could not change in a flash what had taken centuries to grow. The only common need which they felt ardently was to be rid of the conqueror who had humiliated them in battle and then had led them behind his chariot. Napoleon knew very well that there was no common interest that would hold his Empire together after his death—unless—unless it might be found in a son of his.

The third reason for an empire's holding together is loyalty to a ruling family. Napoleon, who had come

from an independent race and who had scorned the old monarchy during the Revolution, was now a firm convert to belief in the power over the people held by a ruling family—a dynasty. He seemed to believe that there was magic in the mere fact that a man, a king, dying, handed down his power to his son. If Napoleon had died at this time his power would possibly have gone to one of his brothers, none of whom had any talent for ruling, or to Eugene, who in spite of being now called "Eugene Napoleon," was after all only his step-son. Indeed, it is quite possible that the enemies of Napoleon working against him even after his death, might have stirred a revolutionary spirit just as he himself had taken advantage of the Revolution to make himself a ruler. Probably Napoleon did not believe in such a possibility. What he did believe in thoroughly was that he should have a son to whom he could leave his power and whose very name would cast a spell of quiet over the turbulent parts of the great gathering of countries which he had brought into one, and over the other countries which were dependent on or allied to the French Empire. A son was his hope for France—and for himself!

But having a son to whom he could leave his power meant divorcing Josephine to whom he had been married for more than thirteen years and to whom he was tenderly attached. He had tried various ways to bring about the divorce. He would have preferred not to have had the step come from him. Fouché, the Minister of Police, wrote and talked to the Empress, advising her to make the tremendous sacrifice of suggest-

ing the divorce herself. Napoleon told her openly that it was his desire that she should resign herself "to the interests of my policy and yourself spare me all the difficulties of this painful separation." This asked an intolerable effort from Josephine; yet more than once the Emperor declared to her, "I have not the courage to come to a final resolution."

He could not abandon the idea, however, and after his return from Vienna he announced to the Empress his determination that a divorce should take place immediately. This decision threw Josephine into an illness. A few days later when Eugene arrived from Italy and was told the distressing news, he asked permission of the Emperor to leave his post as Viceroy of Italy and to go with his mother into her retreat. Napoleon was grieved at the suggestion insisting that Eugene should remain as a member of his own family. The young man felt so strongly his mother's position that at the time when she read what was called "the authentication of the divorce" before the family council consisting of Napoleon's mother, Madame Letitia, and his brothers and sisters, he fell fainting as he left the room. Notwithstanding the pain it would necessarily give him it was he who was appointed by Napoleon to announce the divorce to the Senate and to endorse it. He was also consulted as to the choice of a new bride for the Emperor. He was spared nothing.

"Josephine," Napoleon said, "you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only true moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affection must yield to the welfare of France." Men

are impelled by mixed motives and it is very possible that this was true and that at the same time Napoleon looked forward with some complacency to marrying a daughter of what he called a "legitimate house," that is, of a royal family of long standing.

An eye-witness of Josephine's last evening at the Tuileries (December, 1809) speaks of the perfection of her attitude in the presence of all the courtiers who still did her homage while knowing full well that it was for the last time, that in an hour she would descend from the throne and leave the palace never to re-enter it.

She went to Malmaison to live, the pleasant little country house outside of Paris where she and Napoleon when he was First Consul had passed many happy days. She was also given a *château* called Navarre about fifty miles from Paris, and a handsome income. Napoleon wrote to her frequently, sent the little King of Rome for her to see, when at last he was made happy by having a son, and never failed to keep her interests in his mind. When he was banished to Elba she wished to join him but believed that it was not wise to do so. She died on the 29th of May, 1814, a little more than three weeks after he reached Elba. Her last words, repeated over and over, were "Bonaparte—Elba—Marie Louise."

In his banishment on the island of St. Helena Napoleon always kept her picture on the wall. One witness of his death says that her name, "Josephine," was the last word on his lips, though others say that he murmured, "France."

After Josephine left the Tuileries for Malmaison

Napoleon withdrew to the Trianon, where he stayed three days in a quiet wretchedness entirely foreign to his nature. He spoke to no one, did no writing, made no notes, remained in a state of gloomy suffering.

However, his nature was one of action and he immediately turned his attention toward the arrangements for securing a new bride. The Russian match had not been looked on with approval by the Czar, one reason being that his sister was far too young. Napoleon withdrew abruptly from this proposed arrangement and feeling released from any obligation under which his proposal might have placed him, arranged a contract of marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria. With his usual attention to details he then ordered studies to be made of every step that had been taken when Marie Antoinette came as a bride from Austria to France. He did not wish the Austrians to say that the new Empire was ignorant of the customary etiquette of such an occasion. Napoleon interested himself in his new coats and waistcoats and even tried to learn to waltz. He also rode vigorously every day in the hope of removing some of his fat. He sent his fiancée beautiful gifts and himself saw that they were properly packed. He ordered for his bride a trousseau costing ten times as much as the one she was bringing with her.

Napoleon's old friend, Berthier, was soon to go to Vienna and attend to the preliminaries. On the 11th of March, 1810, the marriage was celebrated in Vienna. The bride's uncle, the Archduke Charles, represented Napoleon at the altar. Two days later Marie Louise with a suite of three hundred in eighty-three

Marie Louise Meets her New Subjects at Compiegne

carriages, with the necessary baggage carriers, started for Paris. On reaching French soil the Austrian suite left her and one of Napoleon's sisters (Caroline, Queen of Naples) met her. A courier carried flowers and messages to greet her every day while she was on the road.

As the new Empress's train approached Compiègne, the place where she was to meet the Emperor, he slipped away from his suite and was driven rapidly along the road on which the travellers must come. At a small village he took refuge from the pouring rain under the porch of a church and when the bride's coach appeared he dashed out into the rain, opened the door and entered abruptly.

"His Majesty, the Emperor of the French, my brother," said Caroline by way of introduction.

Napoleon kissed his bride and her first words were, "Your portrait does not flatter you." The civil ceremony of marriage was performed at the Palace at St. Cloud two days later and the religious ceremony took place in the Grande Galérie of the Palace of the Louvre.

Marie Louise was about eighteen years old and was not very pretty, but she was fresh and girlish and as Napoleon said "gentle and submissive." She had come to France very much afraid of her husband because of her father's experience with him during her childhood, but she soon became fond of him. They rode together, sat together quietly—she sewing and he reading—in the evening, and it is even told that one day when she was trying to cook an omelette the Emperor caught her at it and told her how it was done, not

succeeding himself in turning it properly but flopping it on the floor.

A year later on the 20th of March, 1811, the Palace of the Tuileries was surrounded with a throng of people waiting to learn from the cannon shot whether the new baby was a boy or a girl. Twenty-one shots sounded the announcement. When the twenty-second rang out the people cheered wildly for that meant that a son had come to wear the title of the King of Rome and to succeed his father on the throne of the Empire.

Josephine expressed her satisfaction. It was for this she had made her great sacrifice.

Napoleon's delight in his son was unfailing and very touching. The child was brought to him while he was breakfasting every morning. He was permitted in the great general's study when he was working with arrangements of little blocks which represented troops. He was named "Napoleon," after his father and his father was never too busy to speak to him, to play with him, to dash out on the terrace and talk to him as he sat in his goat-cart taking the air. This is the child who was known as "L'Aiglon," the "Eaglet," and who, after Napoleon's downfall, was brought up as the Duke of Reichstadt at the Court of his Austrian grandfather and died there of tuberculosis.

It was a very short time that Napoleon had, after all, to know his son. A few weeks when he was a baby, a few months after the return from the fatal Russian expedition, and a few weeks in 1814 at the time of his abdication in favor of his son. That is all, for the Allies did not permit Marie Louise and her son to join Napoleon at St. Helena.

The Emperor is Always Eager to Play with the King of Rome whether on the Terrace at Meudon or in His Study in Paris

The child for whom Napoleon had sacrificed Josephine and to whom he wished to leave his empire, never sat upon the throne, but it is possible that Napoleon was right in estimating the attitude of the people toward him, for when the baby was born the whole of France was frantic with delight and if events had followed a smoother course and the terrific crash of Napoleon's fall had not equalled the immensity of his rise to power, it is probable that the Bonapartes might have sat upon the throne instead of the Bourbons on their return.

When the crash came Marie Louise did not stand by her husband as she should, so that neither politically nor personally was the marriage successful. Napoleon once referred to it as "that abyss covered with flowers which was my ruin."

CHAPTER XXIII

CLOUDS GATHER

(1810–1812)

THE gloriously received baby was christened in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame on the 10th of June, 1811, but his presence in the world did not bring to his father's empire all the peace and stability that he expected from his new dynasty. There were troubles both at home and abroad. Many of his own people were profoundly hurt by his treatment of the Pope. Religion is something so deep-seated and the Church, as the expression of religion, is regarded with such respect that even those who had been contemptuous of religion and the Church in the revolutionary days, were startled and perhaps a little frightened at the audacity of Napoleon's treatment of the head of the great Roman Church. It was the local clergy who pronounced Napoleon's divorce valid and when thirteen cardinals refused to go to his wedding with Marie Louise they were punished in many ways, among others, by being forbidden to wear their scarlet robes. Their most ardent followers considered that it was a distinction for them to be called the Black Cardinals, from the color of their new garments, though it was not prudent to say much about it out loud.

There was also a growing feeling of rebellion against

the cruelties of the conscription. After the Polish and Austrian campaigns of 1807 which made such a drain upon the man-power of France, the exceptions which had been given to only sons, to the fathers of motherless children, and to the sons of aged and infirm parents were done away with. The unfortunate dependents could get on as best they could. The strong arm of the family must be added to the military strength. When conscripts were called up a year ahead of their appointed time it became hard for even patriotic followers of the Emperor to forgive it. Yet because Napoleon must win battles to "bring glory to France"—or to gratify his ambition—this was necessary, since in the seven years between 1804 and 1811 one million, seven hundred thousand men had died in battle. Of this great army, the "veterans" were as a matter of fact made up of a considerable percentage of very young boys, while throughout all the villages and towns of France the lame and the blind and the crippled were charges on their communities.

Through Fouché Napoleon kept his finger on the pulse of the people and he knew well that this emotion was stirring, yet he cared for it not at all and as yet saw no threat in it. The fighting that was to consolidate his empire must go on.

His dearest wish was always to conquer England. The commercial war carried on by the Continental System was, as we have seen, his chief method. Its success depended on the cooperation of the allied kings and the heads of the French departments and military provinces. The latter he could control; the allied kings were not so easy to handle. He became

increasingly convinced that the Continental System was not successful because the monarchs who were his allies and who had promised to give their support to the System, were as a matter of fact too much annoyed by the restrictions it put on commerce—preventing the outgo of home goods and the bringing in of desired English goods—and so they allowed themselves to accept a thousand excuses which would permit the issuing of licenses to trade and the enjoyment of the various goods forbidden by the Dictator.

The behavior of Louis, King of Holland, was exceedingly trying to his brother. He was in the position of having not quite so much independence as if he had been an allied monarch not related by blood to Napoleon, yet he was more independent than the Governor of a military province. Finding himself in this position he tried to act for the best interests of his people, the Dutch, on whom Napoleon looked with supreme contempt. Trading with England was of the greatest advantage to Holland and Louis refused to be treated as if his country were a conquered province. His brother, however, continued to harass and bully him until in 1810, Louis, weary of the struggle, abdicated in favor of his son and withdrew to Austria. Napoleon was enraged and humiliated and when Louis refused to come within French territory he sent forth apologies excusing his brother's behavior on the score of ill health.

Had it been as easy to get out of Spain into allied territory as it was to reach that sort of refuge from Holland, no doubt Joseph would have followed Louis' example. As it was he was wretchedly unhappy

and repeatedly begged to be released from the burden of wearing the Spanish crown. Occupied elsewhere, the Emperor failed to send sufficient stores to the army in Spain. They were forced to live on a rough and impoverished country where they could have no dealings with a friendly peasantry for the peasantry was in a constant state of uprising against them. No decisive victories were gained, but on the other hand, there were no decisive defeats. The French gained a little constantly by nibbling here and there. The situation, however, was not such as Napoleon liked to have when he had in mind a possible invasion of Russia. He would have preferred to leave a peaceful Spain behind him so that he might withdraw troops for use elsewhere and also feel some sense of security against repeated uprisings.

A new personage, hostile, though secretly so, now appeared in the North. Bernadotte began his military career in the Royal Marines of France. He served Bonaparte in Italy and in the armies along the Rhine and he had command of the Army of the West. He was made a marshal and, afterward, the Prince of Ponte-Corvo and was prominent in the campaigns of 1805 and 1807. Napoleon never felt perfectly confident of his friendship, however, and there also entered into their relations a note of jealousy, for Bernadotte married Désirée Clary, sister of Joseph Bonaparte's wife and a girl whom Napoleon had once considered marrying. He thought better of it but seems to have had a sort of dog-in-the-manger attitude; he did not want to marry her himself but he did not want any one else to marry her. Now, in 1810, Charles XIII of

Sweden, who had no son, selected Marshal Bernadotte as the Prince Royal and heir to the throne. His selection was confirmed by the proper authorities who felt that they were ingratiating themselves with Napoleon by this choice. Napoleon had no valid objection which he could bring into the light of day, but it made somewhat strained relations between himself and Bernadotte. He probably realized that here was another man who would do as he chose and not become a mere tool of the Emperor. The situation was exceedingly difficult for Bernadotte because he was put into the situation later on of joining the Coalition against France, his fatherland. He did not, however, invade French territory, although he did fight against French armies. Like Louis, he had not been able to carry out the Continental System, since it was extremely harmful to Sweden, with a severity that suited Napoleon. That alone was enough to put him in the black books of the Emperor.

Lucien, outraged by his brother's behavior toward the Pope, had asked to be permitted to go to America to live. He was on his way there when his ship was captured by the English and he was taken to England where he lived very contentedly. Jerome, as King of Westphalia, was getting all the enjoyment there was out of his position and cutting a rather despicable figure before the eyes of Europe. On his side, he had something to complain of when Napoleon sent French troops into his country. Brother-in-law Murat was another who was restive under Napoleon's command and was, in consequence, threatened with the loss of his throne of Naples.

Napoleon had always felt that Josephine brought him good fortune. Now that he had sent her away he must have had a superstitious feeling that in her absence misfortune was beginning. By the autumn of 1810 Napoleon was so annoyed at the behavior of the dependent countries that he determined that from then on he would appoint only Viceroys instead of Kings.

At this time the Empire reached its widest extent. The following paragraph is quoted by way of record of what this meant geographically:

Spain as far as the Ebro had been annexed to the Empire in March, 1810; in December the whole North Sea coast as far as Lubeck was likewise incorporated into the Empire. Jerome was deprived of a portion of Hanover which he had received only in January and the Duke of Oldenburg, who had married that favorite sister of Alexander for whose hand Napoleon had tentatively sued, was dethroned.

The same year Valais, the little commonwealth which had been separated from Switzerland and made independent in order to neutralize the highway into Italy, was likewise annexed. This new department, called that of the Simplon, together with the four erected out of the coastline of the North Sea, brought the limits of the Napoleonic Empire to their greatest extent. The Illyrian provinces and the Ionian Isles were not under direct civil administration from Paris, being held as military outposts. Biscay, Navarre, Aragon and Catalonia were each likewise held as military governments. Murat was made King of Naples, Louis' infant son became Grand Duke of Berg, Eliza was already Grand Duchess of Tuscany and Princess of Lucca and Piombino. It will be remembered that Pauline was Duchess of Guastalla; Jerome, King of Westphalia; Joseph, King of Spain; Berthier, Prince of Neuchâtel; Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento and Eugene, Vice-

roy of the Kingdom of Italy. These states, together with the Confederation of the Rhine, the Helvetic Republic, Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg and Denmark with Norway, were all vassal powers. But Rome, Genoa, Parma, Florence, Siena, Leghorn, Osnabrück, Münster, Bremen and Hamburg were now capitals of actual French departments, the total number of which reached one hundred and thirty.[1]

There was trouble, too, with American shipping. Just a few days before President Madison began his term of office (March, 1809), the Embargo Act was repealed. This was the Act which kept American shipping in home ports in order that the vessels might not be captured by either England or France. In spite of the Western trade opened to her by Spain England had on the whole suffered rather more than France from being cut off from American trade. Therefore, when the Embargo Act was repealed and a huge fleet of American ships which were now permitted to trade with any European country excepting England or France sailed forth, the Emperor was extremely angry, chiefly because he saw that he could not control American shipping as he was trying to control the shipping of European countries. His lack of success was continually more apparent and more annoying.

With the undoubted intention of making further trouble between England and America and with no intention, however, of carrying out his own promises, the Emperor in August, 1810, addressed a letter to the American Government. In it he revoked his Berlin and Milan Decrees (by which intercourse with England was cut off and any ships that had touched

[1] From Sloan's *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.*

at a British port were regarded as British), the revocation to take effect as of November 1, 1810. "It being understood that in consequence of this declaration the English are to revoke their Orders in Council and renounce the new principle of blockade which they have wished to establish; or that the United States, conformably to the Act you have just communicated, cause their right to be respected by the English."

Although the American representative in France, Mr. Armstrong, had been long at the French Court and was usually well informed on any governmental moves that affected America, he did not see the deceit of this letter or at any rate did not report to America that there was evidence that the Decrees remained in active operation. America took the stand that Napoleon was speaking the truth and because England did not revoke her Orders in Council she broke with her and the war of 1812 ensued.

John Quincy Adams, sent as American Minister to Russia, had better fortune than his diplomatic brother in France and got the better of Napoleon's Ambassador at the Russian Court. He had an interview with Alexander on the 25th of October, 1809, telling the Russian Czar about America's shipping troubles just at the time when the Czar was finding that he must yield to an insistent demand from a large party of his subjects to cease to obey Napoleon's Continental System. Adams won Alexander's sympathy and found that Sweden, too, was getting into the mood of fighting with Napoleon over the plight of neutral trade of which America was the chief representative.

Oddly enough, when America declared war against England she put herself on the side of Napoleon because he was also opposed to England; but this did not mean that America became an ally of Napoleon or did any fighting on his side.

That there was going to be war with Russia and before very long became increasingly clear to both the Emperors and to all who knew anything about foreign affairs. To all who studied French or domestic affairs either, for that matter, for the Minister of Finance had reported to Napoleon that the Treasury was in a very low condition and it was the Emperor's customary method of filling the Treasury to make a new war and replenish the home chest from the indemnities paid over by the conquered.

Then every once in a while something new happened to irritate either Alexander or Napoleon. While Alexander probably considered a marriage between his sister and Napoleon as one very much beneath her, yet Napoleon's brusque way of handling his decision about it was distinctly annoying. The Polish question was not answered decisively, either. Alexander wanted Napoleon to say definitely that Poland should not regain her independence. Napoleon's reply was that he would not aid any one to help Poland gain her independence. This wording made no promise about his own behavior. The high-handed way in which he had deprived the Duke of Oldenburg, who had married Alexander's sister, of his territory, merely that the Emperor might personally attend to the closing of his harbors against the English, Alexander considered as a breach of friendly relations. That he did the same

thing to his brother, Jerome, did not make the matter any better. Napoleon had not helped Alexander in his war with Turkey; he had even in an indirect way, tried to prolong the war so that Alexander might be so occupied with it as to pay less attention to France and also that his forces might be reduced by the struggle.

The situation became clearer than ever when both sides tried to make friends with their active enemies so that they might not be harassed by too many opponents if they fought each other. Russia, for instance, made friends with Turkey on May 28, 1812, and in the following July, with England. With Sweden definitely allied with both Great Britain and Russia there was no fear of her being drawn into the war on the side of Napoleon.

Napoleon, on his side suggested peace to England with a recognition on its part of Joseph and Murat as Kings of Spain and Naples, and a withdrawal of English troops from their territories. This withdrawal, of course, would mean the release of a considerable number of French soldiers whom Napoleon might take with him to Russia.

The probability of a revolution at home because of shortage of food, was suggested to the Emperor and he discussed it with seriousness. It was another of the things that were making him hesitate for, for the first time in his life, he was really hesitating. Although only forty-two years old his mental and nervous forces which had matured so young had reached their height and the weakening which usually comes to men much later in life, was beginning. It had been a part of his

phenomenal success that he made lightning decisions and followed them up with instant action. Now he was weighing pros and cons and hesitating indecisively. It is true also that his affection for Alexander stood somewhat in his way. There had been a real friendship between the two men and both disliked to break it. Still believing in his destiny Napoleon is said to have declared about the Russian war: "I am driven onward to a goal that I know not!" He liked to think of himself at this time as "Emperor of the Continent," and he once said, "Three years more and I am Lord of the Universe!" An unknown goal, indeed!

CHAPTER XXIV

OFF TO RUSSIA

(1812)

BEFORE Napoleon went on the Spanish Campaign he gathered his allies at Erfurt to strengthen his fences, as American politicians say—to test their attitude toward him and to make it more favorable. He thought it wise to do the same thing before entering on the much more difficult, far more dangerous and uncertain campaign in Russia. The invitations bade their recipients meet at Dresden and to that town in Saxony in May, 1812, there went the sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, Würtemberg, Naples, Saxony, Westphalia, Saxe-Weimar and Dessau with their prime ministers and secretaries of Foreign Affairs.

With the Austrians was Metternich, the man who had arranged Napoleon's second marriage, who was ranged with Talleyrand and Stein of Prussia as one of the ablest diplomats of Europe. Beautiful Queen Louise had died and her husband brought a note of melancholy into the group whose gorgeously arrayed suites made the city a brilliant place for a large part of the month. There were reviews and entertainments of various sorts at which the Empress Marie Louise, a representative of the Hapsburgs, the oldest reigning

house in Europe, stood beside her self-made husband and, as the consort of the great conqueror and the head of the greater empire, patronized her Hapsburg emperor-father and her stepmother.

Napoleon took his place as the ruler of rulers and played his part with good taste and without arrogance. He had met his father-in-law but once before, after the battle of Austerlitz, and this meeting at Dresden was to be their last. Having Francis as an ally was the cause of great prestige for Napoleon for it ranged on his side the greatest monarch in Europe next to the Russian emperor. If this alliance could be maintained Europe would be divided between France and Russia. Then, if Russia should be conquered, there would be nothing to prevent the formation of the United States of Europe with the Corsican at its head.

Though he had these hopes in mind Napoleon went through the form of inviting Alexander to Dresden. He did not expect him to accept and the Czar had no intention of putting himself in a false position by going there just as he was about to enter on a conflict that he knew could not be stopped at this stage—that he did not want stopped at this stage. He was ready to fight even though he knew that his army was smaller than Napoleon's.

The Russian army numbered but 400,000 as against Napoleon's 680,000 here and there. It had, however, one source of strength whose power could not be calculated. It was an all-Russian army and that meant that the whole force of the spirit of patriotism filled it. It could not be expected that there should be a similar spirit in Napoleon's "army of twenty nations,"

drawn from all Europe as far as the boundaries of Russia. Here were not only French but Italians, Austrians, Prussians, Poles, Bavarians, Illyrians, Dutch, Swiss, Spanish, Portuguese and as many more. What one purpose could move such a conglomeration? Hatred of an enemy, perhaps, or love of a ruler or a country. There was no especial hatred of Russia in this mighty gathering. If the truth were told more than one country would have preferred to be under Alexander's banner. Austria had offered troops to Alexander before she had to Napoleon. Prussia, revived by education and a freshened patriotism, felt that she lost her new-found independence in yielding to Napoleon's demand for troops.

Nor was there much love lost on Napoleon, the master of Western Europe. To the common soldiers he was always the Little Corporal who shared their sufferings and brought them glory and to the peasants he was the condescending friend who sat in their cottages and ate their bread and cheese; but no one who did any political thinking could accept unquestioningly his country's being handed about from one alliance to another at the dictates of an outsider. Here there could be none of the passion of national feeling that had maintained Spain in arms against the intruder weary month after weary month. It was fear and the habit of obedience that kept the overlords to their alliances and the underlings in the armies called by their countries' names.

The invading army, the "Grand Army," gathered in Poland, comprised ten corps in addition to a considerable force of Austrians, four divisions of cavalry

and Napoleon's own troops, the Imperial Guard. The continuing war in Spain, the precaution of watching over the coast looking toward England and the necessity of keeping the long supply lines open demanded that a large army should be kept under arms in France. This numbered some 900,000 men and 300,000 more from the "excused" classes held themselves in readiness to answer any call.

For a year, while diplomatic "conversations" between the Emperors had been going on, supplies had been heaping up at strategic points. There were vast stores of ammunition and great numbers of field pieces with 18,000 horses to draw them. There were pontoons and other bridge-building material. There were huge supplies of grains and other foods with ox-wagons to transport them and thousands of head of cattle to draw the wagons and to be slaughtered for food later. The advance of the army was not begun until June so that the horses, of which there were 150,000, might have grass to eat and not be obliged to haul their feed.

Every contingency was met in advance so far as was humanly possible. And yet, as often happens, not everything could be foreseen. For instance, there were, Napoleon found, few mills in the province of Kovno, where he had planned to store quantities of rice and wheat. A problem was at once created. How was he to meet that difficulty? It was not the only one to be created by the nature of the country, the size of the army, the behavior of the non-combatant inhabitants.

What should be done with Poland had been one of the causes of trouble between Alexander and Napo-

leon. Alexander was willing to let the country have its own administration as long as it remained subservient to Russia. The Poles thought they might expect more generous treatment from Napoleon and preferred to cast in their lot with him in the hope of gaining their independence. It would not have been at all like him to give it to them but he was, naturally, willing to use their belief to his own advantage, to accept their soldiers and to advance through their country, unmolested, to the Russian frontier. He continued to feel with a certain unusual dread, yet with the excitement caused by his favorite occupation, the making of war, that his destiny was urging him forward.

When he said to a friend, "I am driven onward to a goal I know not," he added: "When I shall have reached it, when I shall be no longer needed for the effort, an atom will suffice to overthrow me; but until that moment all known efforts will be powerless against me."

The Czar made no reply to messages by Napoleon and the war was really on when part of the "Grand Army" numbering 400,000, crossed the River Niemen which, at Tilsit, had been the scene of the friendship-forming meeting between the two Emperors. Napoleon had addressed a general bulletin to the soldiers as had been his habit since the day when he invited them to enter Italy, and that burning hour in Egypt when he called the spirits of the past to look down on the prowess of the present. Now he said:

Soldiers! the second Polish war is begun. The first ended at Friedland and at Tilsit. At Tilsit Russia vowed an eternal

alliance with France and war with England. She now breaks her vows—Fate drags her on—let her destinies be fulfilled. Does she imagine we are degenerated? Are we no longer the soldiers who fought at Austerlitz?—Let us cross the Niemen and carry the war into her own territory. . . .

Alexander, whose troops were divided into three armies, made a similarly stirring address to his soldiers, reminding them that they were defending their religion, their country and their liberty.

The crossing of the Niemen was accomplished by the vast army at different places. An eye-witness of the passage of the section accompanying the Emperor has given an account of the brilliant pageant made by seemingly endless lines of artillery and marching men and horsemen, thousands of them glittering in armor, emerging from the forest at the point of crossing and shouting a greeting to the Emperor when they saw his tent pitched on a bluff commanding the bridges. In the rear toiled the ammunition and commissary trains, miles in length. Not only the great general but all the officers and men were excited and enthusiastic, the actual passing of the river frontier seeming to mean that they were truly embarking on one of the greatest adventures the military world had ever known.

Napoleon undoubtedly meant to employ the strategy he had found successful so many times. He would throw great weight against one spot in the enemy's army and then attack their broken forces and defeat them one after another. After one or two major battles, which he fully expected to win, he would be in a position to dictate terms; he would enter the capital city, Moscow; would press on from there to St. Peters-

burg; he would be the dictator of Russia and the master of all Europe.

But trouble began almost as soon as he entered upon this huge sparsely settled land of outstretching barren steppes and close-set, gloomy forests. The weather was appallingly bad, fearful heat being followed by torrents of rain that drenched the men and made bad roads worse. The horses, because the grass was both insufficient and of poor quality, ate rotting thatch from the roofs of abandoned huts and fell by the roadside sick and exhausted, 10,000 in one stretch of fifty miles. Food supplies, in consequence, were lost or fell far behind. There were no gardens and farms to levy on for the peasants had fled at the approach of the enemy, taking their food stuffs with them and often burning their cottages and barns as they left. The absence of fresh vegetables caused increasing illness among the men; at one time the Bavarians were losing eight and nine hundred men a day. Thousands of soldiers, discouraged or hunting food, strayed away so that, intentionally or not, they were deserters. Fear must have entered many hearts at the thought of what autumn and winter would bring if there was such suffering from cold and hunger now in early summer, July, and at the beginning of the most fully provisioned campaign ever known.

Napoleon was also experiencing the annoyance that he himself had caused the old-time soldiers who were his opponents in Italy long before. They had complained that this strange young general did not play the military game as it was known in those days. "Now he is here and now there," they said; "we do not know

where to look for him." In Russia Alexander's armies were not acting at all as Napoleon would like to have them so that he might use his customary methods. They did not mass for a big battle. To be sure there were small affairs, some of them brilliantly arranged for but not well carried through. In one the French plans were so badly developed that Napoleon said of his brother Jerome, "It is impossible to manœuver worse than he has done."

Napoleon was not his usual alert self. He was not well and as he found horse motion uncomfortable and carriage travel even worse by reason of the roughness of the roads, he went on foot, plodding through the mud mile upon mile. As his first careful plans went astray he became more and more hesitant about substituting others. Yet he was firmly convinced that Alexander would not fail to meet him in what he called a "good battle"; it would be ignominious if he did not.

Fighting at Vitebsk promised well but amounted to little. The Russian armies did not stay apart to be separately defeated! They drew the allies farther and farther into this difficult country, put them into positions that meant wasting time and wasting time always suggested the threat of winter with its terrors. They only united before the great town of Smolensk where they presented a formidable front to Napoleon's army which had lost 100,000 men by death, disease and desertion without having had a major engagement.

Yet here at Smolensk, the Key of Russia, the Sacred City, on the direct road to Moscow, the Russian armies were engaging the allied troops in what was hardly more than a series of frequent skirmishes, of attacks

Burning Smolensk Is no Triumph, for Its Flames Destroy
Supplies Whose Loss Threatens the Army's Very Life

in the suburbs of the town apparently out of retaliation for the bombardment its ancient walls were receiving.

Napoleon began to think seriously of staying here until spring (for it was the 16th of August) and recuperating his army, now shockingly reduced to only about 200,000 men. But when he entered the town with a conqueror's joy he found it a mass of ruins, the streets filled with the bodies of citizens killed by his bombardment, and the elusive Russians gone on, taking with them whatever food and stores had been massed there. It was no place to winter in in that condition and he was forced to pass through, his army becoming more and more demoralized by the lack of stimulation they would have received from a successful battle, by the constant pricking annoyances of running skirmishes and by the suffering caused by the lack of food. The news that the Czar had made a treaty with England and that England had made one with the Spanish Regent was not comforting.

But to the Russians, too, this perpetual retreat seemed ignominious. Many nobles, some of the generals, most of the soldiers were demanding that the appearance of running away should cease. They did not realize that while Napoleon was continually losing men they were gaining as they advanced into their own country. Their outcry was so loud that it was determined to make a stand at Borodino, seventy-two miles from Moscow. Napoleon was elated when he found that he was really to have his "good battle." He showed to all his officers a newly arrived portrait of his little son as if it might bring them good fortune and though depressed at the news from Spain, Welling-

ton's victory over the French at Salamanca, he issued another of his ringing proclamations.

Soldiers! Here is the battle that you have so long desired! Henceforth the victory depends on you. We need it. It will give you abundance, good winter quarters and a speedy return to your country! Act as you did at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Vitebsk, at Smolensk, and the most remote posterity will quote with pride your conduct on this day. Let it say of you: "He was at the great battle under the walls of Moscow."

Mounted on a superb gray Persian horse that he had ridden at Vitebsk and Smolensk and that had been a gift from the Czar himself at the Erfurt meeting the Emperor went through the fighting from September 4th to the 7th, 1812. The encounter was one of the bloodiest in the history of Europe since much of the struggle was hand to hand. The Russians, under General Kutusoff, lost 50,000 men and the French 30,000. The battle was planned in a masterly fashion and was carried out according to plan and the result was a victory for the French. Yet the Russians were not annihilated or even held; they effected a retreat and therefore were in a position to harass the allied army in many ways for months to come. Napoleon held his Guards out of the Borodino battle. If he had thrown them in toward the end when the French were too exhausted to press their advantage he might have brought about the utter defeat that was the only thing that could have been thoroughly useful to him at that time. He did not want to use his only remaining fresh men, however. "What if there should be a new battle tomorrow?" he queried. That did not show the

old spirit. Not so many years before he would have made sure of the battle today and let tomorrow take its chances.

A week later he was on the Mount of Salutation, before the city of Moscow. Countless thousands of pilgrims have stood there to hail the holy places of the ancient town. He had expected to gaze with all a pilgrim's ardor at the Kremlin rearing its august crown in the center of the city. He was too exhausted to be stirred by any such passion. Here he was—but this was Attainment and not Success.

CHAPTER XXV

MOSCOW AND THE RETREAT

(1812)

WHEN Napoleon had approached other capital cities—Berlin, Vienna, Madrid—the officials had come forth promptly to meet him in order that they might save their towns from destruction. Such was not the case at Moscow. Rather than acknowledge themselves defeated the citizens abandoned the town. Kutusoff arranged with Murat that the Russian army should pass through the town without destroying it and that the French should follow to seize what they found. This gave the Russian general a chance not to report that he had been defeated at Borodino, but to say that he was withdrawing for a time to await his reserves.

Such a withdrawal did not suit the inhabitants of Moscow, however, and almost as the last of the Russian soldiers went out of one gate and the French soldiers entered on the opposite side, the people, seizing what belongings they could carry with them, poured after the Russian army. The French entered to find only those folk who could not move rapidly enough to keep up with their military protectors. Old men were there and women and little children and the Governor of the city had thrown open the prisons so that the

prisoners might have their chance of freedom and escape.

Napoleon waited long outside the city, observing its pleasant gardens and orchards, its many churches and its surrounding manor houses with their clustering peasant cottages. No one came to offer him, as Count Leo Tolstoy has said, "bread and salt and the keys of the city." So in the afternoon of the 14th of September, 1812, he rode into Moscow past empty churches and abandoned houses and took up his lodging in the vast Kremlin. There he awaited word from the Czar offering to surrender and asking for the negotiations of peace.

The next day fires, which had broken out here and there over the city and which readily spread because the houses were of wood, were filled with stores of inflammable goods and were surrounded on the edge of the town by huge piles of firewood, broke out on an enormous scale all over the city. There has long been discussion as to the cause of these fires. The French, Dumas among them, assert that the Russians set fire to their own city out of sheer vindictiveness; the Russians say that the French looters set the fires to cover up their tracks. Napoleon believed that the Russians were guilty because it was reported to him that all the 130 fire engines of the place had been put out of commission. As the fire went on he watched it from the window of his room, crying, "What a dreadful sight! Their own work! So many palaces—how stupendous a decision! Who could have expected anything of the kind? What men they are!"

The Russian Governor of the city certainly had de-

clared his intention to burn it and he even went so far as to say that he had set fire to his own house, but again he denied having anything to do with the conflagration.

Tolstoy says: "The fact is, the burning of Moscow cannot be attributed to any one person or any number of persons who could be named. Moscow burned because the city was in a condition when a city of wood must necessarily burn. In the absence of its inhabitants it was doomed to the flames. The burning of Moscow was due to the soldiers' pipes; to the fires used in cooking food; to the piles of wood and to the negligence of hostile troops when the inhabitants were replaced by foreigners. We may truthfully say that Moscow was burned by its inhabitants, not, however, by those who remained, but by those who went away."

The Kremlin itself caught fire and as much gunpowder was stored there Napoleon was obliged to leave the Palace and go to a country house for a few days. The Emperor escaped with Murat and Eugene through streets filled with sparks from the houses burning on each side, their beams flaming and crashing, the heat almost insupportable.

Returning four days later to the Kremlin Napoleon found that he was still waiting for word from Alexander. No message had come. For the third time since this strange war began Napoleon sent a letter to his opponent.

My Lord Brother, [he began] beautiful, magical Moscow exists no more. . . . How could you consign to destruction the loveliest city in the world—a city that has taken hundreds of

years to build? How could you lay it waste for so little gain? Out of kindness and in the interest of your Majesty I have now taken charge of the town which the Russian army has sacrificed. . . . It is surely impossible that you, with your high principles and your good heart, can have consented to such abominations for they are unworthy of a great ruler and a great nation. . . . I have made war against your Majesty without animosity. A word from you either before or after the last battle would have stayed my progress. For your Majesty's sake I should have been willing to forego the advantage of entering Moscow. If your Majesty retains any of your former feeling toward me you will receive this letter favorably. At all events you will be grateful to me for telling you of what is going on at Moscow.

Napoleon is said to have excused himself for not answering many letters by saying that most communications, if left unanswered long enough, answer themselves. Alexander seems to have believed in this plan for no reply came to this epistle from his enemy. He, himself, was rather easy-going, rather vacillating, yet he was consistent in his determination not to surrender or to ask for peace. When the foe first crossed the River Niemen he had promised the Mayor of St. Petersburg that he would never yield while a single enemy remained within the boundaries of Russia. He kept that promise although many of the members of his court and his mother urged him to yield, for it was expected that the terrible Napoleon would not be content to stop at Moscow, but would push on for the destruction of St. Petersburg. Keeping the vow was made easier by Bernadotte of Sweden who returned to him 40,000 Russian soldiers recently loaned by

Alexander for the purpose of fighting Norway. This body of troops was by no means an unwelcome addition to the Russian army. Alexander was further strengthened by the advice of Baron von Stein. This German diplomat and statesman had been exiled from his country by Napoleon and had withdrawn to Russia where he gave superlatively good advice to Alexander. Napoleon's old boyhood Corsican enemy, Pozzo di Borgo, who had almost turned the Emperor's ambassador, Caulaincourt, over to Russia's way of thinking after Tilsit, was still in good standing in St. Petersburg and used all his influence against his fellow islander.

For five weeks Napoleon waited and waited in the Kremlin for the word that did not come. He was unutterably bored, for the brilliant military plans that he made were only such as he might put into execution at some time in the future. He read such books as could be found in the Kremlin; he spent long hours at his meals, contrary to his usual habit; he had some actors gathered together who gave plays; he worked over a change in the charter of the *Comédie Française*. He found that even going into winter quarters in Moscow would be dangerous, for the peasantry had fallen upon his supply trains as they drew toward the city, and had taken from them everything they could. His orders to the peasants in the villages to bring food into the city for which they would be paid, had met with no obedience. His soldiers were half starving. The winter was not an early one this year, fortunately for him, but it was always there in prospect—the dreaded cold to which most of his men were so un-

accustomed. Word came that the number of Russians around the city was increasing, disturbing news even if he decided to retreat—and that ignominious resolution kept coming into his mind as being daily more of a possibility. At a council, one of his generals advised waiting for spring and then marching upon St. Petersburg. It is what the fighting side of the Emperor would have liked to do. However he weighed the difficulties and to those affecting the army he added those of the politician who must maintain his popularity with his people. He hardly knew what was going on at home. He dreaded the possible growth of feeling against him in France and, even more, in Germany and Austria where he knew that he was not any too much beloved.

The soldiers were not sorry to turn their faces westward once more. They secured rich plunder throughout the wealthy city whose storehouses were open to them for the mere trouble of breaking them in. At the Emperor's order the huge golden cross surmounting the Church of St. John within the walls of the Kremlin, was lowered and packed that it might be raised in Paris upon the *Hotel des Invalides,* the home for disabled soldiers.

On the 19th of October the retreat began. One hundred and fifteen thousand soldiers left Moscow. With them went the families of the French colony living in Moscow and the nationals of others of Napoleon's allies who wished to take advantage of the protection of his army. This loaded the retreating line with women and children and their household belongings. The number of wagons containing supplies and

plunder and these non-combatant people with their effects and the sick amounted to 40,000. They and the luggage were placed in the center of the long train, protected by troops in front and behind. The Russians had so arranged their forces that Napoleon would be obliged to retreat over the devastated country by which he came. Cossacks were continually drawing off bands in annoying skirmishes which did not amount to much and yet which resulted in death, in loss of animals and supplies and in a constantly increasing sense of disturbance. On one occasion Napoleon himself was almost captured by one of these roving bands. They were keenly watching for him because orders had gone out that every short man among captured prisoners should be examined to make sure that he was not the Emperor Napoleon.

Three weeks later the cold began and then the suffering was indescribable. Terrible stories are told of the atrocities committed by both armies on account of the cold. One tells of the capture of a band of 2,000 Cossacks by the French who stripped them of their clothing in order that they might wear it themselves and then drove them on naked until they perished of the cold. The Russians, on their side, stripped any French stragglers whom they captured and wore their clothing, while the road was marked by naked frozen bodies. Everywhere were the fragments of wagons, broken wheels, bits of wood and parts of the load that had been thrown away to lighten the task of the laboring horses.

Napoleon and Murat and the faithful Eugene, who had started from Moscow in travelling carriages, made

their painful way on foot through the snows of mid-Russia, walking to keep their blood in circulation. Horses died; explosions of gunpowder blew up the munition wagons. Overcome by sleep the soldiers fell into a doze and woke to find a hand or a foot frozen. Many fell asleep never to awake again. Even the weight of a gun became insupportable to these struggling walkers and hundreds of them threw away their weapons. At one time Napoleon's own Guard fell into utter disorder. Napoleon addressed them: "These poor deluded men are throwing their muskets away. Are you going to follow this shameful example? If so, then there is no hope left for us. On you the whole future of the army depends."

An eye-witness has described the procession. "First, the generals—most of them on foot. They are ghosts in rags with weatherstained mantles, thin, gray, with uncombed beards, round-shouldered, silent, prisoners of fate they are. They are followed by a legion of officers stumbling along on sticks, their frost-bitten feet bound with fragments of sheepskin. Then come all that are left of the Guard of Cavalry. Last of all come three men on foot—the King of Naples (Murat), the Viceroy of Italy (Eugene) and between them a short man wearing a fur coat and a fox hat who aids his steps with a staff."

The snow arrived before they reached the town of Smolensk which had afforded them no refuge on their trip toward Moscow and was equally inhospitable toward them now. Napoleon had ordered that supplies of all sorts should be awaiting them there, but none were found and the army was forced to continue

its desperate march. The soldiers longed for the villages and huts they had burned on the eastward march for now they had no shelter and the peasants flocked back from whatever refuges they had found to torment the men who had made them homeless. The snow covered wood that might have been used for fires; the men were afraid to lie down lest they freeze. They were frantic with hunger and when a horse fell dead they rushed upon it and tore it apart, eating the flesh raw. Even when they were able to start a little fire from the wood of wagon wheels it did not last, for the fierce wind blew it out. Marshal Ney, who was in command of the rearguard, followed the 50,000 men that were all that were left of Napoleon's army when it reached Smolensk. They fought continually until the corps of this brave general was reduced to 900 men. Soon there were only 600 men out of the corps of 39,000 with which the Marshal had begun the campaign.

The army was now entirely disorganized. Napoleon sent word ahead to Vilna, crying "Rations! Rations! Have them ready! Else there is no knowing to what horrors this undisciplined mass of men will not give themselves!" He also gave orders that no foreign envoys should be allowed in Vilna when the army arrived. It was in no condition for them to look upon, he confessed.

The crossing of the Beresina River which had brought these final commands from Napoleon was a scene of terrible disaster. The bridges which were built across the stream after great trouble, were broken down during the making and no fewer than three Rus-

sian armies descended on the French who were crossing under the utmost difficulties. Women and children, for there were still some hardy creatures who had survived the terrors of the retreat, and soldiers were massed on one of these bridges when it broke and threw them all into the icy stream. The cry of horror and terror that went up sounded and resounded above the artillery. The loss of life in this fighting and through this disaster at the bridge was counted as from 20,000 to 25,000 with many casualties uncounted. After this the Emperor wrote: "The army is at its last extremity; it is impossible for it to do more even if it were a question of defending Paris."

Before crossing the fatal Beresina a courier had brought word of a strange conspiracy in Paris. A former general, Malet, published a forged announcement of Napoleon's death. The Minister of Police declared a provisional government established and in this easy way upset the Empire for a short time, for many believed in the truth of what had been proclaimed and many seemed glad at the possible re-establishment of a Republic. To Napoleon the thought that such an announcement had not been met by the immediate cry of "Long live the King of Rome! Long live the new Emperor!" was a terrific blow. All his hopes of fortifying his life work by the establishment of a dynasty were destroyed by this report. He felt that he should go to Paris at once to find out the exact state of affairs.

Taking only a few of his officers into his confidence, the Emperor had an interview with his marshals, behaving with great affability toward them all. Eugene read to them a bulletin, in which the Emperor de-

clared that it was only the weaklings about him who had lost their courage and thought of defeat. To those who kept up their spirits every rebuff was an opportunity for glory. The climate was blamed for the diminution of the army. The bulletin ended with: "His Majesty has never been in better health!"

There was no formal leave taking. At the town of Smorgoni on December fifth, 1812, he entered a sleigh and with two others set forth for Paris. Murat was left in command. To the officers who had been with him for years this abandonment recalled the Egyptian campaign. "That is the way he treated us in Egypt!" they cried with indignation.

He drove away across the snow and disappeared to the west. After him slowly and painfully marched the 20,000 or so men who were all that was left of the half million who had dashingly crossed the River Niemen when they began the invasion of mighty Russia six months before. The very last man to cross was Marshal Ney, a figure of indomitable courage wearing a uniform tattered and begrimed with powder stains, for it was he who fired the very last shot of the war before he crossed the river. To some one who met him and asked, "Who are you?" he replied: "I am the rear guard of the Grand Army."

The Russian Campaign was over.

CHAPTER XXVI

REORGANIZATION AT HOME

(1813)

NAPOLEON'S abandonment of the army was not entirely blame-worthy. Indeed not all his soldiers thought so, for many loved and honored him and always spoke with the utmost affection of him in spite of all he had led them into. And his generals knew that while in Egypt he was a soldier and only a soldier, now he was a statesman and ruler as well, and the reorganization of his empire was as much his duty as the accompanying of his troops across the frontier. Sentiment would have prompted the latter move. He obeyed the commands of common-sense.

To many the Malet conspiracy seemed merely a laughing matter. Napoleon saw that it was serious as far as he was concerned. The people had accepted the proposed change of government all too easily. This was a mood that must be counteracted at once—he had stayed away too long—he must put himself forward immediately in the public eye and make his strength seen.

To the West the condition of affairs was such as to give him a slight feeling of freedom. France had lost Southern Spain it was true, but there had been some successes elsewhere. England was disturbed by inter-

nal politics and the Duke of Wellington, still in the Peninsula, had been so affected by them that he marched his forces toward Portugal, leaving the French, for the time being, undisturbed. Great Britain was engaged in war with the United States and had been defeated on the sea in five engagements much to the surprise of the English and the delight of Napoleon.

Feeling that he could leave England to her own afflictions he turned his attention to France. Outstanding troubles he attributed to the laxity of civil officers and denounced them accordingly. The incapacity of the people to use power, was the text of many orations. Having thoroughly frightened the office holders, the Emperor's reward was found in repeated protestations of loyalty from all sorts of bodies and even from the capital cities of dependent states. The great cities of Italy—Rome, Turin, Milan, Florence—all sent embassies of affection and others came from Hamburg, Mainz and Amsterdam.

There was a scarcity of money but land was seized by the government and used as collateral on which to borrow and paper money was printed. This permitted the public works, which had been begun to give employment to the unemployed, to continue. Naturally this caused much good feeling among the laboring classes. The naval station at Brest was one of the works and there was a national pride in its being built.

Disabled veterans were more closely bound than ever to their great commander by the care which he gave them. So often did he visit them publicly with

the Empress and so generously did he arrange for them and for the families of soldiers who had been killed that it seems as if he were really truthful in saying that no war was worth the bloodshed that it cost; although the next moment he might say, as he did in an argument, that a million lives meant nothing to him—lives were merely parts of the machinery with which he put his plans into execution.

Again and again Napoleon declared that he wanted peace. Of course he meant peace on his own terms and at the moment he could not command those terms because he had been driven out of Russia. He did not permit the idea that he had been driven out of Russia, however, to become spread about in France. His most difficult task at this period was to explain his return under such discouraging circumstances. He who had always believed himself unconquerable and had made all the people of his time believe that he was unconquerable, was determined to maintain that position in the minds of friends and dependents. He did it by repeating over and over again that he had not been defeated by his enemies or by any mistakes of his own, but by the weather and by the abominable climate of Russia. He wrote to his ally, the King of Denmark:

> The enemy were always beaten and captured neither an eagle nor a gun from my army. On the 7th of November the cold became intense; all the roads were found impracticable; 30,000 horses perished between the 7th and 16th; portions of our baggage and artillery wagons were broken and abandoned; our soldiers, little accustomed to such weather could not endure the cold. . . . My losses are severe but the enemy cannot

attribute to themselves the honor of having inflicted them. My army has suffered greatly and suffers still, but this calamity will cease with the cold.

Over and over he reiterated that Russia had suffered more than he—that it was not his city that was burned, but Russia's city, that it was not his country that was devastated but Russia's fields and plains. He blamed a large part of the condition of the army to Murat although Murat had had full control only from Napoleon's departure from the army on the 5th of December until December 14th—when he followed his superior officer's example and abandoned it at Posen. Even after the full news came to France of the shocking condition of the scanty remnants of the Grand Army that had gone forth so proudly, he over and over made these protestations that the fault was not his and that he was not defeated. Only once did he show what may have been his real feeling. He was telling the legislature about his campaign, still insisting on his having come through undefeated, when he suddenly stopped and continued softly: "In a few nights everything changed. I have suffered great losses; they would have broken my heart if I had been accessible to any other feeling than the interest, the glory and the future of my people."

He had declared that he would retrieve all his losses promptly and would be back on the River Niemen within six months. To do this he had to build up another huge army. How was this to be created? France had an unquenchable appetite for glory. Here-

tofore Napoleon had gratified it by his countless victories. The country saw no way of keeping it secure except through their Emperor. They believed in the power of his determination and the Senate passed laws permitting him to make unusual levies even while every day was bringing in news of the severity of the Russian defeat. By the new laws he was permitted to add to his army a part of the National Guard which had hitherto not left the country. From the various dependencies of France he drafted some 80,000 men. The oldest of the conscripts gave him 100,000. Though it was only the beginning of 1813 he called up the boys who should have had another year at home. His ingenuity was extraordinary.

"The French people," he said, "will follow me whatever I do and if need be I shall arm women."

This large army meant also the furnishing of uniforms, supplies, ammunition, commissary and so on—all matters of heavy expense to an exhausted treasury.

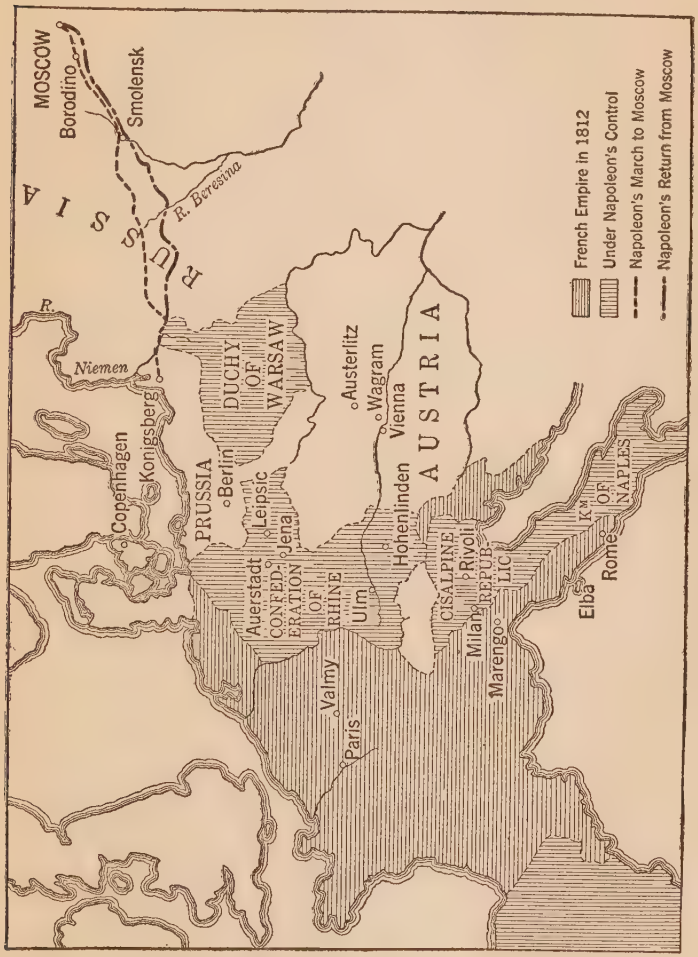
The desertion of the Prussian General Yorck to the Russians at the very end of the campaign had been a bitter blow to Napoleon but he turned it to the best sort of account. "Yorck has abandoned me," he wrote to the allies from whom he was trying to coax large reinforcements, "and I need your aid in consequence."

The whole of Prussia was turning against him. The people were beginning to think for themselves and they were indignant at the manner in which they had been treated. When Napoleon had first gone into Italy he had declared to the Italians that he brought them de-

liverance from their enemy, Austria. Now Czar Alexander, crossing the Niemen after what was left of the retreating Grand Army, announced that he came to bring deliverance to Europe from the common foe of Europe, Napoleon. Not only the people of Prussia but those of other countries felt a warm upspringing of national feeling at this promise. In his youth Bonaparte had roused people against their princes. Now he was sitting in the seat of the mighty and people were rising against him. The people of Spain and of Germany took the lead in forcing their rulers into the conflict with the man of the people who was no longer to be truthfully called by that name.

By the first of May there was a French army of about 250,000 men. Back of it was a national feeling aroused by the will power and the tremendous energy and working ability of Napoleon at his highest speed. The legislature was flattered into approval of various acts though it had been a nonentity for some time and Napoleon had told Metternich, the Austrian statesman, that he intended to take steps that would mean the destruction of its power. He came to a new understanding with the Pope. He won the approval of the plain people by going about among them very simply with the Empress and his little son, being seen in the parks and on the avenues of Paris quite like any other father of a family. Backed by good feeling at home and with a handsome force to work with, Napoleon started on April 15, 1813, against a coalition of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Great Britain, Spain and Turkey. His little son had been taught by his governess to pray:

"O Lord, inspire papa with the wish of restoring peace for the happiness of France and of us all." Napoleon meant to give peace to Europe—but on his own terms.



Continental Campaigns

CHAPTER XXVII

CAMPAIGNS OF FAILURE

(1813–1814)

OUT of the weary straggglers that Murat had abandoned at Posen Eugene built up an army of 14,000 men with which he hoped to make some show of holding back the Russians until Napoleon could reach him from France with his new forces. Napoleon planned a brilliant campaign. If he had been able to put it through it would have been one that would have brought him great renown as a strategist. That he was not able to do so was caused by his not having the right instruments to work with. His generals, either from weariness or because they were unable to understand his plans, were defeated. His soldiers, though they fought magnificently for boys, were, after all, unhardened young soldiers. Opposed to him were armies not of the old sort that he had met at first, made up of soldiers who fought merely because they were ordered to and who were quite indifferent as to the result, but of soldiers who were filled with national feeling and pride and who were determined not to allow their countries to be overwhelmed any longer by this outside ruler.

With his weary army of men who had had no rest since they crossed the River Niemen from Russia, Eugene proceeded to Berlin and when the Russians, cross-

ing in their turn, followed him he went on to the neighborhood of Leipsic. Here the French soldiers began to arrive. When Napoleon left St. Cloud on the 15th of April, 1813, to go eastward to his headquarters, he said to his companion General Caulaincourt, "I envy the poorest peasant in my Empire. At my age he has already discharged his duties to his country and he may stay at home enjoying the companionship of his wife and children, but I must go to camp and forever engage in war. My destiny commands it."

Reluctant as he was at this moment of parting with Marie Louise and the little King of Rome, he was again the eager, alert general when he reached headquarters. The French army largely outnumbered the armies of the Allies at this time and the victories, were in favor of the French. However, they were not decisive victories for Napoleon had no cavalry and therefore could not pursue the defeated enemy. They were, therefore, enabled to march away to a sufficient distance to reassemble their forces for the next fight.

During the first few days of May there took place through several villages in the neighborhood of Lützen a running fight in which the Allies were getting the better of it for the first part of the time. Napoleon's old marshal, Bessières, who had served with him in Egypt and in some of his most famous battles,—Austerlitz, Jéna, Eylau, Friedland and also in Spain,—was killed by a cannon ball. He was a man of about Napoleon's own age and one on whose ability and discretion Bonaparte had always relied.

Possibly shaken by the loss of this famous and ad-

mired leader some of the young conscripts of the army started to run away. They were, however, rallied by Napoleon himself who cried to them: "Young men, I depended on you to save the Empire and now I see you fleeing." Ashamed of themselves the boys turned about and fought bravely. The victory would have gone to the Allies, however, if Napoleon had not been able to bring up fresh reinforcements toward the end of the struggle. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were both watching the battle from their side of the field as Napoleon did from his. The sudden turn of fortune at the end of the day was so much like that of the battle of Marengo that the Allies began to feel a renewed respect for the general whose lack of success in Russia had aroused their hope of beating him and it also gave great encouragement to the French army.

On the day after the battle of Lützen Napoleon complimented his soldiers in the following proclamation:

> Soldiers! I am satisfied with you. You have fulfilled my expectations. The battle of Lützen will be placed above the battles of Austerlitz, Jéna, Friedland and Moscow. In a single day you have counteracted all the parricidal plots of our enemies. We will throw back the Tartars into their horrible climate which they must not leave. Let them remain in their deserts of ice, habitation of slavery, barbarity and corruption where man is put down on the level with the brute. You deserve well from civilized Europe. Soldiers, Italy, France, Germany return you thanks.

The Allies retreated to Dresden, entered the city

and blew up the bridges behind them. Napoleon followed but having no cavalry with which to harass the line he was not able to inflict any damage on them. It did bring back into Napoleon's alliance Frederick Augustus, the King of Saxony, who had sided with Austria and, at one time, though half-heartedly, with France, but who now thought it prudent to declare himself truly friendly since the French were in Dresden, his principal city. Both sides lost heavily in this fighting—some 40,000 lying dead on the field. A great many of them on both sides were students, for the supply of peasant forces was being exhausted.

A famous aide to the Allies appeared at this time in the person of General Moreau. He had been connected with the Cadoudal and Pichegru conspiracy (1803) and had been banished to America where he lived for several years near Trenton, N. J. Seeing now an opportunity to meet his old enemy on the battlefield, he returned to Europe, but not to France, and placed his military ability at the service of the armies fighting against his country, though his real foe was, of course, Napoleon.

The French occupied Dresden on the 8th of May, 1813, and on the 21st they fought the battle of Bautzen on the other side of the River Elbe. Here, too, was a victory which might have gained a good deal for Napoleon if he had had strong artillery and plentiful cavalry. His cannon, however, were not of sufficient range to be of much use, and with a totally insufficient supply of horses he could make no charges against the foe.

In addition, he lost his marshal and most intimate

friend, Duroc. Duroc was the only person who during all the time of his great friend's elevation to power had called him "thou" and had never failed him in any emergency. The loss was a terrific blow to Napoleon who was unable to concentrate on anything military, no matter how important, during the rest of the day. "Everything tomorrow, everything tomorrow," he kept repeating to all who came to him for orders. The next day he ordered a piece of land to be bought and composed the inscription for a monument to be raised there: "Here died gloriously in the arms of his friend, the Emperor, struck down on the field of battle by a cannon ball, General Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Emperor Napoleon."

Another useless victory was won when the French occupied the city of Breslau. Napoleon saw that this sort of conquest was getting him nowhere and therefore he was willing to sign, on June 4th, an armistice with the Allies which was to last until the 10th of August. During this time it was hoped by both sides that peace would be arranged. Everything depended on Austria. If Austria joined the Allies they would be so strong that Napoleon must be defeated. On the other hand, if Austria threw in her fate with the French, the soldiers and the prestige she could bring to that side would go far toward breaking down the Allies.

Metternich, the shrewd Austrian statesman, saw that this was a fine time to get back from Napoleon some of the territory that had been taken away from Austria. He went to Dresden to have an interview with the French leader. During it he suggested as the

price of Austria's continued neutrality that Napoleon should restore Illyria and such of the Polish provinces as had once belonged to Austria; should renew good feeling about the Pope by sending him back to Rome; should give up what was known as the protectorate of the Confederation of the Rhine and should reorganize the kingdoms of Naples and of Spain as they were before France entered there.

Napoleon's resentment at these suggestions was forceful. He demanded to know how much England was paying Metternich for making them. He expressed his surprise that Francis of Austria had no feeling for France based on the fact that his daughter was Empress of the French and his grandson, King of Rome. Napoleon's affection for his own family was still thoroughly Corsican and he could not understand how any one could have a detached attitude toward his own blood relations.

A Congress to discuss peace was held in the city of Prague, but with no result. The Allies saw that there could be no peace in Europe unless Napoleon were obliged to give up his dependencies acquired by force. The Emperor's pride could not endure such a loss and matters were at a stalemate when the armistice ended and the second campaign of 1813 began in the middle of August. The addition of Austria to the forces of the Allies meant that the French were now tremendously outnumbered. They had about 360,000 men as against the Allies' 800,000.

There were strange members in both camps; on the French side for instance were engaged three German kings—of Bavaria, Saxony and Würtemberg. On the

Allies' side was the German general, Yorck, who only a short time before had been one of Napoleon's generals in Russia. Against Napoleon also were fighting two Frenchmen, Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, and Bernadotte, who was now so completely adopted by Sweden that he was fighting against his own country. He was considered by Napoleon to be exceptionally dangerous to the French as he understood French tactics, strategy and methods of fighting and of course would make use of this knowledge. The Swiss military writer, Jomini, who had long been with Napoleon, was now on the other side. The Saxons were very uncertain friends and there were many individual deserters to the Allies. Agreement on this armistice was unfortunate for it gave the enemy a chance to recuperate, whereas if Lützen and Bautzen had been followed by a third victory, it probably would have finished the campaign in Napoleon's favor.

The second campaign of 1813 opened favorably to the French through a victory at Dresden that yielded them some 20,000 prisoners. Napoleon's appearance on the field aroused tremendous cheering. "His coming is worth forty thousand soldiers," cried an enthusiastic officer. The victory raised the hopes of the now anxious followers of Napoleon who felt that Destiny was being kind to him again. Moreau apparently felt so too, for when he was mortally wounded at Dresden he wrote to his wife, "That scamp Bonaparte is always lucky!" Napoleon, on his side, exclaimed when he heard of his former General's death, "Moreau! My star!" Dresden was Napoleon's last great victory.

Moreau did his best to counteract Napoleon's luck

for he made a plan for the campaign that the Allies followed and that proved advantageous for them. He had observed that Napoleon was usually successful in a pitched battle requiring elaborate evolutions and strategy in which his manipulation of large bodies of men was extraordinarily accurate. On the other hand, the great general was not infrequently considerably harassed by attacks and skirmishes which he probably thought too unimportant for his own attention. Moreau's advice was that the Allies should attack one corps after another of Napoleon's army, never allowing them to unite for a big battle. The Allies pursued this plan and no fewer than four of Napoleon's generals were defeated. As he said when he heard of Trafalgar, "I cannot be everywhere," and where he was not, there defeat usually settled.

The General tried to be everywhere, rounding up deserters, attending to failing food supplies, improving morale by his presence. So active was he that he earned the nickname of "the Bautzen Messenger." He sent orders to Paris to call out 160,000 of the 1815 conscripts two years in advance, and to recall to active service many whose term had expired. He tried to gain time and some profit by approaching the Emperor of Austria again. His proposals of peace rested on demands that the Allies declared themselves unwilling to meet, and the war went on with Bavaria transferring her allegiance to the side of the Allies.

By mid-October all the armies were gathered in the vicinity of Leipsic. For three days (October 16–19, 1813) the "Battle of the Nations" was fought. At the start Napoleon had 180,000 men against the Allies'

300,000 and on the second day Bernadotte brought in so many reinforcements that the total was overpowering. The withdrawal of the Saxons to the other side was disheartening. Napoleon called it "Infamous!" and the Saxon officers who remained true to him broke their swords in shame at such a betrayal. The soldiers of Würtemberg also abandoned him. General Blücher fought him with determination. The French had 60,000 casualties on the second day of the fighting. On the third day came defeat, but not annihilation, for the enemy had also lost some 60,000 men.

The retreat through the city of Leipsic meant the loss of more French lives but the overthrow was not final to the mind of the general who could not see himself playing the part of the conquered.

"By next May I shall have an army of a quarter of a million on the Rhine," he prophesied to his brother-in-law, Murat, as the King of Naples left the army to return to his kingdom. His prophecy did not come true. On the fourth of May, 1814, Napoleon landed in Elba. His Elban army was, by the grace of the Allies, 400 men.

Napoleon fought his way brilliantly to the Rhine, reaching Mainz on November 1st. On that day he sent a group of trophies to Marie Louise.

"Madame and beloved wife: I am sending you twenty standards captured by my armies. . . . they are a tribute I delight to pay you. Pray see in them a mark of my satisfaction with your conduct during the regency that I entrusted to you." This refers to the appointment of the Empress as Regent of the Empire during her husband's absence in the field.

Leaving his army now numbering only 70,000 Napoleon went to Paris, which he entered on the ninth of November.

The news of the success of the Allies in the battle of Leipsic was celebrated in London on November fourth, 1813. On the same day came the counterbalancing news of the defeat of the British by the American Admiral Perry on Lake Erie. The English offer to enter into direct negotiations with the United States looking toward the ending of the War of 1812, proposals which had been the subject of diplomatic "conversations" through Russia for some time, bore the same date. Napoleon's defeat had had its part in bringing the English to making this offer now. As a friend of France America must feel something of the humiliation of France and so would not have the spirit to insist on concessions that England was not inclined to make. But both sides had to make concessions and the Peace of Ghent was the outcome.

When Napoleon reached Paris and took account of the situation he saw sights that must have been extraordinarily bitter for him. During the years of his military activity he had kept the enemies of France out of her boundaries. Now they were actually on French soil. When he went toward the East he had always had an eye over his shoulder toward Spain, wanting to feel, as he said, "safe at my back." Now Wellington and the combined British and Spanish troops were at the Pyrenees and nobody could foretell where their advance would stop. The loyalty of the Emperor's allies was an extremely doubtful matter at this time. Realizing how many had slipped away from his alliance

in the last few months, he may well have felt suspicious of those who were left. France, herself, was bled white and had no eagerness to attempt to secure more glory at the expense of the lives of her growing generation of sons. The six months of the Russian campaign in 1812 had cost France more than 100,000 lives. The six months of the Leipsic campaign in 1813 had marked off an equal number. Napoleon said to some one that France had nothing to complain of; her loss was only a third of that of his allies. This was hardly consoling to the widows and mothers and orphans who were left behind.

For the first time Napoleon began to feel that France as a nation was opposing him as an individual. Louis XIV, increasing his height by tall heels and an uprising wig, strong in the knowledge that his was a throne descended to him from his ancestors, had said with simple arrogance: "I am the State!" Napoleon, who had captured power through applying the principles of the Revolution but who had felt himself insecure because he lacked the support of a dynasty, had said with belligerent arrogance, "I am France!" He was to learn that he did not now represent the will of the entire people. The Senate greeted his return to Paris as if he had been a victor but the legislature pointed out to him frankly the condition of the country, drained of money, drained of men and its natural resources of small account since they could not be exploited by the remaining population. Agriculture was practically at a standstill since the cultivation of the land must be carried on by aged men, women and little children. Leaving aside the ruthless-

ness of the French Revolution there had been good results from it in the establishment for all citizens of personal liberty, the right of property and the right of personal safety. Napoleon's conscription and his various methods of filling the ranks of his armies had deprived Frenchmen of these rights.

The Emperor was so enraged at the frankness with which these facts were told him that he dissolved the legislature. By so doing, he antagonized a large part of the population who still believed that he was a friend of the people. He had ended his reproaches to the legislature with the cry: "Go! France stands more in need of me than I of France!"

Yet he had to turn to France at once to provide himself with still another army to meet the approaching forces of the enemy. He issued orders for the conscription of all the boys of 1815. He had called up the draft of 1814 a year in advance and had used them up. The lads he was summoning to the colors now were so young looking that when they were given the title of the "Empress's Own" they were promptly nicknamed by the people "The Marie Louises" since they looked as much like girls as boys.

It was an unfortunate time for France when these hundreds of thousands of young men were killed off, for they were sent to their death before they were old enough to be married and for many years there were few marriages and few births. It took a long, long time to replace the havoc made in the population of France by her own admired ruler.

At this time Napoleon regretted bitterly that he had wasted the lives of some 250,000 French soldiers

in his effort to put his brother on the throne of Spain. It had ended with Ferdinand VII's taking the throne that rightly belonged to him. Joseph was summoned to Paris and urged to give his support to the Emperor and his son and to the regency of the Empress while Napoleon was in the field. Caroline Bonaparte, the wife of Murat, had come to the conclusion that her brother's day of power was over. She had, therefore, advised her husband, the King of Naples, to join the other side. He had accordingly made peace with Austria and England. This was a stinging loss.

Besides visits from the civil population who begged Napoleon not to prolong the war, he was urged by many of his generals to enter into a peace before he met with further reverses. They knew that the terms exacted by the enemy would be harder after each defeat and they could see in the future only defeat with the small forces which were all that Napoleon could possibly gather, opposed to the increasingly large forces of the Allies.

The Allies had offered him terms which were not unreasonable. The boundaries of France were to be those set by nature, the Pyrenees to the south, the Alps and the River Rhine on the east. These limits were far too small for the man who had seen himself as the Emperor of the United States of Europe. He refused them and made his preparations for the field. Joseph, he left in Paris as his Lieutenant-General in Command of the National Guard. On the day before he left the city he brought Marie Louise and the King of Rome into the courtyard of the Tuileries and presented them to a body of the National Guard drawn

up there. "I leave with you," he said, "what I hold dearest in the world." This simple expression of affection for his family and his trust in the Guard, brought tears to the eyes of the soldiers and cheers to their lips. The officers raised their hands in a vow of protection. This was on January 23, 1814.

If Napoleon, stationed in Paris, could have seen across the entire surface of his country he would have beheld the enemy approaching the great city in what was roughly a fan-shaped formation, the sticks ending at the Palace of the Tuileries. It was an impossible task that he had set himself, for the French army numbered but 60,000 men, a large part of them untrained troops, while the enemy's various armies amounted to 600,000. Yet Napoleon's surpassing military genius enabled him to plan a campaign brilliant in strategy which would undoubtedly have had much success if only he had had armies of adequate size, and which actually gave him several victories. Among them was one at his old school town, Brienne, where he defeated the formidable Marshal Blücher.

On the first of February, 1814, the retreat to Paris was under way. The entry in the Emperor's diary for the next day is an excellent example of the human attitude of people who take one view of an action if it is done by you and another if it is done by me. Napoleon says: "The enemy soldiers are behaving horridly everywhere. All the inhabitants are fleeing to the woods . . . the enemy consumes everything, takes all the horses, all the cattle, all the rags of the peasants." This seemed to be quite shocking in his eyes though apparently when his soldiers did the same thing on the

road to Moscow it was not objectionable. He goes on to say with a certain simplicity: "The enemy should think twice before doing this for Frenchmen are not patient."

In no part of Napoleon's career has the influence of his personality been shown more clearly. The Empress Josephine always said that when Napoleon chose to charm no one could be more fascinating than he. His soldiers were always under his spell. Even now when they could not help knowing that they were fighting continually-losing battles, the officers who had any contact with him still adored him and believed in him and obeyed him. On the other hand those who were at any distance from him seemed to be so overcome by the situation that they could make no move. General Augereau, who was in the south of France, did absolutely nothing although Napoleon continually sent messages to him urging action. The civil officers in Paris were terrified. The Emperor wrote to his old comrade Cambacérès: "I see that instead of sustaining the Empress, you discourage her. Why do you lose your head like that? What are these *misereres* and these prayers forty hours long at the chapel? Have people in Paris gone mad?"

The Emperor sent word frequently to Joseph giving him instructions about Marie Louise and the King of Rome in case Paris should be taken.

"I would sooner know my son to be in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France," he wrote, directing that the boy and his mother should be taken in the direction of the River Loire.

During the two months of this fighting terms of

peace were continually being offered, first by one side and then by the other, according as one or the other was successful. The time came when the Emperor would have been glad to accept the natural boundaries suggested at the close of the Leipsic campaign. This offer was not now open, however, and the boundaries of France in 1789 when the Revolution began were those suggested.

"What," exclaimed Napoleon, "leave France smaller than when I found her? Never!"

A little over two months from the time when Napoleon left Paris to join the army, the Allies entered the city (April, 1814). Marie Louise and the boy had gone to Blois the day before. Napoleon and his generals were at Fontainebleau.

The march of the Allies into the city was greeted in a friendly fashion by those of the people who were still royalists at heart enough to shout "Long Live the Bourbons!" Those who were still of republican and Bonapartist belief remained silent, though they had expressed themselves the day before when they burned in the court of the Invalides some 1,500 battle-flags of Louis XIV and Napoleon, so that the enemy might not capture them.

Talleyrand at once attached himself to Alexander. The Allies' policy was to treat the French people as if they were the victims of Napoleon. They announced that they would not treat with Napoleon himself or with any member of his family. They felt sure that they already had on their side a considerable part of the population and that others would go over to them. They constantly sent messages to the generals who

were with Napoleon at Fontainebleau, intimating that they were acting contrary to the desires and will of the people in clinging to the man who had brought the people and the country to this low ebb. Realizing that it was important to gain the rank and file of the army as well as the officers they did not limit their persuasion to the generals. Over and over they said: "You are no longer the soldiers of Napoleon. The Senate and all France release you from your oath."

Napoleon, at Fontainebleau, was in a dilemma. He had been marching toward Paris when he heard, by chance, from soldiers talking together at a post house where the horses of his traveling carriage were being changed that the city was taken. He could not believe his ears and gazed at his companions with real horror. At Fontainebleau he talked over the situation with his marshals who gathered about him, Ney, Berthier and others who had followed him as his close companions for years. General MacDonald answered frankly his questions as to what the soldiers thought of an attack on Paris. The marshals replied that those of the soldiers who had seen the burning of Moscow would not expose Paris to such a fate; that they had given proof of their desire to save France from the enemy; that they were starving even in their own country among friends and were ill and furthermore had no desire to add to their suffering the mental distress caused by a civil war against their friends and relatives.

One morning General Marmont was not at hand when Napoleon asked for him. He had gone over to the enemy. One after another of the generals,

even Berthier and Ney, left the Palace for Paris.

At last Napoleon accepted the suggestion of the Allies and abdicated unconditionally (April 6, 1814). Here is the Act of Abdication: "The Allied Powers, having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy and that there is no personal sacrifice, even that of his life, which he is not ready to make in the interest of France."

Reflection on the treachery of his friends and comrades in arms had made the unhappy man attempt to take his own life on the previous night. He had recovered and was calm although depressed when he signed this document. After he wrote his name he absent-mindedly stabbed with the stump of his pen the little yellow table on which he was writing.

Commenting on his fall Napoleon once called himself the Child of the Revolution and said that he owed his power to the fact that France was freed from servitude. He declared that he was attached to the principles of liberty, "although I have certainly sometimes deviated from them." At another time he said that it was not armies that had dethroned him but the progress of liberal ideas to which he had paid no attention. Louis XVIII returned from exile in England and was proclaimed King of France. Napoleon was never to see wife and son again. He was sent to his tiny empire on the island of Elba. Born on an island he was to plan his amazing return on an island and on an island he was to end his days.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ELBA AND THE HUNDRED DAYS

(1814–1815)

EVEN in defeat Napoleon was a formidable figure. His enemies could not bear to have him on the mainland; they did not feel secure unless water lay between his dwelling place and theirs. It was decided that he was to go to the little island of Elba lying between Corsica and Italy. In this constricted place, only seventeen and a half miles east and west and twelve miles north and south, he was to be supreme. He was to continue his title as Emperor and a ridiculous little army of 400 men chosen from his own Guard was to surround him. He could do nothing but accept, though for a matter of more than a week he thought of plans and rejected them, sent letters and waited for answers that did not come. Not so much as a message came from Marie Louise though she was constantly in her husband's mind and he was planning ways of making her comfortable on the island. He wrote a good-bye letter to her saying: "Farewell, my good Louise. You can rest assured of the courage, the tranquillity and the affection of your husband." A postscript read: "A kiss for the little king."

On the 20th of April, accompanied by four Commissioners representing the Allies, Napoleon went into

the courtyard of Fontainebleau to say farewell to his soldiers. It was an hour of great emotion for them as well as for him. Some of them had been with him throughout his military career and all of them admired and loved their General. He addressed them all: "Generals, officers, non-commissioned officers, soldiers of my old Guard, I bid you farewell. For more than twenty years I have always found you on the road of honor and of glory. Recently, in the time of trouble, as in the days of prosperity, you have been models of fidelity and of courage. All Europe has armed against us. With such men as you we could have carried on a civil war for years, but it would have made our country unhappy. I am leaving you, but, my friends, I beg you to be faithful to France." He went on to say that he might have ended his own life rather than part from them at this time, but that he was going to spend the rest of his life in writing the history of what they had done for France with him. Embracing the commander of the Old Guard, General Petit, Napoleon took one of the eagles from a grenadier, pressed it to his breast, kissed it and said: "Dear eagle! may this last embrace vibrate forever in the hearts of all my faithful soldiers! Farewell once more, my old companions, farewell!"

The Emperor's advance toward the southern coast was peaceful enough at first. The villagers through whose hamlets he passed shouted to him with friendly cries, but as he went farther on he rode into a hostile country. All who recognized the carriages shouted curses upon him, and whenever they stopped to change horses the Foreign Commissioners leaped out and

guarded the doors of the Emperor's coach. It was over this same road, but in the opposite direction, that he had ridden under triumphant arches when he came back from Egypt and was hailed as the savior of his country, the great conqueror, the man who was to bring glory to France. Now the feeling was such that in one place he changed coats with one of the postilions, took the man's horse and rode ahead of the carriages. For further protection he pinned to his hat the white cockade of the Bourbons. The Imperial tricolor must be forgotten for the moment. At a country inn he called himself by an English name and listened to the threats of the innkeeper's wife who playfully sharpened a knife for the use of any one who would employ it against the tyrant who, she had heard, was coming along the road soon. The Emperor felt it prudent to change his costume again and he put on a uniform belonging to the Austrian Commissioner, a hat belonging to the Prussian Commissioner and a cloak contributed by the Russian Commissioner. He was terrified at the outcries of the mob through which he passed. It took him back to that day, the 18th Brumaire, when his brother Lucien saved him from a hostile crowd of people pressing upon him, ready to do him harm. He was not a man who could persuade. He could give orders, but he recognized the time when orders would not be listened to.

This hateful journey from Paris to the southern coast of France lasted a whole week. It was on the 27th of April, 1815, that the party reached Fréjus, the town where he landed when he returned from Egypt in 1799. An English and a French ship were waiting for him.

He dispatched a message of greeting to his prospective subjects on the Island of Elba:

Circumstances having induced me to renounce the throne of France, sacrificing my rights to the interest of the country, I reserved for myself the sovereignty of the island of Elba which has met the consent of all the powers. I therefore send you General Drouot so that you may hand over to him the said island with the military stores and provisions and the property which belongs to my Imperial domain. Be good enough to make known this new state of affairs to the inhabitants and the choice which I have made of their island for my sojourn in consideration of the mildness of their manners and the excellence of their climate. I shall take the greatest interest in their welfare.

He then said good-bye to the Russian and Prussian Commissioners and with the Austrian and English Commissioners and his immediate followers he went on board the English vessel, the "Undaunted," and on the morning of May 4th arrived in the harbor of Porto Ferrajo, the principal city of the island, situated on a little bay on the northern coast. From rising ground the outline of the Corsican mountains could be seen against the western horizon. Over to the east lay Italy's province of Tuscany. There was situated the city of Parma which had been assigned by the Allies as Marie Louise's home. It was many months before Napoleon, who was always thinking about her coming out to him and was always preparing and making plans for her comfort and for building her a charming house, realized that she was not to be permitted to join him. It is said that during all the time of his

stay at Elba he kept a supply of fireworks which had come with him for some reason, saving them to celebrate the arrival of his wife and son. It is such human touches in Napoleon's story that make one sorry for him as if he were an ordinary man. The great military genius, the suffering slave to ambition, the monster of selfishness is forgotten when he did some simple and natural and affectionate act that any husband and father might do.

Truth to tell the people of Elba were considerably surprised at finding themselves the hosts of so formidable, if brilliant, a ruler. They received him in proper fashion, however, saluting his new flag, a red bar and three yellow bees on a white ground, turning over the keys of the city to him as a symbol of yielding to him all their resources, and singing heartily a Te Deum.

Before sunset on the day of his arrival the soldier who knew how to pitch camp and make himself at home promptly had established a court, had appointed General Bertrand as Grand Marshal of the Palace and General Drouot as Military Governor. Within a few days he had an executive body made up of his own people and of certain men chosen from the Elbans and he set about making a survey of his tiny principality and of planning utilities and improvements. On horseback and on foot he went over his island by inches. In a small boat he sailed completely around it, scrutinizing every harbor. He strengthened the existing fortifications and planned new ones. He built roads and began a simple palace for himself and barracks for his little army. The Elbans found that their serv-

ices were demanded on these public works and that their days of loafing in the sun when they were not out fishing had gone by. They enjoyed the novelty, however, and liked their new monarch. He was especially interested in promoting the iron mines and salt pits. From them he must fill the island's treasury, for his allowance, promised with an air of generosity by the Allies, was not paid—never was paid—and as the private funds and even the silver and personal effects of Napoleon had been seized by the Allies before he left Fontainebleau so that he was able to take with him only a comparatively small amount of money, it was evident that he could not run the country on his own resources and must utilize and improve those he found there. He suggested the planting of mulberry trees and the starting of a silkworm industry as had been done in Corsica in his boyhood. His army of 400 was increased by the organization of bands from the native troops and a National Guard from among the native people and he held a daily formal review. He even got together a little navy largely made up of fishing boats. Though he once cried, "It is a fact that the island is very small!" on the other hand, by keeping himself busy, he kept himself contented. At this time he wrote: "Born kings must suffer terribly when they are deposed, for pomp and etiquette are the very marrow of their lives! For my part I have always been a soldier and became a king only by chance, so that these things have been nothing but a burden to me, whereas war and camp life come naturally. Out of my great past I regret naught but my soldiers. After

all my treasures and my crowns, my most cherished possession is a couple of French uniforms they have allowed me to keep."

After his life of terrific mental and physical activity in which he spared himself not at all, the quiet of this island life brought healing. He became well in body and alert in mind. He like to hear the Italian of his youth spoken by the peasants. His mother and his sister Pauline came to stay with him to relieve his loneliness. A great many tourists came, sometimes as many as three hundred in a day. They were English and French and many Italians. He talked to them with apparent pleasure and they brought him news from the mainland, news of what was going on in France. The Italians even began to plan a movement to put him on the throne of Italy once more. Lucien, who held away from him in days of prosperity, was said to be helping him now in his adversity.

No one can know when Napoleon began to think about making his dash back to France to attempt to seize his throne again. Perhaps it began as soon as the remembrance of the demonstration against him on his road to Fréjus from Paris had grown a little dim, as soon as he became soothed by the interest and growing affection of his new friends on the island and saw that he had not lost his power to win men by his personality. Perhaps it grew as he learned more and more from visitors what the royalists were doing throughout France, what changes the Bourbon government had made and what the temper of the people was in relation to the changes.

The state of affairs in France seemed to be one that

would warrant any leader from the outside stepping in to take advantage of it. It had been said of the Bourbons that they never learned anything and never forgot anything. It seemed to be true now. With the king there came back into the country thousands of immigrants who had been living mostly in England. They never forgot that they had held high positions in France before their exile and they never learned that those days were past. Their land had been given to others and their effort to get hold of it again made great complications and also a tremendous drain on the treasury when they were given sums of money in place of their estates. There were still in France many people who continued to call themselves "Revolutionaries" and there were, of course, the Bonapartists who were Imperialists. Many of the Imperialists believed themselves to be moved, as they believed Napoleon to be moved, by revolutionary principles. The only difference was that some were wholeheartedly for Bonaparte. Both these parties were wholeheartedly against the returning Loyalists.

In the old days in France, as in the later days in Spain, there had been too much favoritism of the clericals. This was renewed to the anger and the disturbance of those who believed that church and state should be separate. The treatment of the army was most untactful and unjust. Some officers were discharged altogether; some were given half pay. These men who had fought for France saw men who had fought against them given high civil positions and the returned nobility excused from military duty. The schools for sons of noble families were reopened but

the schools for orphans of members of the Legion of Honor were closed. Something like 300,000 soldiers who had been prisoners in the East were returned to France by the Allies and brought with them no kindly feeling toward the peoples who had detained them. They were a body without present organization but ready to respond to a leader if one should appear.

In the person of Louis XVIII the people saw little to admire. Accustomed to the personal simplicity of Napoleon and the gorgeousness of his court, they saw instead an enormously fat man so unwieldy that he had to be supported on each side when he walked. He was mild and easily guided by those around him. To the people he gave a Constitution but he and his officials paid small attention to it. He was not the leader who could gather together these 300,000 soldiers, eager for retribution.

Meanwhile the Congress of Vienna was attempting to reorganize the Europe which Napoleon had entirely disorganized in the previous twenty years. Representatives of England, Russia, Prussia, Austria and France were quarreling over boundaries and fighting with fierce diplomacy over their prey,—Poland and Saxony and Galicia and other smaller states. Some of the kings were present in person. The King of Prussia, always morose and irritable; the King of Denmark, the King of Bavaria and some of the German Dukes. It was a great day for Metternich of Austria and for Talleyrand who found it not at all troublesome to adjust himself to a new administration at Paris. While they quarreled and intrigued Napoleon completed his

Napoleon's Return from Elba
"His march to the capital is one of the miracles of history."

preparations at Elba. He did it secretly, though there were a few advance signs for those who had sharp eyes. To all of those surrounding him who expressed a wish to go back to France he urged patience, saying, "We'll get through these Winter days in the best way we can, then we will try to spend the Spring in another fashion." To one of his soldiers he said one day: "You are bored, aren't you?" and as he turned away he sang to the music of a popular tune, "This will not last forever." The fact that Louis and the Allies had not kept their word about the conditions of the treaty granting Napoleon's little domain to him, and its support, and that he was continually receiving warnings of conspiracies that meant his kidnapping and perhaps his assassination, probably added to his desire to make a dash that is regarded as one of the most remarkable efforts in history. For a hundred days the admired Emperor of France, the adored Commander of its armies, the man who had brought glory to the eagles of the country returned to his military work. This period is called "The Hundred Days" and the march is one of the most dramatic known, both in a military way and in its effect on the people. He took its effect into account when he was calculating his chances of success.

"I count upon taking them by surprise," he said. "A bold deed upsets people's equanimity and they are dumbfounded by a great novelty." With unusual humility he added: "I am the cause of the unhappiness of France—I must make a cure."

On the evening before his departure as he sat with his mother in the garden under a fig tree, he confided

his plans to her, asking her advice, though she knew, that his intentions were final. She could only say, "Follow your destiny; it cannot be God's will that you are to die from poison or after an inactive old age, though it may well be His will that you are to die sword in hand. Let us put our trust in Mother Mary." At the last moment he summoned the head men of the island, telling them of his departure, of his leaving Madam Letitia and his sister Pauline in their care, and entrusting to them the country, "to which I attach great importance."

On the 26th of February in the early morning light, seven little vessels carrying 1,000 men, hardly more, set sail for France. In order to deceive the captain of the watching ships of the Allies they did not sail in formation but slipped out much as the fishing boats of the place were accustomed to do so that they attracted no attention. Letitia and Pauline had been left in tears but the Generals on the sea were thinking hopefully of the future. Napoleon told the grenadiers that they were on their way home to France and in response to their growls of pleasure he pinched their ears and pulled their moustaches, his customary form of caress. When a French boat met them he ordered the men to take off their tall bearskin caps and lie down on the deck so that they might not be discovered by an inquisitive spyglass. The French captain gave the Elbans a hail.

"Ahoy! Where from?"

"From Porto Ferrajo."

"How is Napoleon?"

To this question Napoleon himself replied with immense amusement:—"He is doing very well!"

On the first day of March, 1815, provided with proclamations which he had prepared on the voyage, his hat adorned with the tri-color of France instead of the cockade of Elba, he set foot on French soil, landing at the little fishing village of Golfe Jouan, between Cannes and Antibes, where Napoleon had been imprisoned in the fortress after the downfall of Robespierre. The Emperor was the last to leave the *Inconstant* and while the men prepared the camps he at once set about talking with the peasants, trying to find out the feeling toward his return. A few soldiers joined him at once but when he sent some soldiers into Antibes to try and win over the garrison they not only had no success in that mission but were detained there. This was a small matter, however. Horses were secured and some necessary provisions. During the evening the Prince of Monaco was brought into the camp. He was traveling by carriage. Napoleon asked him quite naturally; "Where are you going?" The Prince replied, "I am returning to my domain"; to which the Emperor retorted, "Indeed, and I too!"

The insults and difficulties of the trip down the Rhône valley were still all too vivid in Napoleon's mind. He had no desire to risk repeating this experience. He, therefore, planned a course to the east of the Rhône and northward through a country which had always been favorable to the Revolution, which was, in fact, the birthplace of the Revolution.

The start was made about midnight, the General

himself heading the line, which marched through the moonlight to the city of Cannes. This town was not especially stirred at the sight of the returning Emperor, but the Mayor expressed what was perhaps his personal opinion when he said with considerable heat that he would rather see the Bey of Algiers and the Barbary pirates at the gates of the city than Napoleon. At Grasse the people began to warm up a little and a few started to shout "Vive l'Empereur!" At one village the church bell was rung, startling the General into believing that it might be a call to arms. Castellane did not know anything about Napoleon's return to the country until he and his little army entered the village.

Up climbed the small body of troops. A carriage had been prepared for Napoleon and he also had a riding horse but he preferred to walk side by side with his old soldiers as they clambered up the mountain over roads which in many places were hardly more than trails. Although he had grown corpulent by this time, the quiet months at Elba had restored his health and he walked as sturdily as his hardened companions. After all he was only forty-five years old and a man should not break at that age.

The garrison of the town of Digne was sympathetic but could not make up its mind to take the great step of joining him. Napoleon's former general, Masséna, who was then in command of the royalist forces at Marseilles, planned to cut off the invading army at Sisteron, but reached there two days too late. There were royalist troops in the town but the Prefect was a Bonapartist and did not permit them to take action

nor did he make any objections when the troops joined the Old Guard. At the town of Gap, the officials could not restrain the delight of the people who built bonfires and danced around them all night long.

The peasants all through this section felt themselves to have serious grievances against the Bourbons. The Revolution had given them land previously belonging to the royalists. For twenty-five years they had enjoyed it. Now the royalists had come back and immediately there were demands that their lands should be returned to them. The peasants became increasingly angry and therefore flocked to Napoleon in great numbers as he passed through the mountain villages. Hundreds of them wanted to march under his flag but they were untrained and unarmed and by this time he felt so confident that he was able to turn them away saying that the soldiers of the Royalists who had once been his soldiers would be sure to join him when he came upon them.

That he actually did just outside of the city of Grenoble. It was a dramatic scene that took place at a tiny hamlet called Laffray. At that place the road runs in a narrow track through the mountains in such a way that two forces could not pass. A body of soldiers from the garrison at Grenoble, Napoleon's old soldiers, were drawn across the road. They were heavily armed and were under orders to fire on Napoleon as soon as he came in sight. When he approached, walking at the head of the line, the Royalist officer gave the order to fire but at the magic sight of their former adored Little Corporal not a man had the heart to obey the order. Napoleon walked slowly

toward them followed by forty of his guard carrying their muskets reversed to indicate that their intentions were peaceful. Advancing calmly Napoleon said, "Soldiers, here I am!" Then throwing open his old gray overcoat and showing the familiar green uniform, he added: "If there be one soldier among you who wishes to kill his Emperor let him do so! I offer myself to your attack." On his breast was the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. There was no one ready to pierce it and the bold heart beneath. Some one cried, "Long live the Emperor!" and the shout was taken up by the soldiers who were all too glad to tear the white Bourbon cockades from their hats and to fling themselves upon their idolized leader kissing his hands, his coat, his very feet.

After that there was not even a show of resistance and the Bonapartists entered the town. A rider from the citizens addressed himself to the Napoleon. "Sire, I am Jean Dumoulin, the glovemaker. I bring you a hundred thousand francs and my arm." A royalist colonel who had once led Napoleon's troops caught the infection and betrayed that he had never been able to destroy the tri-color cockades of his men but had had them safely stowed away inside one of the huge drums. It was broken open and the red, white and blue was pounced on by the soldiers. Others drew from the inside of their hats their long cherished cockades, shouting to Napoleon: "This came from Austerlitz!" "I wore this at Marengo!" "This was with me at Friedland!"

The proclamations prepared on board the little boat between Elba and the mainland were distributed here

as they had been in other towns, and inspired soldiers and people.

Everywhere the imperial invader was hailed as a liberator. "Up to the present," he said, "I have been but a simple adventurer; henceforth I am a prince." In a whirl of glory he marched his rested troops out of Grenoble on the road toward Lyons and Paris, their number increased by 60,000 who had gone over to him from the Bourbon garrisons. It was enough to make the review that he held there a considerable affair. Indeed it was not many days later that a joker hung a notice in a conspicuous place in Paris. It was supposed to be a letter sent by Napoleon to Louis XVIII and advised him: "You need not send me any more troops; I have enough."

As was his custom, Napoleon tried to feel out the attitude of the people as he went along. He soon discovered that while they might be enthusiastic for a moment over his sweeping promises of more victories and more glory for France, yet what they really wanted was peace and peace with such privileges as the Revolution had won for them and which King Louis was trying to take away from them.

Encouraged at Lyons by the flight of his one-time marshal, MacDonald, and the king's brother and by the adding to his ranks of a considerable number of soldiers, the Emperor issued decrees which annulled the acts of the Royal Government, restored laws passed by the Constituent Assembly of several years before, abolished the ancient nobility, dissolved the Chambers of Peers and of Deputies and convoked the electoral colleges of the Empire at Paris. Certain men, Talley-

rand among them, were denounced by name as traitors.

The results were all that the Bonapartists could desire. Napoleon swept away toward Paris in triumph. The country through which he passed, stirred to the heart, joined him. Even Marshal Ney who had set out to meet him promising the royalists that he would bring Napoleon back in an iron cage, joined his former master on the old terms when they came together at Auxerre. If anywhere there was argument among the people the enthusiasm of the soldiers silenced it.

In Paris the temper of the people was a mixed emotion. The National and City Guards there were supposed to support the existing government; so were the Chambers, but by the time Napoleon had spent the night at Fontainebleau and had entered Paris, King Louis was on his way to the Belgian frontier pursued by part of the French army. The soldiers and police in the city were as much Bonapartists as Bourbons and the Chambers were very quiet. The returned monarch drove up to the entrance to the Tuileries in the middle of the afternoon of the 20th of March, 1815, and was seized and carried up the steps by generals and officers who shouted their delight at his arrival at his old home. So ended the twenty-day journey which is like no other in history. Not a blow was struck; not a drop of blood was shed; no force was exercised, merely the pressure of a great personality and the memories of the glories of a recent past, with forgetfulness of its miseries.

"The happiest time of my life?" Napoleon once repeated after a questioner. "It was the twenty days of the march between Cannes and Paris." As he came

along, the slogan had been: "Frenchmen, awake! The Emperor is waking!"

In Paris, the popular feeling was shown in the newspapers. The tone of the despatches varied from day to day.

"The monster has escaped from his place of exile!"

"The Corsican werewolf has landed at Cannes!"

"The Tiger appeared at Gap. Troops were sent against him. The wretched adventurer ended his career in the mountains!"

"The fiend has actually, thanks to treachery, been able to get as far as Grenoble!"

"The tyrant has reached Lyons where horror paralyzed all attempts at resistance."

"The usurper has dared to advance within one hundred and fifty miles of the capital!"

"Bonaparte moves northward with rapid stride, but he will never reach Paris!"

"Tomorrow Napoleon will be at our gates!"

"His Majesty is at Fontainebleau!"

A start was made immediately on straightening out the country's politics. Before he went to bed on the night of his arrival in Paris Napoleon announced his Cabinet. It was made up of men of all sorts of different political opinions. Three days later the terms of what was called the Additional Act were announced and this was submitted to the people and passed and accepted by them. Its terms provided for extending the franchise to many who did not possess it; it separated church and state and guaranteed freedom of worship. All the past privileges which had been wiped out by the Revolution and reasserted on the Royalists'

return were again wiped out. The two Chambers were continued but many Bonaparte sympathizers were added to the House of Peers. Among them were Napoleon's brothers, Joseph, Lucien and Jerome.

Napoleon attempted to secure the support of the people to these changes by announcing that he had abandoned his plans to construct a European federal system and would now give himself to the securing of public liberty. "Now," he said, "I shall work for no other object than for the consolidation and tranquillity of France; for the protection of property; for the free interchange of ideas. The Prince must be the first servant of the State." This is going a long way from the assertions of not very long before: "I am France!" But the position of a monarch, even if it is only the position of King of France, is worth making many concessions for.

The Lyons hint of a secret compact with Austria had no basis in fact. The Congress at Vienna was still going on, its members in a more friendly mood since each had succeeded in securing the booty that he wanted. Now the news of the return of Napoleon made them warm friends once more. Immediately they pronounced him an outlaw and declared war on France, meaning that part of France which supported Napoleon.

In Paris, Napoleon was beginning to feel that the first enthusiasm of the people was fading. He was told that he was blamed for this new declaration of war and that it turned against him the women of France—the mothers and wives of the men who must go into the army. "Women are your declared enemies,"

one of his counselors-of-state said to him, "and these opponents are always dangerous in France." The lack of response of the people was shown in the answer to his call for volunteers. Only 60,000 gave their names instead of the 250,000 for whom he had hoped. France did not care much for the Bourbons but at least their continued presence meant peace with the other countries, friends of the Bourbon monarchy.

In his more vigorous days Napoleon would have taken this attitude as a challenge. Now he was profoundly depressed by it and this feeling increased when he found that his advances to Austria were not received in a friendly spirit. The Emperor Francis had been unwilling to sign the decree pronouncing Napoleon an outlaw until he had consulted with his daughter, Marie Louise. She declared that she wished to have nothing further to do with Napoleon. Then Austria joined with the others. The French attendants of the King of Rome were sent back to Paris and the child's future was determined to be that of an Austrian Duke. Napoleon must have felt that his destiny about which he had talked so much was at this time playing him a false trick. When he had been promoting his personal power to the utmost of his strength he had been overcome. Now he was willing to promote democracy and again his right to do so was disputed. It was becoming increasingly clear that the European world was against Napoleon, the man, no matter what policies he pursued.

It is not an encouraging feeling to know that your entire world is against you. With this depression of spirit came a depression of the vital forces. The con-

fidence and enthusiasm and excitement which had kept the invader from Elba to Paris excited as if by the air of the mountains he was crossing, died away. His physical malady came to the front again. He was a man of action, yet his mind and will seemed paralyzed at this time when both mind and will should have been at their most alert if he was not to suffer defeat.

In order to impress the people Napoleon summoned them to a great open-air ceremony on the first day of June. It was to recall those days of ancient France when a "Field of May" allowed the population to see their sovereign. Eighteen thousand people were gathered just outside the city and before them there drove up Napoleon with his brothers and his Cabinet. He was about to start out against the Allies who were threatening to take away from him what he had just achieved. The people expected to see him dressed in the old green uniform that had become a tradition. Instead, he chose to carry out the idea of this "Field of May" of the days of Charlemagne. He was attired in white with a cloak and much gold embroidery, a plumed hat on his head. Those surrounding him were dressed in the same costume-ball style. It did not look business-like, it did not look military. It struck a wrong note that could not be overcome by anything that this once beloved man could say to them. They listened to him respectfully, but he was a disappointment.

The enemy's advance into France was on the Belgian frontier and in that direction Napoleon started. He was urged by men around him to wait until the Austrians and Russians should join the Prussians and

English who were in Belgium as this would give him some six weeks to collect his forces and to fortify Paris and at the same time would give him a solid body to fight against. His old desire and method, going back even to his earliest fighting days in Italy, were all for utilizing a small, swift-moving army, fighting against one section after another of his foes. He seemed not to have realized that in the twenty years of his activities his enemies had learned his ways of working and he had not invented new ones. He had, however, an army of something like 200,000 men though his opponents brought against him about 500,000 soldiers. Napoleon's preparations were made with his usual rapidity; arms, munitions and uniform factories worked at fever heat and the country was scoured for cavalry and artillery horses. The invader's little treasure chest brought from Elba and guarded so carefully over the mountain passes was added to by donations given him by individuals and organizations and he also took possession of the funds left behind by Louis when he fled.

The Emperor's plan made before leaving Elba was to take an army into the North along the Belgian frontier. He then hoped to win the assistance of Murat and to stir up trouble in Italy which should culminate to his advantage when he should cross into Italy and march with Murat's forces north into Vienna. Murat, however, did not work out his time schedule properly and the Prussians and English concentrated in Belgium more swiftly than the Imperialists expected them to.

The first meeting between the opposite forces was

in Belgium. The force commanded by the Duke of Wellington was made up of English and Dutch. The Prussians were commanded by Blücher and were stationed to the eastward along the Rhine. Napoleon planned to meet first one army and then the other and then to take Brussels. In order to do this he needed to work at top speed, but either because of his health or of his depression he did not do so and undoubtedly his delays, though only for a few hours, together with his lack of information as to the precise positions of his opponents, served to bring about the disaster which put an end to his military career. On the 14th of June, 1815, he addressed to his soldiers one of his old inspiring speeches:

Soldiers! This is the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland which twice decided the fate of Europe. Then, as after Wagram, as after Austerlitz, we were too generous: we believed in the protestations and in the oaths of the princes whom we left on their thrones! And now, cooperating against us, they are aiming at the independence and the most sacred rights of France. They have begun an unjust aggression. Forward! Let us march against them: are not they and we the same men?

Soldiers! You were one against three at Jéna, against these same arrogant Prussians; at Montmirail you were one against six. Madmen! A moment's prosperity has blinded them. If they enter France they will find their graves!

Soldiers! We have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter, but with constancy the victory will be ours; the rights, the honor of our country will be reconquered. For every Frenchman who has courage the moment has come to conquer or to die!

Napoleon's position was admirable for he commanded both Wellington's and Blücher's forces. The next day after his address to his soldiers he advanced toward Charleroi. It was on the evening of that day that Wellington, at a ball in Brussels, received news of the French advance. Lord Byron, in "Childe Harold" has described this circumstance in often quoted lines:

There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men:
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
Did ye not hear it?—No: 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the Dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet,—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat:
And nearer, nearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

The cannon's opening roar was at Charleroi. Wellington rushed to the little town of Quatre-Bras and was held there long enough for the French to defeat Blücher at Ligny. At this time occurred one of the delays which was a factor in Napoleon's defeat at Water-

loo. He failed to follow up this victory, over-sleeping in the morning after the battle and losing invaluable time. The Prussians were retreating and should have been pursued and harassed. This might have been done early in the day, but Grouchy, who was sent after the Prussians, was so far behind them that he took the wrong direction and never saw them. Napoleon went to meet Wellington who was retreating toward Brussels. The "Iron Duke" had learned of the good luck of the Prussians in getting away and was sure of their support. Napoleon, on the other hand, had lost the support of Grouchy who was off on his wild goose chase.

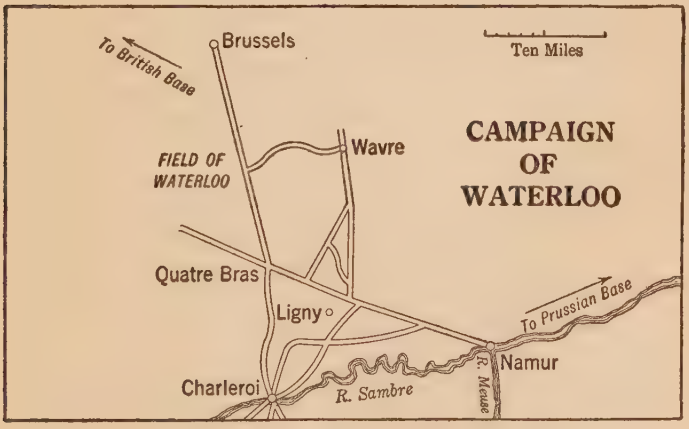
Wellington massed his forces near the village of Waterloo. Napoleon was eager to meet them and was confident of success, but he spent the early hours of the morning in reviewing his troops instead of getting them into action. His excuse was that the roads were too muddy for the artillery. This seems to have been a poor excuse, however, for the Prussians under Blücher found the roads perfectly passable and made good use of them to come nearer and nearer to Wellington.

The battle did not begin until after midday. The French were not without success during their five attacks upon the English but when the Prussians came up the fate of the day was decided. The Old Guard made a splendid stand and was almost completely wiped out. Napoleon, seeing that the day was lost, tried to lose his own life in the thick of the fighting but no bullets touched him. "I ought to have died at Waterloo," he said afterwards, "but the misfortune

is that when a man most seeks death he cannot find it. Men were killed around me, before, behind, everywhere; but there was no bullet for me."

At last he was forced within the protection of one of the French squares. His own account of this movement was:—"Opening their ranks my old grenadiers screened me from the carnage, forming round me a rampart of their bodies. My brave, my admirable Guard has been destroyed—and I have not perished with them."

After a forced march during which they were hotly pursued the sheltering square melted away. Napoleon, in an exhausted condition, was held on his horse by two officers who supported him on each side until they reached the village of Philippeville. There they found two ramshackle vehicles and rode on and on through darkness and daylight until they came again to Paris, during the night of June 21st, 1815. The "Hundred Days" was over.



CHAPTER XXIX

ST. HELENA AND PARIS

(1815–1821. 1840)

THE next days were filled with excitement. No one, either among those surrounding Napoleon, or those opposed to him, knew just what steps were best to take. Political conditions in the country were exceedingly confused. It is safe to say that practically all the army was Imperialist and as the Czar of Russia had said: "He who had the army behind him had the whip-hand of the situation." However, Napoleon's army had lost 32,000 men, or thereabouts, at Waterloo, and the 40,000 remaining were exhausted and depressed. Other divisions of the army were in other parts of France where it had been thought wise to make some show of force. The royalists were still numerous. While Napoleon was at Elba great numbers of those who had been driven from France during his years of power had come back. All the people who had not dared to declare themselves as Royalists when the tri-color was the badge of the nation, were now outspoken for the Bourbons. Napoleon's journey down the Rhône Valley had shown what the spirit of even the plain people and the peasants was in that part of the country.

There was also a considerable faction of men who

continued to call themselves revolutionaries because they still believed heartily in the principles that had caused the Revolution a quarter of a century before. These people had never been very cordial to Napoleon, because he seemed to them more a dictator than a worker for the good of the people. They had been silenced during his active years, and not many of them were converted to a belief in his change to being a democratic leader which he had announced more and more loudly and frequently as he approached Paris on his trip from Elba. They did not like the Bourbons, of course Probably they disliked the Bourbons more than they disliked the Imperialists; perhaps they might be converted to Napoleon's side, but at the moment they certainly were not his ardent friends.

The Chambers could not unite amicably on any course of action. They must prepare themselves to take up a policy with regard to the Allies and they must decide what to do about Napoleon. Lucien came to the rescue, as he had so many years before, and worked in Napoleon's behalf.

When the deputies appointed a Committee of Public Safety it was an intimation that they did not consider Napoleon as their head. In the morning they proved that this was their feeling by asking for Napoleon's abdication. Lafayette had said: "I can see one man between us and peace. If we rid ourselves of him, peace will be ours." The called for abdication was their method of taking a step toward peace. Moved by occasional flashes of his old dominating spirit Napoleon for a moment thought of dissolving the Chambers, thought of calling in the workmen who were

cheering for him in the streets, and using them to massacre the deputies and make him Dictator; but at last he agreed to abdicate once more and dictated his abdication to Lucien. He declared his son to be Emperor as Napoleon II, the Chambers to furnish a Regency.

History repeated itself when a Directory was formed as in the early days. Fouché was one member, Caulaincourt, another. The soldiers began to come back from Waterloo, still believing in their great Commander, still fearing for him. The familiar cries heartened him but his suggestion to those around him that he should gather a new force met no encouragement. On the 25th of June he went to Malmaison, where he had had many happy hours in the days of his First Consulate, where Josephine had died during the days of his exile in Elba. His stepdaughter, Hortense, and a few friends went with him and they stayed there three days. Letitia was there, Joseph, Lucien and even Caulaincourt who had been with him in many crises and who now represented the Directory in these last moments of the fallen Emperor in France. For the new government was insisting that the man who was stirring up the Paris crowds by his mere presence should leave the city and the country. He discussed with his friends the possibility of going to the United States. The Government placed two vessels at his disposal and he was making his preparations for departure on the 29th when he heard that the Allies were approaching the city. His military ardor flamed up instantly and he wrote to the Directors: "I offer to place myself at the head of the army. At sight of me the soldiers will recover their courage, hurl themselves on the foe

The Guests Contribute the Music at Malmaison

and punish him. I pledge you my word as general, soldier and citizen that I will not retain the command an hour after victory has been won. I vow to conquer —not for myself—but for France."

He made this appeal from the depths of his heart but it fell on deaf ears. Fouché sent him a message by word of mouth—not even taking the trouble to have it written. His offer was refused with insulting brevity and he was urged to leave the neighborhood of Paris immediately.

When all the farewells were said he gathered a few friends about him and began his long drive to Rochefort on the coast above Bordeaux and south of Nantes. Arrived there, he delayed for ten days, unable to decide what step he should take next. Of those about him there were some, young and hot-headed, who suggested his gathering together the soldiers in that part of the country and sweeping back on Paris with them; but Napoleon realized that at this stage that would mean civil war and he could not bear to fight with Frenchmen against Frenchmen. He did not wish to run any risk of capture by any of the allied forces for then he would receive only the treatment due to a prisoner. Neither did he take kindly to various methods of escape which were so undignified as to entail the loss of self-respect. One of these was the suggestion of a Mr. Wilder, an American, who had lived in France for many years and who believed in Napoleon as the cause of many improvements and advantages that he had seen in France during his sojourn there. He suggested a disguise as his servant for whom he had a passport and the hiding in a hogshead until

the ship should be safely out to sea. The Emperor rejected also the notion of sailing all the way to America in a small boat. He bought a small Danish vessel but never used it. So long was the delay that an English cruiser, the *Bellerophon,* appeared and Napoleon determined to go on board and ask for the hospitality of England. He had said that the government of England was bad but that its people were a great nation and he had seen them give hospitality to hundreds of royalist Frenchmen. With an unquenched belief in his own position and his own power he expected not perhaps a cordial welcome from England but at least a refuge. To the Prince Regent he dictated a letter:

> Your Royal Highness; Exposed to the factions which distract my country and to the enmity of the greatest powers of Europe, I have closed my political career and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws and beg Your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most persistent and the most generous of my enemies, to grant me this protection. Napoleon.

Napoleon wore civilian clothes when he left Paris. Now he put on his uniform and was taken out to the English ship. In his letter to the Prince Regent Napoleon seemed to show that he had forgotten that he was declared an outlaw by all the Allies. Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon* seemed to have forgotten it also for it has never been contradicted that he said: "Napoleon will receive all proper attention in England. Our people are generous and democratic."

He may not have meant this to be a promise. Napoleon took it as a promise, however. The *Bellerophon* went to Plymouth, where it stayed for several days surrounded at every moment by hundreds of small boats from the shore bearing people eager to catch a glimpse of the man of whom England had stood in fear for the last twenty years. Strangely enough his presence on deck was greeted by an unexpected gesture caused by an emotion that swept over the great throng in the boats and on the shore who could see the calm dignity of this captured hero. Every man within sight took off his hat as a mark of respect to the lonely figure standing at the rail.

Not that Napoleon realized at that time that he was a captive. That knowledge came when, at the end of three days, British officers brought him news of the government's decision. The government would not be doing its duty toward England or her Allies if it did not restrain General Bonaparte from any further activities against the peace of Europe. St. Helena was appointed as his place of residence and he was permitted to take with him three officers, a physician and twelve servants.

Napoleon knew St. Helena to be a barren volcanic island in the South Atlantic about fifteen degrees below the Equator and at a considerable distance off the coast of Africa.[1] The idea of living there revolted him quite as much as the treatment he was receiving. He protested in the most earnest manner. He was not a prisoner of war, he said,—he went aboard the *Bel-*

[1] The exact distance was 1140 miles, while that from the east coast of South America was 1180 miles. It was 4000 miles from London.

lerophon of his own accord after negotiations with Captain Maitland, throwing himself on the protection of England and claiming her hospitality. He was not without refuge in France for his flag, the tri-color, was still waving over Rochefort when he left the town. He had fallen into a trap, he insisted, and the English Government had acted dishonorably, dishonoring its flag by so doing.

When he found that all his protestations were of no use he endured what he had to go through with dignity. His luggage and his money were seized and he and his companions were transferred to the *Northumberland* which set sail in August for what he called "the little rock on the end of the world," on which he insisted that he could not live if only for the reason that he could not get enough exercise there, since he was accustomed to riding twenty miles a day.

Napoleon's suite was composed of Montholon, Las Cases, and Bertrand with their families, and General Gouraud. To these men who acted as his secretaries we are indebted for many volumes of memoirs and essays whose writing served as diversion when the dreaded island was reached. The voyage was long, and the ex-Emperor passed his time in reading, playing chess and other games and in taking exercise on the deck. It was October 16th, 1815, when Napoleon took up his residence in this, his last home. There he lived until the 5th of May, 1821. He was guarded unceasingly. English ships hovered around the island so that no vessel from the outside could enter without their knowing it. The farmhouse intended for his

home, "Longwood," was not ready for him for almost two months and during that time he lived as the guest of a Mr. Balcombe.

The ex-Emperor must have thought that he had indeed fallen on hard times on his first night on shore. Mr. Balcombe put at the disposal of Admiral Keith, his custodian, a pavilion in his garden, but as he had not expected the guests no preparations had been made for them. The window of Napoleon's room was without glass, shutters or curtains. Las Cases and his son slept in a garret and the servants on the floor. It was hardly better than life in the field in the old days of war. He breakfasted on fragments of the previous day's dinner, served on a bare table. He took it all without complaining, however, and made friends with the Balcombes and their two little girls with whom he sometimes played whist and occasionally blindman's buff.

Guards were placed around this house and Longwood, never to be removed. Twice in each twenty-four hours a guard must see the prisoner personally to make sure that he had not escaped.

With the coming of Sir Hudson Lowe as Governor of the island, Napoleon was subjected to innumerable petty mortifications and insults which may not have been so intended, but which, as inflicted upon him by a perhaps dull and unimaginative man who followed rules without any appreciation of what they meant to a high-spirited victim, had all the effects of studied annoyances. Nevertheless, it is hard to understand how there could be anything but intentional annoyance in the retaining of newspapers and books and the open-

ing of letters, the withholding of a bust of the King of Rome and of news of the victim's wife and son and the planting of guards so conspicuously as to impress it upon the prisoner constantly that he was a prisoner. The captive hated him from their very first interview and soon refused to see him which, of course, exasperated Lowe all the more.

All this irritation was but another incentive to Napoleon to keep himself busy, an urge which his nervous energy also demanded. The result was a huge amount of literary work. He kept in his household an elaborate appearance of a court though on a tiny scale. He studied English, wrote an essay on the Republic and essays on famous characters in history. The accounts of his own life and career have great interest. It is impossible not to believe, however, that they are colored by the interpretations which a grown person will always give to his childhood and the interpretations which he wanted the world to make about his reasons for taking certain steps and about the attitude of the people toward him. It is hard for any one to reconcile an honest belief in democracy with the honest belief in despotism which Napoleon had shown. In the light of other accounts written about the same time of what occurred during the Hundred Days, it is hard to accept his version of the almost unanimous desire to have him return to France as its ruler. There were too many different factions acting at cross-purposes, for that to be exact. His accounts of his battles show an extraordinary memory for detail and explain the purposes of his great strategy. Sometimes they frankly acknowledge mistakes; fre-

Living in the Past, Napoleon at St. Helena Dictates His Memoirs

quently they blame results on the enemy when he should have shouldered them himself.

Napoleon's style was clear and good and his collection of writings amounts to several volumes of considerable size. He gave more and more time to dictation and to preparation for this work as he had to rely on his memory for the confirmation of many things he said, having no reference library at hand. As Sir Hudson Lowe's restrictions on his activities were drawn closer and closer and he could take but little exercise and might see nobody outside of his own suite, there was little entertainment for him except in the preparation of his historical material.

His room at Longwood was small, its walls covered with brown nankeen. The furnishings were of the simplest; the bed, the same camp bedstead on which he had lain at Austerlitz and Marengo. The carpet on the floor and a chest of drawers and a bookcase were all second-hand, picked up on the island. Over the mantelpiece were touching souvenirs—a portrait of Marie Louise and several of the King of Rome, a miniature of Josephine. A watch that once had belonged to Frederick the Great hung on one side and was balanced on the other by Bonaparte's watch acquired when he was Consul and engraved with the letter "B." To it was attached a chain of the plaited hair of Marie Louise. The only articles of value in the house were a handsome washstand with basin and pitcher of silver.

During the morning and up to the middle of the afternoon Napoleon dictated in his room, then he went into the garden when the day was cooling, and

there continued his dictation until dinner time. His official family gathered about him at seven o'clock and after dinner there was reading from the great French dramatists, Racine or Molière.

News of what was going on in France occasionally came to him. He heard with fortitude, though evidently inwardly agitated, of the execution of Marshal Ney and of his brother-in-law, Murat, who had been one of his generals and whom he had made King of Naples. He gave a spirited and true conception of them in discussing the circumstances of their death.

As time went on he took less and less exercise and his disease, undoubtedly the cancer from which his father had died, made progress. He became enormously fat and walked with difficulty. His breathing and his digestion troubled him. Various occurrences made him believe that his life was not to be much prolonged. His sister Eliza's death affected him strongly. A servant at Longwood saw a comet and he cried out that that had been the sign of the death of Cæsar. About three weeks before his end he drew up his will, giving it his attention for several days. Although during that time his health fluctuated he was not to be deceived. He knew very well that he was going to meet his brave comrades. "We will converse," he said, "in the other world about our wars with the Scipios, the Cæsars and Hannibals and there will be pleasure in that." Once he said: "I should like to see my wife and son again, but God's will be done." On the morning before he died he said: "There is nothing terrible in Death—he has been by my pillow for the last three weeks and now he is about to take me away forever."

The date of his going was May 5, 1821. His body was laid to rest clad in his uniform and his coffin was covered with the cloak he had worn at Marengo. On it lay his sword. The grave was beneath a willow and was covered by a huge stone. On it his friends were about to fasten a silver plate inscribed

NAPOLEON

born at Ajaccio
August 15, 1769
died at St. Helena
May 5, 1821

This would seem to be a harmless inscription, but Sir Hudson Lowe prevented the use of this plate and declared that the only inscription they might place on the tablet was—"General Bonaparte."

Napoleon had been deprived one by one of almost all who showed any kindness to him or sympathy with him at St. Helena. On one excuse or another they had been sent away. Now his grave was left as lonely as any grave might be except for the presence of an English sentry.

Yet there were those at home who felt that the body of this man who was acknowledged to be the greatest soldier since Cæsar and to whom many attributed whatever social and economic advance France had made since the Revolution should not lie in an unfriendly land with no sign of the honor due him. Even his opponents believed that his last resting place should not be in a foreign country but should be, as he requested in his will, "on the banks of the Seine among the French people whom I have so greatly loved."

Corpulent Louis XVIII came back to Paris less than a fortnight after Napoleon had left the city. The Bourbon king found himself even less popular than he had been on his first restoration. He tried to meet the wishes of the people by confirming his earlier constitution, declaring religious and personal freedom, equality before the law and the freedom of the press, but as the Constitution read better than it was permitted to work, the people were not happy under it. Education was restricted and privileges taken away from the laboring classes. Paris and, indeed, the whole country were in a quarrelsome state during a large part of the nine years of Louis' reign. There were enough devoted Bonapartists to stir up constant quarrels. Louis ate his way greedily through the years, earning the nickname of "Louis des huitres" (Oyster Louis), a pun on his title, "Louis dix-huit."

In 1824 he was succeeded by his brother, who ruled for six years as Charles X. He was so reactionary that the people finally revolted in what was known as the "Revolution of 1830." Charles abdicated and went to England—a refuge of everybody except Napoleon, it would seem—and then to Austria where he died.

The fighting of this new revolution had lasted but three days at the end of July, 1830. At the suggestion of the aged Lafayette the Chamber of Deputies declared Louis Philippe, who was descended from a younger brother of Louis XIV, as "King of the French," emphasizing by this title that the new monarch received it from the people. Although he had been chosen by representatives of the people, wore the tri-color and sang the Marseillaise, beating time

for the crowd, he was opposed by almost every faction in the country, including the Bonapartists. Riot after riot took place and it was hard to tell whether the King was most disliked by the rabble who expressed themselves with violence, or by the people of his own class who showed that they disliked him by entirely ignoring him.

It was undoubtedly as a gesture of friendship for the Bonapartists that he permitted negotiations with England concerning the bringing back from St. Helena of Napoleon's body. It was on the 12th of May, 1840, that the Minister of the Interior appeared before the Chamber of Deputies and informed them that the King had ordered one of his sons, the Prince de Joinville, to go to the Island of St. Helena and bring back the remains of the Emperor Napoleon.

"The Government," said the Minister, "anxious to perform a great national duty, asked England for the precious treasure which fortune had put into her hands." He then read the reply from England:

> The Government of Her Majesty hopes that the promptness of her response will be considered in France as a proof of her desire to efface the last traces of those national animosities which armed France and England against each other in the life of the Emperor. The Government of Her Majesty dares to hope that if such sentiments still exist in certain quarters they will be buried in the tomb where the remains of Napoleon are to be deposited.

This document was received with great approval. The Minister announced that the body of Napoleon would be placed in the Invalides, the home for old

soldiers. "Hereafter," he went on "France and France alone will possess all that remains of Napoleon. His tomb, like his fame, will belong to no one but his country." He then declared that it was the feeling of the monarchy as the heir of the past, that it should raise and honor the statue and tomb of the popular hero. Louis Philippe had often declared that his government united the best features of all previous governments. He had wished to make it a sort of combination of the history of France and he tried to express this idea in many ways. One, for instance, was the establishment of a gallery of historic portraits in which he placed Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette with heroes and heroines of the Revolution and Napoleon and his generals. The statue of Napoleon had been removed from the top of the column in the Place Vendôme. Louis Philippe had it replaced.

The request to England and England's agreement to it, even calling Napoleon by his title of Emperor, denied him at the time of his going to St. Helena, set a seal upon the new friendship between the two countries. Among politicians of all the factions in France, there was immediate quarreling all aiming ridicule and abuse at poor Louis Philippe whose action seemed to be regarded by nobody as one of simplicity, but as one of profound political meaning. In the hearts of the people, however, the affection for Napoleon welled up again and every story ever told about him and his battles and the glory that he had brought to France, was revived and told over and over again among those who had known him and to the children who had grown up since.

The Prince de Joinville, meanwhile, set out from Toulon with two vessels and a suite in which were several of the people who had been with Napoleon at St. Helena. On October 8, 1840, the vessels arrived at the little island and on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of Napoleon there the disinterment took place. The work of opening the grave was done by the English, but the companions of Napoleon were at the side of the open grave. The coffin was borne in procession to the water side. The Prince de Joinville, describing the occasion says: "We were all deeply impressed when the coffin was seen coming slowly down the mountainside to the firing of cannon, escorted by British infantry with arms reversed, the band playing to the dull, rolling accompaniment of the drums that splendid funeral march which English people call the 'Dead March in Saul.' " Once the coffin was placed aboard the French vessel, flags were broken out, yards were squared, drums were beaten and guns were fired. It was a new hour of triumph for the man of many triumphs.

The Prince de Joinville took his little fleet first to Cherbourg where it stayed for a week while preparations for the majestic funeral were being made in Paris. When the ships left Cherbourg for Havre, a salute of no less than a thousand guns was fired. At Havre, the vessels turned up into the Seine and slowly, through the daylight hours of a week, proceeded up the river to Paris. Every bridge was decorated and every foot of standing room along the banks was filled with people eager to see what might be seen. Soldiers of Napoleon's armies knelt weeping as his body went

past them. The vessel bearing the coffin carried a cross at the bow and was superbly hung with purple velvet with garlands of triumphal leaves and with flags. The Prince de Joinville and the generals of Napoleon's St. Helena staff stood at attention beside the coffin. On another boat was a temple draped with purple hangings. Solemn music accompanied the slow advance of this unusual procession.

The day of the Emperor's return, December 15, 1840, was bitterly cold but that did not deter nearly a million people from crowding into the city to see the great sight. It was a superb procession, brilliant in color and in arrangement, filled with objects and with people calculated to arouse the profoundest emotions of those who looked on. There was even a delegation from the island of Corsica. The funeral car was a huge, elaborate affair.

The Church of the Invalides was superbly decorated and lighted. It was packed by the foremost officials of the entire country together with the diplomatic representatives of other countries and the entire personnel of the court surrounding the King. On a small body of Napoleon's veterans the eyes of the people rested with the greatest interest. Under the dome of the Church a catafalque awaited the coffin. The funeral procession was met at the entrance by the Archbishop of Paris with his train, who returned, leading the way toward the catafalque. They were followed by the Prince de Joinville and a few others who advanced toward the throne. The King came to meet them. The Prince saluted his father and stood aside. Marshal Soult, one of Napoleon's generals, took from

an officer who bore it on a cushion, the sword that Napoleon had carried at Austerlitz. Soult handed it to the King, who, in turn, gave it to Bertrand, who had been faithful to his master through the St. Helena days and who now had accompanied his body back to Paris, and said: "General, I commission you to place the Emperor's glorious sword on his bier." This was done, amid the deeply stirred feelings of the onlookers. Then followed a funeral mass superbly sung.

Today the body of the famous leader rests under the Dome of the Invalides in a sarcophagus of porphyry from Finland in an open crypt sunken beneath the floor of the church but widely open so that all who wish may look upon the resting place. The pavement is of mosaic representing a laurel wreath with which are entwined the names of the victories, Rivoli, Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jéna, Friedland, Wagram, Moscow. Twelve superb figures symbolizing conquests encircle their general.

The entrance to the crypt is guarded by the tombs of the faithful Bertrand and Duroc. In adjoining chapels are the bodies of Napoleon's brothers, Joseph and Jerome.

The Emperor is lying as he would have wished.

CHAPTER XXX

"THE SUM OF THE QUALITIES"

CHARACTER is the sum of the qualities that make a man what he is and different from every other man. What are some of the qualities that make up Napoleon's character? There are no grown people whose characters are entirely simple, whose actions are caused by direct emotions, but there are few of those whose lives are open to examination and discussion, whose characters are so complex as Napoleon's. His qualities of mind and heart were so contradictory; his power of will was so controlled, yet so at the mercy of a superior force that drove him unconsciously and mercilessly forward; these and the hordes of opposing urges and desires that were nevertheless concentrated in his colossal egotism—all make his character most difficult to analyze.

In the first chapter of this book it is said that a famous man's particular greatness lies in a something peculiar to himself—a something which cannot be accounted for, sometimes a something that cannot be explained, but after looking at the panorama of Napoleon's life we can, perhaps, point out its most prominent characteristics.

First of all, there was his egotism. It was a supreme quality. He truly believed himself to be superior to every military man since Cæsar,—to most statesmen

and to the majority of diplomatists. This belief gave him a calmness, a confidence that was the big factor in his success. It is always so. If we believe that we can do a thing, we have gone a good long distance on the way to doing it.

Once a step was taken, he did not allow himself to regret it; it was not until he took a long backward look on the picture of his life from the vantage point of St. Helena that he admitted a few mistakes. Most of these, however, had to do with mistakes in movement in the strategy of his battles which, he saw later, might have been improved, or in the strategy of politics when his plans did not work out as he thought they would because his opponents or his supporters did not react to his plans as he had expected. When it came to regretting the important steps of his life, such as his securing by devious methods his increasingly high rank, he felt no regret; at least he never expressed the slightest. That the establishment of his "dynasty" made him hurt the person in the world for whom he cared most, Josephine, caused him no lasting grief. To mount over the hearts of others was as unimportant to him as it was to use as his weapons and instruments the bodies of the thousands of soldiers whom he led to their death on the battlefields. For the time being they were not human beings.

Napoleon has said of himself that he was not ambitious, that he was not conscious of having any such feeling either to encourage or to suppress. This was because ambition was as much a part of his character as the heart within him was a part of his body. We are seldom conscious of that all-necessary organ. He

was not conscious of the ambition which always lured him on to something bigger and better and brighter, just ahead, stripping him of happiness. For true happiness rests on contentment, and contentment with him was the most fleeting of emotions.

His was a life of terrific activity. We have seen, over and over again, how mature his judgments were and his actions; how he made decisions and acted on them, that ordinarily are not brought before a man until he is much older than Napoleon was at the time that his imagination forced him to meet and answer the gravest questions. This energy was not physical alone, it was mental as well. It made him a precocious child, an old young man. It wore him out at only middle age, so that his career was finished and soon after it, his life, at the age when the powers of most men are at their ripest. "Imagination" does not mean mere fancy, it means a penetrating gaze into the future, a gaze that sees the apparent outcome of what is going on in the present, that sees pictures that stir to action. It was imagination that made the eager young lieutenant see himself as First Consul, as Consul for Life, as Emperor, and through his dynasty going on through the centuries. His imagination lashed his ambition and together they rode Napoleon to a dearly-bought glory.

Napoleon had the temperament of the artist—inconsistent, irresponsible. He did not hesitate to lead thousands of men to their death, but he could not bear to look on the agonies of a dying animal. He was profoundly moved by the whining of a dog standing by its wounded master and he could not bear to stay by

the side of a dying friend. He felt no responsibility for the death of his soldiers; such responsibility, if any, belonged to the enemy. That was because before entering on almost every campaign he offered peace to his opponent. While he extended the olive branch with one hand, however, with the other he continued to arrange his weapons and he made his offer usually so late that the answer was a foregone conclusion. Perhaps he was sincere about it, but when a choice was offered to the master general of the world it is hard to believe that his vote would not be cast for war.

With superlative egotism as the positive force of his character, we find the negative force in his lack of the moral power that serves as guide, as check, as conscience to most lives. Where other lives touched his, it was their relation to him and not his to them of which he was conscious. "Josephine," he said, "was absolutely devoted to me. She cared for no one else, not even her own children, as she cared for me." "Anyone who loves me must love me and none other," he said at St. Helena. The moral obligation of man to man that makes Christian service the highest attribute of power was something that never remotely touched his mind.

France prospered under his rule; the time had come for it to do so. In England, the people made their stand against authority at the time of the signing of the Magna Charta five hundred years before the French Revolution. Freedom came to them slowly through the centuries. In France the people suffered patiently through those same centuries until finally they could endure no more and the Revolution burst.

Napoleon belonged to the moderns of his day. He was sympathetic with the demands of the people. His imagination saw that their time had come. The restored Bourbons having no imagination and acting from fear rather than from conviction, checked the onward movement. The result was the Revolutions of 1830 and of 1848 which bore a Bonaparte into power again in the person of Louis Napoleon, son of Napoleon I's brother Louis and of Hortense, Josephine's daughter.

Like his famous uncle, Louis Napoleon became Emperor. At the battle of Sédan, during the Franco-Prussian War (September, 1870) Napoleon III was taken prisoner and after his release went to England where he died in 1873. In Paris, a provisional government was formed which declared the Third Republic. With the establishment of the Republic which has been one of the great political experiments of modern times, Napoleon's hope of a Bonaparte dynasty came to an end.

Admiration for Napoleon still lives, however, a burning flame, in many hearts. It is based on belief that he was a man of the people, that he always meant to prosper the people even when facts seemed contrary. It has become a tradition now, rising largely out of the Emperor's protestations during his march to Paris and the period of the Hundred Days. When his star set at Elba it did not sink into the sea of forgetfulness. Destiny required that the great Will should be remembered through all time.

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